



I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
 By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers ;
 And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes
 Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains ;
 But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have pass'd on the hills of the stormy North,
 And the larch has hung all its tassels forth,
 The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
 And the reindeer bounds through the pastures free,
 And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
 And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
 And call'd out each voice of the deep-blue sky ;
 From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
 In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,