

The Simple Life.

The meadow nursed a silver lake
That musing lay upon its breast,
And though it ever kept awake,
Its lidless eye betokened rest.

The evening sky that bent above
Was mirrored in its placid face,
And clouds, as pure as angels' love,
Moved through its deeps and left no trace.

The sinking sun in robes of gold
Was pictured in its bosom fair—
And then the stars as they patrolled
The inverted heavens reflected there.

I looked into its deeps again
And saw the harvest moon arise,
And pass with all her flowing train,
Begemmed with silver, through the skies.

That lake obscure, without a name,
Holds heaven itself within its breast,
By night, by day, unknown to fame,
Hath sun or moon or star for guest.