

Alas! alas! Remembrances are few
To tell of all the blest delights I knew—
The golden light that sunk in one broad hue,
The emerald land, the mountains blue,
The rolling streams, the rolling cloud-wracks too,
And steeped them all in glory through and through.
Broad as the light, the glorious music surged,
The seas of light and seas of sound converged,
And filled the whole of that enchanted world
With eddying waves,
That leaped and danced, and madly curled,
From lowly earth to all celestial things,
From choring stars to dull, resounding caves,
So heaven rained light and music, and the earth
In answering birth
Brought forth its golden springs.

Then to that sphere of fluent light
A host of words in spotless beauty came,
Came showering free and bright,
Like golden leaves to spread a sybil's fame,
And as a groom to greet his bride,
A note of music to the side
Of every word in sweetest transport sprang
And all his love and joy ecstatic sang;
While everywhere, O far and wide!
A universal marriage feast began,
And note and word in perfect wedded bliss
Sealed each their compact in one soul-absorbing
kiss—

Was ever sweeter vision borne to man?
Then, floating on the air,