Than thundery tempests, or the forest-roar.

Oft had the sound of maiden voices made—
When, brooding, near the village-green he strayed—
So clear a music, harmony so fine,
A soul of sound so like a thing divine,
That, for the spanning of a summer day,
On witched strings his softening mood might lay
No harsher tribute to a master-hand
Than silvern-rippling sounds of laughters planned
To echo music of the woman-tone.

And now, at earliest flush of manhood, thrown—With all the dews of youth upon his heart
To feed the founts of passion, and of art
A strong possession shaking all his soul,
That all its nether fountains burst control,
And set his heart a bubble on the spin
Of their great deeps of most melodious din—
Thrown so to sudden touch with womanhood,
Ere well aware did fire his throbbing blood
Through all its courses to a sudden flame,
Kindling gigantic raptures through his frame,
Fanned by the breathings of the destined maid
His heart who singled, and its pulses swayed.

And, sooth, though but a mountain maid was she, Bred in a lowly cottage, at the knee Of rustic parents springing, reared to ways Of homely labor through industrious days, No fairer flower of virgin womanhood E'er moved the earth to rapture, from a bud Of sweetness blowing to a perfect prime. One such she was as God, at random time, Alike in lowly station as in high, From flowers of Eden culled ere sin could dry All primal freshness and all pristine hue From petals with a Godhead in the dew, Doth seem of blossom all compact to build, Still with a soul of Eden-fragrance filled.

Gentle she was as maidens still should be;
And of a whiteness of virginity
To blot the shamed lily in compare;
Native to love as is to lips the air,
Or mother-milk to infant newly born;
As blithely fresh as is the dewy Morn
When breathing summer kisses her awake
With breath of flowery softness. God did make
A special sunlight for her crowning hair,
Where many loves were tangled unaware;
And for her cheeks in bedded lilies set