

H. D. THOREAU.

MANY long years have fled
Since thou wast gone—
Gone ! aye, yet still not dead ;
Thou livest on !

In every zephyr breeze
That wanders lone,
Whispering among the trees
With listless tone—

Striking on harpstrings free
Sweet sylvan chords,
While every list'ning tree
Breathless applauds—

In all the songs of birds,
Mid woodlands lone,
I hear thy noble words
Sadder of tone.

E'er through their music throng,
It seems to me,
Whispers of heavenly song
That speak of thee.

And in the rippling streams
That softly sing,
Thy voice for ever seems
Through them to ring.

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See where the winding creek
Pierces the land
In a clear silver streak,
Woods on each hand !