

SOUL-AND-BODY.

Along the winding river's bound,
With only the unfaltering flow
Of tide to bear me silent company,
I wander, feeling, in the symphony
Of Nature here, a joy not found
In Art—where Art is all to know.

For, here, I am the substance of each form.
I am the wind, the wild rose blown,
The murmuring bees, the birds of song, the fantasy
Of wood and meadow, all the ecstasy
Of summer growth, the life full-grown,
The peace of soul-and-body after storm.