

Something different yet the same—

Rain by rainbows glorified,

Roses lit with lambent flame—

'Tis the maid moon's other side.

When the sleeper floats from sleep,

She will smile the vision o'er,

See the veined valleys deep,

No one ever saw before.

Yet the moon is not betrayed,

(Ah ! the subtle Isabelle !)

She's a maiden, and a maid

Maiden secrets will not tell.