

Close to my steps he sat and leant
 Upon a rock of granite grey,
 Full in the light, each lineament
 Was clear as in the beam of day.

Grey, dusky locks descending dressed
 A forehead broad and features high;
 A snowy beard flowed down his breast;
 Mild were the glances of his eye.

A visage with a look benign
 From all the toils of passion free,
 And on it dwelt in every line
 A graceful pleasing dignity.

His form, once large, was shrunk to half
 That it had been in earlier day,
 But shapely still, as hat and staff
 Upon the rock beside him lay.

Abashed to view that reverend face,—
 And truly 'twas a noble sight,—
 I paid, at length, with awkward grace,
 The salutation of the night.

"A lovely night indeed," he said,
 And musing glanced upon the flood,
 And on the vault of blue o'erhead,
 As if on these he loved to brood.