Scrapiana.

And wanders on to make
That soft uneasy sound
By distant wood and lake,
Where distant fountains break
From the ground.

No bower where maidens dwell Can win a moment's stay; Nor fair untrodden dell; He sweeps the upland swell, And away!

Mourn'st thou thy homeless state?
O soft, repining wind!
That early seek'st and late
The rest it is thy fate
Not to find.

Not on the mountain's breast,
Not on the ocean's shore,
In all the East and West:
The wind that stops to rest
Is no more,

By valleys, woods, and springs,
No wonder thou shouldst grieve
For all the glorious things
Thou touchest with thy wings
And must leave.

W. C. BRYANT

