

The Book of the Native

“No Hippocrene would leap to light
If you should stamp your hoof.
You never knew the pastures bright
Wherein we lie aloof.

“You never drank of Helicon,
Or strayed in Tempe's vale.
You never soared against the sun
Till earth grew faint and pale.

“You bear my poor deluded boy
Each latest love to see!
But Pegasus would mount with joy
And bring him straight to me!”