

AN IDEAL

Let those whose minds are fed on books,
 Surprise us with their learning;
I read within wild spots and nooks,
 The scroll for which I'm burning.

The hand may play the proper tune,
 In strains sublime and thrilling;
How few for soothing seek so soon,
 The wilds, enthralled and willing.

Go thou and seek thy oratory,
 From one who clamors loudly;
I hear it in the trees, the sea,
 And harken to it proudly.