

Morning.



MISTY morn;
A misty haze of trees;
The bay, a shrouded mirror sheathed
in cloudy gauze;
Its draperies by lusty breeze
Unmoved, untorn,
As though sweet morn
Had begged a moment's tranquil pause,
Till like young worlds new-born,
Slowly and stately through the opalescent sky
The lordly hills had pierced their dusky summits
high.

Afternoon.



GREY-GREEN sea fringed by a
golden beach;
A group of gabled caves;
Dark pines that reach
Above the maple's leaves
Of tender green and gold;
And higher still, where purple hills bend low,
A silver gleam of purest mountain snow
And glacier bold.