

She is the fair immortal  
Daughter of truth and art,  
And I, at her lowly portal,  
May fare and be glad and depart.

In a region forever vernal  
She keeps her liliated state,—  
By beautiful calm eternal  
Mysteriarch of fate.

In a volume great and golden  
Would better beseem a sage,  
Her downcast look is holden;  
But I cannot see the page.

Picture, or printed volume,  
Or records, or cipherings,  
From the drooping lids so solemn,  
I guess at marvelous things.