

Henceforward I must linger not nor pause,
 As I have done amid the dubious waste,
 In futile questioning of all that was,
 Or is, or shall be ; nor with too much haste
 Explore what little yet remains untraced,
 Which would avail me nothing to foreknow,
 Enough for me, at intervals, to taste
 The hidden springs, and own its quickening flow
 Replenished from the cloud that seemed surcharged
 with woe.

Thus in no dreary mood I bid good night.
 A liberal patroness has nature been
 In furnishing, if only for delight,
 The sources whence some scanty truths I glean ;
 Not in the halls where learned men convene,
 But by the wave and in the cloistered wood,
 Where, muffled in their cloaks of sombre green,
 Are ranked the aged trees—the brotherhood
 On whom the Holiest looked and saw that it was good.

I still the chords, and on the Acadian birch
 Suspend my harp. Perchance the airy note
 Of some kind cherub on his earthly search
 Shall make diviner, spell around it float ;
 If this should be, the day is not remote
 When I shall take it from its silent rest
 And all its powers with steadier touch devote
 To the prime motive of the patriot's breast
 And its achievements high, by which the race is blest.