

THE SEA IN MOONLIGHT.



Softly yrened by song, molten by melody,
The wondering heart delays, and inly dies,
Drawn to deep death by midnight harmonies:
Chords that crash softly in a silver key.
What word can rival this one note, set free
From a light shore where new-born stars arise,
Where rocks are charmed by silver Naiad-eyes
That watch the moon-dawn on the restless sea?

Light is not light; it is the secret scent
Of moonlit air: sound is not sound; it is
The sense of silver in these mysteries
Of midnight orchestration; dream-veils rent
By the white lightning-flash of Diana's
bow
Shot from her shore in flames of scarlet
snow.