

The grass-roots all a-wash and goose-tongue wild
 And salt-sap rosemary,—then how well content
 I was to rest me like a breathless child
 With play-time rapture spent,—
 To lapse and loiter till the change should come
 And the great floods turn seaward, roaring home.

IX

And now, O tranquil marshes, in your vast
 Serenity of vision and of dream,
 Wherethrough by every intricate vein have passed
 With joy impetuous and pain supreme
 The sharp fierce tides that chafe the shores of earth
 In endless and controlless ebb and flow,
 Strangely akin you seem to him whose birth
 One hundred years ago
 With fiery succour to the ranks of song
 Defied the ancient gates of wrath and wrong.

X

Like yours, O marshes, his compassionate breast,
 Wherein abode all dreams of love and peace,
 Was tortured with perpetual unrest.
 Now loud with flood, now languid with release,