

And dropt upon the burning bar
Of the horizon, and passed on
Under its shadow, and was gone.

And loud and shrilly sang the lark ;
And lovely waxed the risen day,
And laughed through every dewy spark
That on the groves and meadows lay ;
And all the level leas o'erflowed
With light ; and all the copses glowed
Throughout ; and over every slope
Trembled a glory, like the hope
Of future summers, seen through tears
Of autumn, down the rolling years ;
And from the bosom of the brook
A thousand happy murmurs shook ;
And on the still and smiling lake,
The lingering lilies seemed to wake
Once more into their bygone bloom,
And breathed a soul of fresh perfume :
And all the sombre cypress lit
In the light shaking over it ;
And even the hoary willow took
A smile from Nature's happy look.