

Tuneful with earliest Minstrel's rhyme—
Flushed in her Sun-God's kindling glance—
It was a web of earthly frame
Lit by a Glory, downward given ;
Its woof was Beauty, Valour, fame—
Its hues, what Poets dream'd of heaven.
And kindling eye and bended knee
Worship'd in rapt idolatry !

It was a creed of light and grace,
Of soaring thought and strain sublime,
Meet for an old heroic race,
For dwellers in a sun-lit clime—
It scattered o'er their glorious land
Fair shrines, earth's fairer haunts to bless
Where—graven by Art's immortal hand,
Rose crown'd, each wandering Loveliness,
And o'er truth's dazzled eyes it threw
A fairy veil of golden hue.

Scorn not the fictions of the Past,
Their erring votaries' vows and prayers,
Their Heaven in earthly mould was cast,
But Faith—impassion'd Faith—was theirs—
O'er altar crushed—o'er ruined fane—
Some heart of poet-mould might yearn,
To hail the world's fresh youth again—
Its Morningland of Faith return—
The old fair dream—Life—flowers and smiles,
And o'er Death's wave—the "Blessed Isles."

Now listen ! From the rustic shrine
Low voices haunt the summer air ;
Look through the veil of rose and vine :
Two half-seen forms are lingering there,
Lingering beneath that flickering shade,
With Night's soft veil their tryst to cover,
Masking the blushes of the maid,
The bright eye of the earnest lover.