

Spirits are from spheres unseen,
Superior to harmonious stars !

There was a being born amid
The everlasting relics
Of forgotten empires,
Whose mysterious genius
Fascinated mighty monarchs,
And whose intellectual splendor
Reared a dazzling glory
In the world.

O saw ye that majestic youth,
Supreme in beauty?
Angels of another world
Descend as mortals oft
To grace the evil earth !
His marvellous head was worthy temple
Of his superhuman mind ;
Divinity
Beamed in his countenance ;
His smile possessed a charm
As irresistible as love ;
He knew his god-like grandeur ;
Timid deer fled not away
When, musing in the floral wood,
He swept the tender strings
Of his bewitching lyre !