Your soul is like a landscape fantasy,  
Where masks and Bergamasks, in charming wise,  
Strum lutes and dance, just a bit sad to be  
Hidden beneath their fanciful disguise.  

Singing in minor mode of life’s largesse  
And all-victorious love, they yet seem quite  
Reluctant to believe their happiness,  
And their song mingles with the pale moonlight,  

The calm, pale moonlight, whose sad beauty, beaming,  
Sets the birds softly dreaming in the trees,  
And makes the marbled fountains, gushing, streaming—  
Slender jet-fountains—sob their ecstasies.