

*A Fragment.*

Handwritten: 17.01

Hanging in thousands in their island-bowers  
Away in the blue lake. And on the shore,  
Where the red-wooded juniper leans o'er  
The glimmering waters, and the tall dark pines  
Shut out the moon, in curved and gleaming lines  
The fire-flies pass and pass; whilst, through the  
trees,

Old forest hymns and summer melodies,  
Filled with a mystic poesy, creep on,  
Low-breathed from leaf to leaf, in unison  
With the soft splash of waters heard beyond.

THE END.