

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