

What though I have expounded nothing new,
 And traced, I trow, unworthily the old?
 Song is no mystic science.—Men may do
 Strange things in other spheres, and may unfold
 Secrets unthought, tell tales before untold;
 But what thou wilt, the bard; nor less, nor more.
 And to the mind informed in Nature's mould
 Thou has revealed thyself—the same of yore,
 The same to-day thou art, and shalt be evermore.

Let them who will, content themselves to sing
 In trifling pageantry and gilt array,
 To pluck the song-beads from the shimmering string
 That skirts thy robe. But such my soul doth sway
 As makes me hang upon thy breast and say
 “*I love thee!*”—as a mistress?—then mine own;
 Blindly and recklessly?—some future day,
 Mine eye, from thine clearer and stronger grown,
 May thrid the straggling stars and search the deepening
 dawn.

O, make my soul an argosy of song,
 Tranquilly floating on a sea of peace,
 As with her rowers beautiful and strong
 Some trireme bears among the Isles of Greece
 With music-muffled oars! Give safe release
 From murky moorings, storms, and rocks that jar,
 And let its pearls in purity increase,
 Until with singing sails it cross the bar
 To melt in golden waves with gems of many a star!