

With sculptur'd base and fluted side  
Crown'd with acanthus' mimic pride—  
Round glistening freize and polished shaft  
A wilderness of roses laugh'd,  
Clasping the column's leafy crown—  
Flinging green tangled tresses down  
Till, buried in their glossy twine  
The eye half lost the flowery shrine.

No dread Olympian there would dwell  
Screen'd in the lowly green-wood shade,  
Where Love alone its vow would tell,  
And flowers the only offerings made—  
Seem'd it the home of some kind Power  
Content to bide by stream and flower,  
Mayhap some Shape of wave or grove  
Some phantasy of youthful love  
Whose voice might haunt the lowly shrine  
Half fanciful—but still divine—  
From singing fount and whispering trees :—  
Voicing Æolian harmonies—  
The Dryad glanc'd through green old wood  
The Naiad sprang from sparkling flood—  
Till forest mount and green recess  
Had each its haunting Loveliness.

The old Greek, dreaming in the shade  
Of bower, beside some limpid wave,  
Drank the sweet sounds its music made,  
As voice the local Genius gave—  
The cataract leap'd joyous down—  
The red bolt clove the thunder cloud—  
The tempest smote the forest crown—  
The mountain rose through misty shroud—  
Vision and Power and thunder sound  
Took Godhead's form and altar found.

It was a creed for Earth's fresh prime—  
Her Morning-land of young romance,