

WHY DO YE CALL THE POET LONELY. 11

The saw mill is moaning ever.
The little grey sparrow skips and calls
On the rocks in the rain of the water falls,
And the logs are adrift in the river.

Oh ! restlessly whirls the river ;
The rivulets run and the cataract drones :
The spiders are flitting over the stones :
Summer winds float and the cedar moans ;
And the eddies gleam and quiver.
O sun, shine hot, shine long and abide
In the glory and power of thy summer tide
On the swift longing face of the river.

WHY DO YE CALL THE POET LONELY.

Why do ye call the poet lonely,
Because he dreams in lonely places ?
He is not desolate, but only
Sees, where ye cannot, hidden faces.