

Torture enough to desecrate all earth
I cannot wanton in a still retreat,
Sooner could I forget these hands and feet;
And were I chiefest in the unswerving quest
Were I the loftiest, round the loftiest,
The shame of all the lowest breathes,
The pain of all the saddest wreathes;
And though the rapturous diving rills
Besought me from the softest hills,
Though summer ne'er so rare were set
Yet would the memory throb: — But yet
O now that it were possible to forget!

III.

O blest, beside these islands! blest,
Floating airily, steeped in rest!
Leaning, led from pool to pool
By mossy brinks and cedars cool;
Watching in the south aloft
Over mountains bright and soft,
Bright with maple and soft with pine
Cloudy haunts of myth recline —
Capes and fiords of secret blue;
Sun-tipped rivers winding through,
Now withheld and now displayed;
Meadows, banks of mystic shade
In which the birds may dip themselves;
Castles hoary and floating elves,
Lulled by many a seeming deep
Of old enchantment rich with sleep
Of a maiden lapped in dreams long since,
Waiting now for the lips of a prince,

A touch of light:—

All rudely cleft by a sudden flight
Of mocking winds, and quite frayed out
Over the hills in a filmy rout.
O, cloudy flowers of June, whose touch
Ever besought and still returning,
Can cool and soothe in heaven so much
The heart of all that southern burning,
What profits it, when by and by