

Fair is the striplings's graceful mien,  
Half-soft—half-proud—his youthful form,  
And fair to lure the Altar's Queen  
With fire of earth her heart to warm—  
And she—a fitful moon ray now  
Robes her light form in snowy light ;  
She hath upturn'd a glowing brow  
To meet the watcher's ardent sight.  
Aye—Beauty's votary well to her  
May bend a raptur'd worshipper.

They sat within their pleasant bower,  
The starlit river sang below—  
And thoughts were theirs that golden hour,  
When youth and hope alone can know ;  
Enough—they lov'd—our modern heart  
The same old touch of magic thrills—  
Sweet Love has learn'd no fresher art  
Than that which blessed the Attic hills,  
And moon and vale and rippling river  
The same soft tale may hear forever.

But who the Maiden and the Youth ?  
Theirs' yet a tale of homely truth—  
The Maiden's sire long, long ago,  
When life was in its morning glow,  
Bade that light fane in beauty spring,  
To Love's sweet Queen, his offering—  
A fairer form was by his side ;  
A hearth delight—a new-made Bride ;  
Whose girlhood saw the Sun-God's smile  
Flash o'er her native Delian isle,  
In the blue zone of sparkling seas  
That clasps the sun bless'd Cyclades.  
She grew—she loved—young Mæon bore  
His bride to bless his Attic shore,  
And years flowed on—till dark to tell,  
On their fair home a shadow fell—  
Her eye grew dim, her faint heart prayed  
To see once more the Delian shade.