

List as its music unbraids :—

*Rivulets pour from the hill,  
Winds wash the lips o' the trees,  
The brook by the rocky glades  
Brattles its way to the mill  
Through fields a-dream with bees.*

*Forests of pine and of fir*

*Plain as their dark plumes are feet  
By the free-coursing winds :  
Alder and golden birch stir  
To notes too sweet to forget.  
Sung by brook as it winds.*

*List to the lone laugh of the ark*

*As 'twere a disprisoned soul come  
From out the shining fountains,  
And the loon's "ha ! ha !" and mock  
Mid the torn surf's booming drum,  
Or hushed tide's star-sprent domes.*

*The ringdove coos in the grace,*

*The cataract's thunders jar,  
Rapids swirl white and hiss :  
Peoples in temples of love  
Echo their anthems afar,  
Diapasons of bliss.*

Great flux of the world, O Sea,

Blood of earth's wild pulsing veins  
Beating to orbs afar,  
Your life and mine cannot be  
Unlinked with God's joys and pains  
Here or in throbbing star !

List as its music unbraids,

List to the much-sounding sea,

List to its repetend note,

Multiplex tone of the sea,

Refrain of grief, of mirth,

On violet air afloat

Far borne to mountain and lea,

To the home of its birth.