

With dubious progress the long stream
Through wood and mead doth stream along;
On yon old tower the wandering beam
Glides stone and wandering beam among.

God upon earth and sky hath graven
A picture for our love and wonder:
No thunder rolleth in the heaven,
But fair the Avon rolleth under.

And now to tinge the hills' high heads
The sun's last lingering beams do flee:
See what a glorious light he sheds,
As he alights upon the sea!

And twilight, in her dusky car,
Drawn by her stud of iron greys,
Comes slowly climbing from afar,
Where oft in a far clime she stays.

With brow so dark, and cheek so pale,
Just when the dying day is spent,
She comes, intent her rays to veil,
And in the vale to raise her tent.

The moon, too, rises in her car,
And all the air is dimly lit;
And lo! the evening's lit-tle star
Looks on the wave to star-tle it.

But mark what clouds do onward sail,
Till heaven is all wrapt up in cloud;
The winds are now allowed to wail,
And they begin to wail aloud.

They sweep the cliff with wilder shock,
Barred from the valley's sheltered breast;
And trees that rest upon the rock
They rock, but cannot rock the rest.

The ploughman comes with his *gee-whoa*,
So dusky now he scarce can see;
And o'er the cliff his horses go:
Then is his *woe* without the *gee*.

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