

And the lily's pallid cheek will burn with thy dyes;
 And the leaves and fields will twinkle
 With the dews thy tears besprinkle,
 Tears from thine immortal eyes.

Where now darkness grimly gloometh,
 Soon leaf-shadows will be playing,
 Over sunny banks where bloometh,

140 Drinking daily draughts of sunny air,
 Sweet as love and glad as day,
 Flowers too bright to know decaying,
 They are so immortal fair,
 Though their doom is to decay.

SEMICHORUS I.

Mount thy car!

We come from far—

Come from watching fairies footing
 Steps fantastic in the moonlight,
 On enchanted lawns of green;
 On the left white billows shooting,
 Whose spray showers of margarite
 Play o'er sheets of silver sheen:
 On the right a cedarn cover,
 Where coy Dian with her lover
 Might have met and kissed unseen.

Mount thy car!

Fain would we be viewing