

When rooted in the garden of the mind,  
Because they are the earliest of the year),  
Nor was the night thy shroud.

In sweet dreams softer than unbroken rest  
Thou leddest by the hand thine infant  
Hope,

The eddying of her garments caught from  
thee

The light of thy great presence ; and the  
cope

Of the half-attain'd futurity,

Tho' deep not fathomless,

Was cloven with the million stars which  
tremble

O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy.

Small thought was there of life's distress ;

For sure she deem'd no mist of earth  
could dull

Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen and  
beautiful :

Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres,

Listening the lordly music flowing from

The illimitable years.

O strengthen me, enlighten me !

I faint in this obscurity,

Thou dewy dawn of memory.

## IV.

Come forth, I charge thee, arise,  
Thou of the many tongues, the myriad  
eyes !

Thou comest not with shows of flaunting  
vines

Unto mine inner eye,

Divinest Memory !

Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall  
Which ever sounds and shines

A pillar of white light upon the wall  
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried :

Come from the woods that belt the gray  
hill-side,

The seven elms, the poplars four  
That stand beside my father's door,  
And chiefly from the brook that loves

To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,  
Or duple in the dark of rushy coves,

Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,

In every elbow and turn,

The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland,

O ! hither lead thy feet !

Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat  
Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled  
folds,

Upon the ridged wolds,

When the first matin-song hath waken'd  
loud

Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,

What time the amber morn

Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung  
cloud.

## V.

Large dowries doth the raptured eye

To the young spirit present

When first she is wed ;

And like a bride of old

In triumph led,

With music and sweet showers

Of festal flowers,

Unto the dwelling she must sway.

Well hast thou done, great artist Memory,

In setting round thy first experiment

With royal frame-work of wrought  
gold ;

Needs must thou dearly love thy first  
essay,

And foremost in thy various gallery

Place it, where sweetest sunlight falls

Upon the storied walls ;

For the discovery

And newness of thine art so pleased thee,

That all which thou hast drawn of fairest

Or boldest since, but lightly weighs

With thee unto the love thou bearest

The first-born of thy genius. Artist-like,

Ever retiring thou dost gaze

On the prime labour of thine early days :

No matter what the sketch might be ;

Whether the high field on the bushless  
Pike,

Or even a sand-built ridge

Of heaped hills that mound the sea,

Overblown with murmurs harsh,

Or even a lowly cottage whence we see

Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enor-  
mous marsh,

Where from the frequent bridge,

Like emblems of infinity,

The trenched waters run from sky to sky ;

Or a garden bower'd close