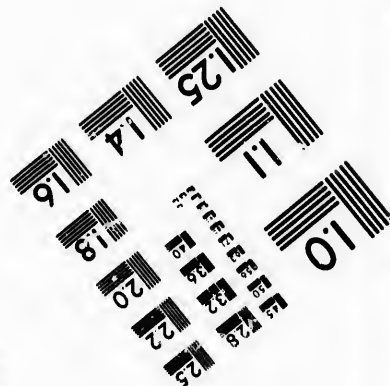
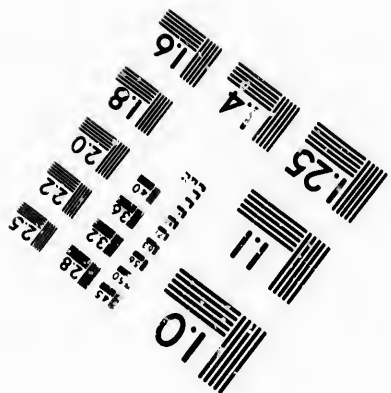
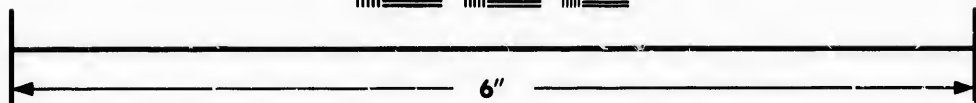
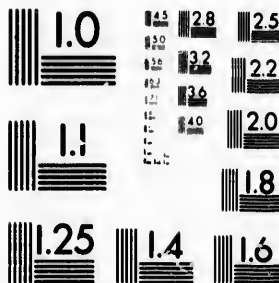


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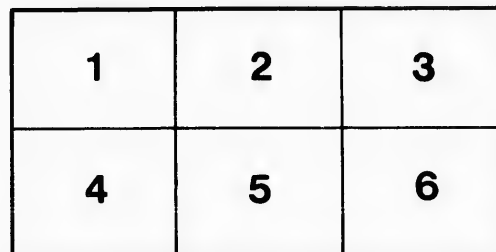
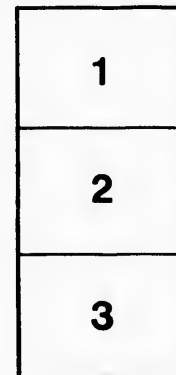
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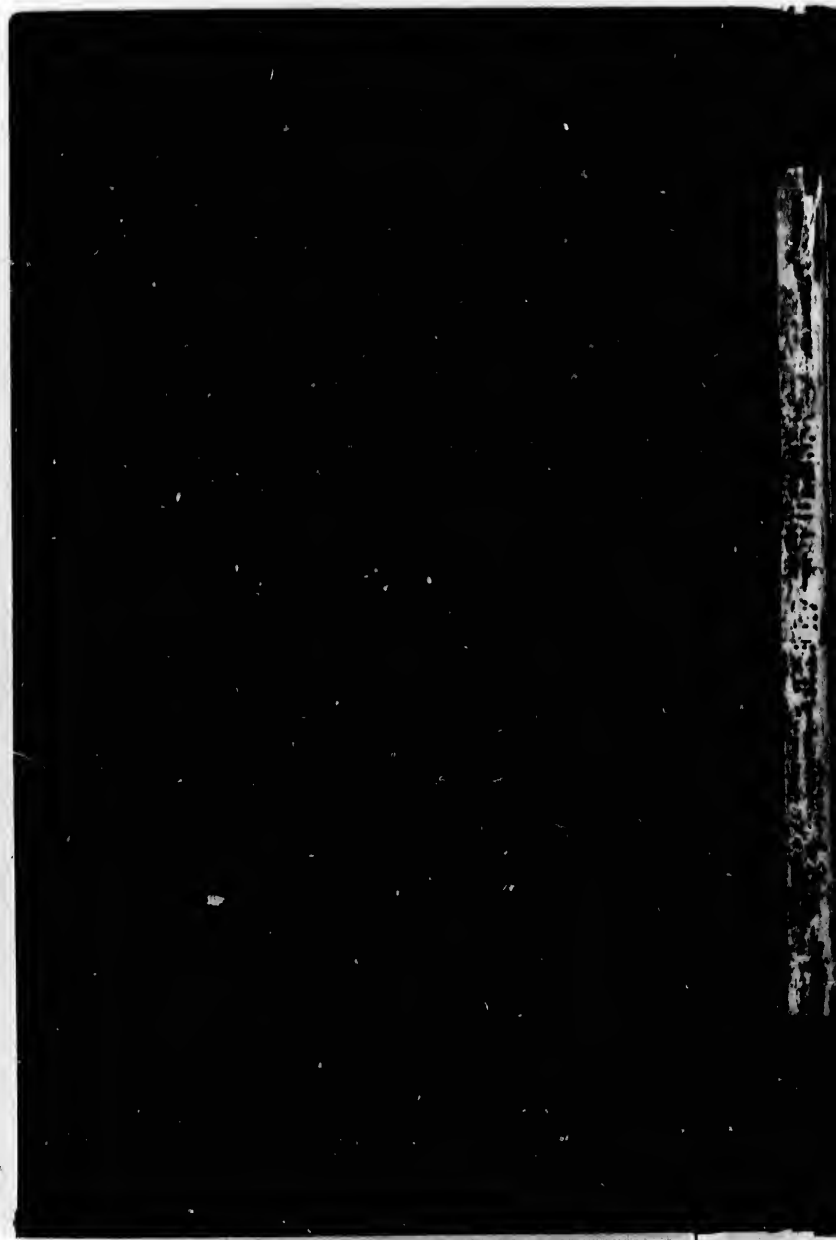
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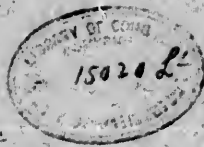
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If music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs,—the singer and the hearer,  
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.  
—Shakespeare.

