

~~When a deliverance shone on me~~

When from a mighty star again

Beamed on me; one stood upon my path, who
seemed

As like the glorious shape which I had dreamed

As is the cold

cold Moon

eye of light to the run

changing moon whose changes ever

Into themselves, to the eternal Sun;

The cold chaste moon; the Queen of Heavens
bright isles

Who makes all beautiful on which she smiles,

~~But changes~~

~~But which — though — transformed~~

Which Endymion

She led me — and oh an

Into a Who

And ever is transformed

That wandering shrine of soft but icy flame

Which ever is transformed yet still the same

And warms not but illumines; ~~until light~~

~~until light~~

Seems seems in her light

Of that her sweet young & fair

As ~~if she~~ were the spirit of that sphere

~~She covered me from as that~~ the night

hid me as the moon may hide

the [—] shadows [—] light

and with

From thy own darkness and the — with gentle

