

*These are but sketches of the common way,
Caught from the phases that have held me long,
Near the green marshlands, and the red tides strong;
Whose fleeting picture-glory I would stay.*

*These are but glints from a light-flooded day,
Whether in picture, or in simple song;
My teacher hath been kind nor led me wrong
Through seasons of calm labor and display.*

*The purpose of my pictures would not show
Only that life hath pleasure for the eye.
My lines would point the way into the heart
Of all this glory, which will set aglow
Thy passing days; until the rhapsody
Of awakened life of thee becomes a part.*