

TO THE MOON.

Fair Moon, that ris³~~esth~~, regal-orbed and golden,
To mingle in the last sweet dream of day !
Great Dian ! Goddess of the Forest olden,
Whose gracious benediction hunters pray !
Divine Selene ! Who, in bliss, wast folden
With young Endymion, as he sleeping lay !
And who, in misty Alba, didst embolden
The heart of Keats with rapturous ecstasy !

Not since that radiant mortal laid him down,
Upon the cold hill-side to dream of thee,
Hast thou been left, uncomf³~~ort~~ed, to brood :—
So wax³~~esth~~ thou in love, that thou art grown
To bless the vagrant haunting, near, to see
Thy beauty gleaming through a leafy wood.