

"In moods like this
I Nature kiss
And with her fondle in the eve
Together we
On land and sea
A flowing rapturous poem weave.

"The merry maid
For love arrayed
Comes tripping down the floral way ;
And whether here,
Afar or near,
I see or love her every day.

"For she is part
Of that my heart
Delights itself in all the while ;
And when we meet
A tremor sweet
Is mingled in her loving smile. •

O! never fear
The wondrous lea,
That glorious Nature doth contain,
Can make thee pine!
Her truth divine
Instills oft transitory pain