

THE MOON.

*Time wears her not ; she doth his chariot guide ;
Mortality below her orb is placed.*

RALEIGH.

THE full-orbed moon with unchanged ray
Mounts up the eastern sky,
Not doomed to these short nights for aye,
But shining steadily.

She does not wane, but my fortune,
Which her rays do not bless,
My wayward path declineth soon,
But she shines not the less.

And if she faintly glimmers here,
And paled is her light,
Yet always in her proper sphere
She 's mistress of the night.

T.

TO THE MAIDEN IN THE EAST.

Low in the eastern sky
Is set thy glancing eye ;
And though its gracious light
Ne'er riseth to my sight,
Yet every star that climbs
Behind the gnarled limbs
Of yonder hill,
Conveys thy gentle will.

Believe I knew thy thought,
And that the zephyrs brought
Thy kindest wishes through,
As mine they bear to you,
That some attentive cloud
Did pause amid the crowd
Over my head,
While gentle things were said.

Believe the thrushes sung,
And that the flower bells rung,
That herbs exhaled their scent,
And beasts knew what was meant,
The trees a welcome waved,
And lakes their margins laved,
 When thy free mind
To my retreat did wind.

It was a summer eve,
The air did gently heave,
While yet a low-hung cloud
Thy eastern skies did shroud ;
The lightning's silent gleam
Startling my drowsy dream,
 Seemed like the flash
Under thy dark eyelash.

From yonder comes the sun,
But soon his course is run,
Rising to trivial day
Along his dusty way,
But thy noontide completes
Only auroral heats,
 Nor ever sets,
To hasten vain regrets.

Direct thy pensive eye
Into the western sky ;
And when the evening star
Doth glimmer from afar
Upon the mountain line,
Accept it for a sign
 That I am near,
And thinking of thee here.

I 'll be thy Mercury,
Thou Cytherea to me,
Distinguished by thy face
The earth shall learn my place ;

As near beneath thy light
 Will I outwear the night,
 With mingled ray
 Leading the westward way.

Still will I strive to be
 As if thou wert with me;
 Whatever path I take,
 It shall be for thy sake
 Of gentle slope and wide,
 As thou wert by my side,
 Without a root
 To trip thy slender foot.

I'll walk with gentle pace,
 And choose the smoothest place,
 And careful dip the oar,
 And shun the winding shore,
 And gently steer my boat
 Where water lilies float,
 And cardinal flowers
 Stand in their sylvan bowers.

THE SUMMER RAIN.

My books I'd fain cast off, I cannot read,
 'Twixt every page my thoughts go stray at large
 Down in the meadow, where is richer feed,
 And will not mind to hit their proper targe.

Plutarch was good, and so was Homer too,
 Our Shakspeare's life was rich to live again,
 What Plutarch read that was not good nor true,
 Nor Shakspeare's books, unless his books were men.

Here while I lie beneath this walnut bough,
 What care I for the Greeks, or for Troy town,
 If greater battles are enacted now
 Between the ants upon this hummock's crown.