

## ANSWER TO A SONNET BY J. H. REYNOLDS.

## ENDING—

“Dark eyes are dearer far  
Than those that mock the hyacinthine bell”

BLUE! 'Tis the life of heaven,—the domain  
Of Cynthia,—the wide palace of the sun,—  
The tent of Hesperus, and all his train,—  
The bosomer of clouds, gold, grey, and dun.  
Blue! 'Tis the life of waters—ocean  
And all its vassal streams: pools numberless  
May rage, and foam, and fret, but never can  
Subside, if not to dark-blue nativeness.  
Blue! Gentle cousin of the forest-green,  
Married to green in all the sweetest flowers—  
Forget-me-not,—the blue-bell,—and, that queen  
Of secrecy, the violet: what strange powers  
Hast thou, as a mere shadow! But how great,  
When in an Eye thou art alive with fate!

## TO THE NILE

SON of the old moon-mountains African!  
Stream of the Pyramid and Crocodile!  
We call thee fruitful, and that very while  
A desert fills our seeing's inward span  
Nurse of swart nations since the world began,  
Art thou so fruitful? or dost thou lie idle  
Those men to honour thee, who, weary with toil,  
Rest them a space 'twixt Cairo and Decan?  
O may dark fancies err! They surely do;  
'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste  
Of all beyond itself. Thou dost bedew  
Green rushes like our rivers, and doth taste  
The pleasant sun-rise. Green isles hast thou too,  
And to the sea as happily doth haste.