

## SONNET IV.

To the Moon.

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QUEEN of the silver bow!—by thy pale beam,  
Alone and benighted, I delight to stray,  
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,  
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.  
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light  
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;  
And oft I think—fair planet of the night—  
That in thy orb, the wretched may have rest:  
The suff'ers of the earth perhaps may go,  
Releas'd by Death—to thy benignant sphere,  
And the sad children of Despair and Woe  
Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.  
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,  
Poor wearied pilgrim—in this toiling scene!

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*A. Seymour del.*

*Queen of the Silver Bowl &c. &c.*