

# KNUD IVERSON:

## A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BASED ON AN INCIDENT RELATED IN  
AN OLD AMERICAN JOURNAL.

### SCENE I.

*A Rural District : Iverson alone.*

KNUD IVERSON.

**W**HISPERING 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