

And so, well pleased with being soothed
 Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed, 15
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
 And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low. 20

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
 In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all, 25
 For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
 Did teach him all their use, 30
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Stanzas 7 and 8. Compare Wordsworth's lines in *The Poet's Epitaph*.

 "The outward shows of sky and earth,
 Of hill and valley, he has viewed ;
And impulses of deeper birth
 Have come to him in solitude.

 "In common things that round us lie
 Some random truths he can impart,—
The harvest of a quiet eye
 That broods and sleeps on his own heart."