

Thy soft tears the earth bedewing,
 The meadows green and mountains,
 The forests thick and fells,
 Leafy dells, gardened closes,
 Roses red, pink and pale,
 Towery hyacinth and jâsmin and blue bells,
 And the thousand flowers unnamed which regale
 With the odours they exhale,
 Drunk enraptured sense subduing
 Through the perfume-laden gale,
 Bearing spoils from the wild roses,
 From pied pansies, nectar'd posies—
 Purple chalices and golden
 Of man's eyes still un beholden,
 Which the bee to-day shall drain; •
 From the grasses big with sun and rain,
 From the vines no careful hand shall train,
 Which run riot round wild fountains
 Or dwell within the dale.

SEMICHORUS II.

Mount thy car!
 Jewelled, golden, asbestine,
 We would have divine delight,
 And would gaze
 On the maze
 Of commingling waters' blaze,