

## MAPLE LEAVES AND SNOWFLAKES

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Accept, promoter of true liberty,  
These humble lines in which I fain would tell  
Of my great reverence for thy theme and thee.  
The solitude which thou didst praise so well  
Is here; and in my heart emotions swell  
Which thrilled thy soul with noble nature-love,  
When from the world thou didst elect to dwell  
And dream those dreams which placed thee far  
above  
The hosts of singers in whose ranks thou then  
didst move.

Who can resist the charm, the mighty power,  
Which in "The Ocean" elevates the soul,  
Makes us with nature bide in lonely bower,  
Or on the shore 'yond which the waters roll?  
Ah, praise we God who made the wondrous  
whole!  
And may He pity one whom earthly broils,  
Whom fashion's folly and domestic dole  
All strove to strangle, but who slipped the coils  
And left the world his name by his poetic toils.