

This answer came,  
And made deep shame  
Within my soul within that wood;  
And I felt he  
Might ever be  
A musing soul misunderstood:

"The older I grow  
And the more I know  
Alas! the less I wish to say.  
I often feel  
That joy and weal  
That in all idle silence play.

"When I'm with man  
I seldom can  
My limpid thoughts in words express;  
Though sense is there,  
I do not dare  
My burning passion to confess.

"A maid I oft  
With mind aloft  
In these lone wood-lands here espy.  
No spell-bound word  
Is ever heard;  
Our souls speak through the glowing eye.