

The Seer thought of distant times,
And tumults old in other climes,
And sorrowed much to think that still,
Men are moved by evil will.

Soon they cease ; and then there steals,
Like music struck from silver bells,
Symphonies so low and sweet
As seldom on the wavelets meet,
Luring him to other climes
Whence seemed to come those happy chimes:

Whether or no, he could not tell,
But it seemed as though a spell
Had bound him, and that he
Could not, if he would, be free.
Soaring then on pinions light,
His spirit took an upward flight.

Far off, on the blue profound,
Suddenly, without a sound,
New land arose, as at the will
Of one of whom the poets tell,
Who, by the waving of a wand,
Could summon *genii* to his hand.

First, as on his sight it broke,
And wonder in his mind awoke,