

SCENE II.

By a Kicer. Enter Knud Iverson.

KNUD IVERSON.

THE broad deep River holds a heart of glory
 Wherein the earth and heaven delight to sit
 Tranquil and lovely. Even that drifting cloud,—
 Which, like an Island of the beautiful,
 Floats silver rimmed in a surpassing sea,—
 Disdains not the slow waters, but goes down
 Like the bright angel of the sacred scroll,
 Who in the holy City sought the Pool
 And made it healing. Surely there is health
 In such pure prospects more than bad men think.
 The universe should hold but innocent hearts
 Of gladness, and resound with songs of rapture.
[enter a boy.]

BOY.

What doing Knud?

KNUD IVERSON.

Thinking.

BOY.

You lose the sport.
 Thinking, when we are playing! Think alone.
 When none are near you. Only graybeards think.
 Come and be merry.

KNUD IVERSON.

Go. I come anon.
[exit boy.]