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But though the sounds that strike the ear
Be e'er so clear,
The thought, which Nature through them speaks,
In vain man seeks
Until he brings the thought in his own soul.
That can alone unroll
The meaning of the hidden powers
Which thrill through all the myriad tones
That Nature owns :
Nothing we hear in these but what is ours.

II.

And now when Memory spreads her sails
To catch once more the genial gales
Which bore me oft with many a crew
That every autumn brought anew
To thrid the windings of the shore,
Where all the fruits of human lore,
As by an alchemy divine,
Distil a spiritual wine
Full potent to enchant the soul
With visions of the World-whole,
From many a bay
And many a headland bold
The breezes, that of old
Were wont to play,
Sweep o'er the strings