
Thou wert the guiding star whose living beam
Flash'd o'er Youth's troubled thoughts and vague
desires ;

Something of thee was blent with ev'ry dream
That fed Ambition's fierce but smother'd fires.
The gentle fancies Poesy inspires—
The hopes and fears of Manhood's early dawn,
That lent their witchery to youthful lyres,
Were of thy guileless fascinations born,
And threw their spells around the fount whence they
were drawn.

If in my youthful breast one thought arose
That had a trace of Heav'n, it caught its hue
From the instinctive virtue that o'erflows
Each word and act of thine,—and if I threw
Aside those base desires that sometimes drew
My spirit down to earth's unhallow'd bowers,
'Twas when I met, or heard, or thought of you,
Or roved beside you, in those ev'ning hours,
Beneath the boughs that waved wide o'er your Island
flowers.

Thou canst remember—can'st thou e'er forget,
While life remains, that placid summer night
When, from the thousand stars in azure set,
Stream'd forth a flood of soft subduing light,
And o'er our heads, in Heaven's topmost height,
The moon moved proudly, like a very Queen,
Claiming all earthly worship as her right,
And hallowing, by her power, the peaceful scene
Spread out beneath her smile, so tranquil and serene.