



Epimetheus.

TO MY STUDENTS.

I.

Mysteriously the voice of nature sounds
In many a tone.
The thunder-peal from hill to hill rebounds:
Anon is blown
A whisper scarcely heard from aspen-trees
That quiver under a scarce-moving breeze
On summer afternoons.
But those are other tunes
The wind, in wintry hour,
Shouts scudding o'er the ocean
In the strong joy of power,
The glory of swift motion.
And that is still another song
That Nature sings the whole day long
In murmuring of wayward brooks
Down lonely glens, in woody nooks.