

Deep-bathed the peaks, the growing hills and valleys,
The which all grateful did in turn give back
In very richness more abundantly—
Yea! thrice all they from June's fair hand received.

65 And here I was a wanderer, alone,
'Mid one of Nature's intact solitudes—
A faultless wilderness serene and mute;
Mute, yet a thousand thousand speaking things
Around—a world of fragrances and lovelinesses,
70 Wild harmony and most continuous music;
Where one, from rosy childhood springing up
And taking an even start with Time,
Might wander on and on an hundred years
And ne'er grow old—living on youth's elixir.

75 And here I was a wanderer 'mid all
This luxury of sweetness and delight,
And in the revel which enwrapped my soul
With feeling, breathing joy, how little wot I
That yet another feast surpassing even
80 All that had gone before it, waited me.

Steady and soft, now, gracious Muse! aloof
The little distance of a sprung stag's flight
And fair in view, upon the fairy crown
Of a most friendly hill, a hill auspicious
85 More than the others, and by Nature studded
With great oaks, oaks broad-branched, most sheltering oaks,
And linden trees, and scattering white-bark'd birch,
Those beautifiers marvelous of earth,
With lithe-limb'd dogwood 'neath their neighborly nod,
90 And some more humble wildings thorn'd and crook'd
But snowy-white with wondrous fragrant bloom,
With pink wild roses springing from the green,