

Thou bloomest in thy beauty  
Unto the surf's white edge;  
Thy playmates, cool, green mosses,  
The seaweed and the sedge;  
The hoary, granite boulder,  
The fallen forest king,  
Are locked in thy embraces—  
A frail imprisoning.

The saucy, wayward ripples  
Come creeping to thy feet;  
And far above, blue mountains  
Stand guard o'er thy retreat.  
Upon the bay's wide bosom  
A thousand jewels glow,  
And near the dim horizon  
Gleam sails of purest snow.

Not in an English meadow,  
Nor yet in English lane,  
O sweet, wild rose, thy glories  
Now charm my heart again!  
Pink flake of waxen fragrance,  
Thou art both gay and wise.  
For thou, a child of Eden,  
Hast found a paradise.

