

SCENE III.

Before a Garden : Enter Knud Iverson

KNUD IVERSON.

THOUGHT falls like dew on life's historic flower.
 I am aweary with the sport—and pause.
[sits down on a stone.]

It is the autumn time, and goodly fruits
 Like living witnesses stand up around
 Throughout this garden. O'er the pleasant paths
 Rare flowering trees supply a grateful contrast.
 Embowered passages, and blooming brinks,
 And flowing walks in graceful curves produce
 Midst narrow limits ample boundaries.
 Fastidious taste has lavished all its skill
 Laudibly copying nature unconfined,
 And birds the beautiful are flitting round.

All these allure me to the Garden of God
 And Tree of Life whose leaves will heal the nations
 My heart like autumn bird forsakes this clime.
 My thoughts like birds of spring flock up to Heaven,
 Like kids they seek the shrubby mountain side.
 From transitory life, tho' newly waking,
 Superior attraction leads me up.
 Just as the young swan loves the spreading lake
 Just as the bobolink first tries its wings,
 Just as a traveller prest amidst a crowd