

Before. Yet is there joy. To think, to feel,
To hold commune with Nature and with God,
To feast the soul upon a passing breeze,
To drink the perfume of the opening rose,
To list the song of feathered minstrelsy,
To catch the colors of the glowing West
And golden-fringed clouds—to see, to feel,
To ponder these is joy.

Hast thou not stood
Within a court of green, where beauties formed
By man so pleased thee thou wast happy?
Hast thou not stood upon a grassy lawn,
Ambient with native hedge of willow or
Of popple, while from swaying branches, decked
With silvery catkins, low sweet music of
An evening song is heard. Which are the
works
More noble, which are the divine?

Out from
The grass, half running and half flying, fees
The nesting fowl: and taking higher flight,
Seeks safe retreat in yonder watery slough.
A wanton search reveals the mother's care;