

IN ARCADY.

A pebbly bed as white as snow
This river hath, and as they flow,
 The waters sparkle;
Whilst from its pools as crystal clear
A trout may rise at fly that's near
 With sudden startle.

Impatient 'gainst obstructing stone
It rages some and makes a foam,
 And dashes over,
To glide unruffled on its way
Serenely than a summer's day
 'Midst banks of clover.

Here perchance by this glad stream
A fisherman may meet serene
 At morning's blush
Propitious Fortune in his sport,
Where from above the waters spurt
 And downward rush.

Here scenic beauty has its home:
And here perchance some nymph may come
 With eyes as deep
As are the pools that placid lie
And shaded darkly 'neath the sky
 As if asleep.

And here and there you meet a spring
Secluded, cool, with many a ring
 Of spouts and flurries,
Which rise and bubble in the sands
As if they were some dancing bands
 Of mimic fairies.

Its depths than crystal, clearer are.
And in the heat the birds draw near
 To dip their bill
Just where it overflows its brink,
And where each denizen may drink,
 Secure its fill.

Whilst to some rustic Chloe shy
This glassy fountain might supply
 A limpid mirror,