

Whereat, the spirit of the son became
As tameless as a torrent in the spring.

And then, before their souls, at bickering,
Could pass to larger strife, the father slept.
No tear, above, his wayward offspring wept,
But inly mourned, and sternly in his heart
Entombed a sorrow, and in breathing art
Piled over it a large crescendo woe.
For his not of that softer earth a-flow
With spring of kindly tears to any touch
Of sorrow laid upon it : rather, such
As needs the buffet of a Diety
To set its granite-prisoned waters free,
In bursting floods that threaten, as they start,
To pluck from rooted hold a mountain-heart.

Little the wealth inherited by him,
And now, perforce, in sweat of brow and limb,
He dewed rough labor to a recompense,
So as his mountain brotherhood. And hence
Forced to a contact with his kind, he grew
A marvel to his fellows, thrilling through
Their rugged spirits, many an evening hour,
With mighty storms of music, loosed in power
Of a portentous genius, master-born,
Holding all technic knowledge 'neath its scorn,
And soaring past the same with strength of wing,
As heaven or hell broke feathered from the string.

And so befell that, mixing thus with man,
He needs must touch with woman, in the plan
Of the Creator made to soften down
Male strength with sweetness, and its power to crown
With gentleness of beauty feminine.
Oft had the wayward haunter of the pine—
As to young manhood's bourne of winged dreams
He drew—seen far askance, through rosy gleams
Of some enhaloing glory, visions pass
As 'twere of angels wedding mountain-grass
To kisses of their music-moving feet,
Till, grown prolific, in its issue sweet
Of blossom did it testify the love
It bore that angel pressure from above.
Oft had the sheen of maiden faces passed,
And from them quickening glories keen and fast,
That stabbed his heart with beauty, making bright
Its shadow with a shadow of delight,
Bodied in human fashion to a flower
Of love' consummate splendor, breathing power
To shape all pulses of his being more