

KNUD IVERSON:

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BASED ON AN INCIDENT RELATED IN
AN OLD AMERICAN JOURNAL.

SCENE I.

A Rural District: Iverson alone.

KNUD IVERSON.



WHISPERING a syllable that stirs my bosom,
Trips the sweet zephyr, stops and kisses me:
Recent from hill and orchard, o'er her robes
The odorous Season has poured out its vial;
And while the bright hour moves to melodies,
My heart is wakeful.

Gladness steals upon me,
Like golden sunbeams through the foliage,
That fall and flicker on a dancing rill
A summer morn, which cannot choose but sing,
Rejoicing in existence: I am such.
For God has built the earth most daintily,—
And me a voice of music, to pervade