

INVOCATION TO THE MUSE TRUANT

O come from thy islands of beauty and light!
From lakes where thou lovest to linger at
gloaming,
Nor watery channels nor shades of the night
Should check thy return, tho' afar thou art
roaming.

Art thou nearer approaching? The darkness is
folding
Her mantle more closely 'round ev'ning's fair
form.
Must I leave with no hope of thee even beholding
Whom once I could meet with a hand-clasp so
warm?
Return, by the rivers that ripple along,
Or by-paths so lavish of Nature's adorning!
Nor murmur of waters, nor music of song
Should lead thee to look on a true heart with
scorning.

Ah, true! I have slighted the ways thou didst
proffer;
E'en thee have forsaken to keep 'twixt the
walls
Of the homely but much-trodden street where the
coffer
Is chief of adornments, and nature-love palls.