

The beam and wool are knotted with skill,
The blast is wild in its roving still.
Has the Titan smothered it with gentle calls :
Will he force it down midst sullen walls,
Cramped and crowded till it refrain,
And shrink into liquid form again ?
Perhaps as when at first the earth
Appeared enveloped at its birth ?
Whelmed in waters and wrapt in shade,
Before the kingdom of air was made.

Forced to accept another mold,
It wraps itself in mysterious fold ;
Freezes the glacier to fleecy flocks :
Caught in its grasp a power awakes,
A power, concealed for a purpose appears,
To aid in drying the sad earth's tears.
That wails of man and groans of beast
May minute a moment's lull at least.
Yes, tolls of death, despoiled, forlorn,
And labors of animals overborne,
Moving away may see the cup
With the bitter draft they shuddered to sup.
That the hounded and jaded and toil-oppressed,
May dream of a day of holy rest.