

And straight uplooms through the dead centuries' smoke  
The aged Druid in his robe of fur,  
    Beneath the oak  
Where hang uncut the paly mistletoes.  
The mistletoe dissolves to Indian willow,  
Glassing its red stems in the stream that flows  
Through the broad interval. A lazy billow  
Flung from my oar lifts the long grass that grows  
To be the Naiad's pillow.

The startled meadow-hen floats off, to sink  
Into remoter shades and ferny glooms;  
The great bees drone about the thick pea-blooms;  
The linkèd bubblings of the bobolink,  
    With warm perfumes  
From the broad-flowered wild parsnip, drown my brain;  
The grackles bicker in the alder-boughs;  
The grasshoppers pipe out their thin refrain  
That with intenser heat the noon endows.  
Then thy west weakens, and I wake again  
Out of my dreamful drowse.

Ah! fetch thy poppy-baths, juices exprest  
In fervid sunshine, where the Javan palm  
Stirs, scarce awakened from its odorous calm  
By the enervate wind, that sinks to rest  
    Amid the balm  
And sultry silence, murmuring, half asleep,  
Cool fragments of the ocean's foamy roar,  
And of the surge's mighty throbs that keep  
Forever yearning up the golden shore,  
Mingled with song of Nereids that leap  
Where the curled crests downpour.

Who sips thy wine may float in Baiæ's skies,  
Or flushed Maggiore's ripples, mindless made  
Of storming troubles hard to be allayed.  
Who eats thy berries, for his ears and eyes  
May vineyard shade