

And straight uplooms through the dead centuries' smoke
 The aged Druid in his robe of fur,
 Beneath the oak
 Where hang uncut the paly mistletoes.
 The mistletoe dissolves to Indian willow,
 Glassing its red stems in the stream that flows
 Through the broad interval. A lazy billow
 Flung from my oar lifts the long grass that grows
 To be the Naiad's pillow.

The startled meadow-hen floats off, to sink
 Into remoter shades and ferny glooms;
 The great bees drone about the thick pea-blooms;
 The linked bubblings of the bobolink,
 With warm perfumes
 From the broad-flowered wild parsnip, drown my brain;
 The grackles bicker in the alder-boughs;
 The grasshoppers pipe out their thin refrain
 That with intenser heat the noon endows.
 Then thy weft weakens, and I wake again
 Out of my dreamful drowse.

Ah! fetch thy poppy-baths, juices exprest
 In fervid sunshine, where the Javan palm
 Stirs, scarce awakened from its odorous calm
 By the enervate wind, that sinks to rest
 Amid the balm
 And sultry silence, murmuring, half asleep,
 Cool fragments of the ocean's foamy roar,
 And of the surge's mighty throbs that keep
 Forever yearning up the golden shore,
 Mingled with song of Nereids that leap
 Where the curled crests downpour.

Who sips thy wine may float in Baïæ's skies,
 Or flushed Maggiore's ripples, mindless made
 Of storming troubles hard to be allayed.
 Who eats thy berries, for his ears and eyes
 May vineyard shade