

Mine be the lot of those, whose night
Of sorrow, melts in calm away,
Like summer clouds, when bathed in light
At close of day.

I'm weary of the world—for me
Its pomp and pleasures ne'er were mete
For I would rather lowly be
Than with the great.

Far in some nook, or quiet glen
My boon companions laughing brooks;
And for the voice of living men
Birds, flowers and books!

What art thou, vain Philosophy!
'To stay the knawing worm at heart,
Or wipe from sorrow's dewy eye
Tears that unbidden start?

Ay, thou art vain! and vain is all
The boasted learning wisdom gives—
The panoply but hides the pall
Which man receiver!

What care we for the palmy days
Which Greece, or Rome, or Athons knew,
Over their dust the voice of praise
Sounds hollow now.

And all the learning—all the lore
Which glory to their ashes gave:—
Their oracles are heard no more,
Or from the grave!

Then I will hie me to some nook—
Some lonely spot and nature woo,
And she shall be my only book
Of wisdom true.

And I will read in every star—
And flower, that gems the earth and sky,
A wisdom holier, heavenlier far
That cannot die.

They'll teach me how to lisp *his* praise
Whose presence fills the earth and air;
Whose might is in the storm, which lays
The mountains bare.

And whose still voice at evening hour
When gathered round some lonely grave,
Whispers of peace, where storms ne'er lour
Nor tempests rave.