

Ah list! Yet merrier peals of mirth and song
So sweet the echoes hasten to repeat!
Diviner songs than Orpheus ever raised
With which the woods and rocks in old time rang;
Or any that the Sirens chaunted o'er
The blue resounding deep as gazed they where
The prone of wise Ulysses safely cleft
The foam of dangerous waters; or the hymns
Sung by his slothful crew when thoughts of home
Were dimmed by lotus flower; or when stills
Blue space to list o'ercome with music sweet
To some swift world's soft-sounding symphony.
Such sounds delight the listening ear; and soon,
A gay and youthful band—in concert meet
Their mood and beauty with the songs they sing—
Appear and, with melodious mirth, advance
The bright flame-chariot of the God of Day.
Another band leads forth and yokes with haste
To that fair car of burnished gold the four
Fleet steeds which swift as thought have rolled
Their daily load of light with ease along
The steepy slope of heaven's curving way.
They stand impatient to be off and toss
Ambrosial manes until their panoply
All gold and jewels tinkle blithe as bells
Of less swift steeds amid our wintry vales.

Behold! Aurora's roses pale before
A greater glory that, pervading space,
Foretells the coming of the God; while store
Of rayed reflections from his radiant brow
Warn all the merry nymphs their King is nigh.
These straight a chorus of sweet welcome raise
While Day's first beams upon old Night enroach
Until both heaven and earth with gladness ring
And sick men stretched upon their beds of pain
Lift up grey faces hailing with wan smiles
The light; and storm-tossed mariners rejoice
As day breaks o'er some distant dreaded coast;