

## **Moonlight at High-Tide.**

Entranced we linger—it is Night's still noon—  
To view the ocean spell-bound by the moon :  
A peace divine outbreathing seems to be  
From some vast spirit brooding o'er the sea.

Its dark expanse of multitudinous waves  
Is bridged by silvery paths the moonlight paves—  
By jeweled roadways ending at our feet,  
Here where the sea-waves and the sea-beach meet.

And wandering down the long surf-beaten beach,  
The moon-paths follow, as they would beseech  
That we should leave the sorrow-haunted shore  
And try their solid-seeming, silvered floor !

With pure Sir Galahad and Percivale  
Who followed there the phantom cup—the Grail,  
The dreaming soul is rapt with visions bright  
And lost within the paradisal light.

'Tis in such sacred moments that we feel  
Our kinship with the holy and Ideal ;  
In such an hour that City comes in view  
Where dwells the Good, the Beautiful, the True !