

RHYMES AND JINGLES

A MOOD

The silence of the winter wood is sweet,
When times there are the mind and hearts' unrest
In solitude would seek no other breast,
Though warm it beats responsive and discreet.
Within the cloisters of the wood's retreat,
Solemn and hushed, I am alone the guest,
Their holy calm to mind and heart so blest
I feel a joy ecstatic and replete.
Homeward again do I my footsteps turn
And lo! the meads, before so coldly gray,
Are carpeted in richest golden fleece,
While all the village windows fiercely burn
As slowly down the west the orb of day
Sinks into night, and all my world is peace.

THE ISLAND OF COVENHOVEN

Lovely art thou sweet isle of blessed peace,
A dreamland far from ocean's wild uproar.
Soft mists and lapping tides float 'round thy shore,
And world's unrest and hateful noises cease.
Here from life's burdens do we find release,
The solitude we crave for evermore,
Not that drear waste that human souls abhor,
But life's unrippled calm, the golden fleece
Of age now done with youths long discontent.
How gently time in this beloved spot
Would crown our days, and gentle the descent
Into the vale of years, the world forgot,
With many tranquil joys the while between.
Our sun like that of day would set serene.