

The labyrinth of its loveliness: or be  
A star to wink upon it from the deep  
Blue quiet heaven of God.

I would I were  
An angel wholly. But long years perhaps,  
Long weary years, and sadness shadowed days,  
And hours like rich pearls strung on threads of gold  
And mined thoughts, and ornate earthly doings—  
Which to me yet are climes beyond a sea,  
A continent untravelled, but oft dreamt of —  
May pass before me ere I shall be such.

The humming-bird midst wealth of blossoms lives,  
It chirps or darts or pauses unconfined,  
It sips the sweet dews in its graceful motions,  
Gleaming and volant. It can not conceal  
Its changeful plumes, its joyous attributes:  
The hour that rules in gladness is its riches.

The zephyr wakes not with a mournful touch,  
While days—fair neophytes—walk forth in gold,  
With beauty crowned and richly garlanded:  
Neither can I. My heart replies to pastime  
Industriously as honey bee in June.  
I run, I laugh, I sing, and am withal  
A very summer bird, and know not yet  
That there is winter, cloud, or raining tears  
In this fair world of dreams. But who come here?

*[boys running in the distance.]*

There is a thought let down the mystic jar,  
A nucleus of crystallization, which  
Selects, attracts, the fluctuating atoms