

Odd creatures here  
Do oft appear  
Whose inward worth no one may see,  
And idle folk  
That worth provoke,  
Conjecturing what its aim may be.

One such I met  
Near rivulet  
Beside grand rocks with trees o'er head.  
I guessed the theme  
Of his day-dream  
And, moving nearer, to him said :

"Thou art as one  
Who loves the sun,  
The gaudy lacings in the wood,  
And things unseen  
Save in thy dream,  
Thou art as one not understood.

"Why not leave dell,  
And with me dwell  
In marble home by river-side?  
Sweet maidens there  
Dispel despair  
And in calm luxury abide!"