

## HOMESICK.

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O my garden, lying whitely in the moonlight and the  
dew,  
Far across the leagues of distance flies my heart tonight  
to you;  
And I see your stately lilies in the tender radiance gleam  
With the dim mysterious splendor like the angels of  
dream,

I can see the stealthy shadows creep along the ivy  
wall,  
And the basky depths of verdure where the drooping  
vine-leaves fall.  
And the tall trees standing darkly with their crowns  
against the sky.  
While overhead the harvest moon goes slowly sailing  
by.

I can see the trellised arbor and the roses crimson glow  
And the lances of the larkspurs all glittering, row on  
row,  
And the wilderness of hollyhocks where brown bees  
seek their spoil;  
And butterflies dance all day long in glad and gay tur-  
moil.

O, the broad paths running straightly north and south  
and east and west;  
O, the wild grape climbing sturdily to reach the auriolate  
nest;  
O, the bank where wild flowers blossom, ferns nod and  
mosses creep,  
In a tangled maze of beauty over all the wooded steep.