

IN NEVILLE'S COURT,  
TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

I THINK the souls of many men are here  
    Among these cloisters, underneath the spire  
    That the moon silvers with magnetic fire ;  
But not a moon-ray is it, that so clear  
Shines on the pavement, for a voice of fear  
    It hath, unless it be the breeze that mocks  
    My ear, and waves his old majestic locks  
About his head. There fell upon my ear :

“O soul contemplative of distant things,  
    Who hast a poet's heart, even if thy pen  
    Be dry and barren, who dost hold Love dear,  
Speed forth this message on the fiery wings  
    Of stinging song to all the race of men :  
    That they have hope ; for we are happy here.”