

REALIZATION

To-night the moon rides high, supreme,
Flinging her silv'ry glow
Across the mighty span of Heaven's dome,
And too, on me below.
Happiest I of mortals on the earth
Now I thy love possess.
Dear, I will strive to prove that I am worth
Thy trust and gentleness.

And though I am removed by many a mile
From thee, my heart's desire,
I gain sweet solace from the thought serene,
That the argentic fire
Of night's fair queen on thee as well doth
shine;
And fancy thou wilt gain
Inspiring thoughts amid her beams—the sign
Of love's triumphant reign.