

II.

For her, with delegated right,  
 Thy virgin-sister in thy absence shines,  
 Throws her soft robe of snowy light  
 O'er fullen Night's opaque and shadowy shrines;  
 Thy watchful centinel, she reigns  
 Controuler of the watry plains,  
 Onward her silver arm the Ocean guides,  
 Or dashes back the impetuous tides.  
 But thou, on the green wave's capacious bed,  
 Hast light, and life, and gladness shed,  
 Thro' liquid mountains, as they roll,  
 Darting the beauteous beam, the vivifying soul,

III.

That paints the shell's meand'ring mould,  
 Or spots the twinkling fin with gold;  
 That gives the diamond's eye to blaze  
 With all thy bright and arrowy rays.---  
 Low in the billowy hold,

Where