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### EROS.

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods  
drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for  
love, it would utterly be contemned."

--Solomon.



## **EROS.**

---

Gaze upon the canopy  
Above thy head some peaceful night!  
Her charms around eternal Wisdom  
Love in fervor wound,  
Creating in delight  
The glory there!

Stars with stars in boundless space  
Are whirling,  
Worlds and burning suns!  
Love instils in them  
Its everlasting power!  
Love controls their various movements,  
Methodizing spiral situations  
Of attendant and reliant moons;  
Guiding planets in their orbits;  
Keeping in continual motion  
All the heavenly spheres!  
The lights of incandescent stars  
Are smiles  
That cheer the universes.

The gorgeous sun,  
Resplendent in effulgence  
And exuberant magnificence,  
Revolving in ethereal space  
Among its grand compeers,  
Was fashioned countless ages since,  
And now is guided,  
By immortal love.

Love and wisdom  
Are the twins of Paradise.  
The perfect union  
In celestial eminence.

O it is thine, Imperial Love,  
Divine in birth and reared in Heaven,  
Every worthy heart to rule  
And every lustrous star!

Souls of deep endurance meet  
With sweet affinity  
In souls of wondrous purity,  
And in their admiration soar  
Above the stars.

Man and woman bound in love,  
Spurning tinsels  
Of the trivial world,  
Uniting love and wisdom,

Spirits are from spheres unseen,  
Superior to harmonious stars !

There was a being born amid  
The everlasting relics  
Of forgotten empires,  
Whose mysterious genius  
Fascinated mighty monarchs,  
And whose intellectual splendor  
Reared a dazzling glory  
In the world.

O saw ye that majestic youth,  
Supreme in beauty?  
Angels of another world  
Descend as mortals oft  
To grace the evil earth !  
His marvellous head was worthy temple  
Of his superhuman mind ;  
Divinity  
Beamed in his countenance ;  
His smile possessed a charm  
As irresistible as love ;  
He knew his god-like grandeur ;  
Timid deer fled not away  
When, musing in the floral wood,  
He swept the tender strings  
Of his bewitching lyre !

Did ye behold him as he wandered on?  
Did ye behold  
The beauty of his eyes?  
Yon marble palace,  
Perfect in design,  
Surpassing those of every land and age,  
Save Greece and Rome  
And their unrivalled masterpieces,  
He, in stately manner, entered.

On blended hues  
Of wondrous neoramas,  
Whose deceptive lineaments  
And fine perspectives  
Made infinitude  
Within that burnished palace;  
On the mellow tints  
Of labored works of Painting,  
That divinest art;  
And on the snowy forms  
Of Sculpture,  
He in admiration gazed.

He stood entranced;  
He felt alliance with the beauty there,  
And his exalted mind  
Discovered new beauties in itself.  
He uttered in a passive mood  
The prompting of his immortality,

The secret of his being:  
"Pansophy."  
And the music of his voice,  
Subdued and modulated,  
Gave a beauty to that classic word.  
His tones euphonious and impressive  
Mingled in the melic zephyrs  
Driven through eolian harps  
Within the portals of the palace.

Onward dreaming, and impassioned  
In his oratory,  
Ever blissful  
From the grand creations  
Of his wondrous mind,  
Through floral and luxuriant woodlands,  
Sweet with Nature's fragrant breath,  
He wandered.

Paradise and Houries,  
Whose large eyes  
Sent rapture into his,  
And love in forms unnumbered,  
Were before him there.  
What forms of classic beauty moved  
Along those sinuous paths,  
Amid the countless hues  
Of aromatic flowers?  
Beauteous women with their satellites  
And splendid retinues!



The youth beheld them in their gemmed attires,  
And knew himself a peer  
In that august assemblage.

Reclining near yon marble fane,  
Beside meandering brook,  
On richest robe of oriental clime,  
Beheld ye that enchanting maid?  
Perfection her fine form created,  
Mirroring there itself.  
The delicate elixir of the earth  
Instilled in her its charms,  
And Heaven's self  
On her in condescension gazed.  
The lawless elements  
Fled far away;  
They could not harm  
The paragon of Earth.

The youth beheld the maiden there,  
And quickly throbb'd his fervent heart.  
He knew that he must love.  
Such knowledge comes upon the soul  
As a command from some imperial court.  
He knew that he must love.  
He could not disobey;  
He looked upon the maiden,  
And the dream of all his glory fled.  
He sighed and trembled as he gazed.  
Beyond control his tremor grew.

The magnetism of her beauty  
Overcame his will.

His intuition,  
Wondrous in the clearness of its truth,  
Perceived the new desires  
Of her ardent soul.  
His intellectual splendor,  
Mingling with the fine afflatus  
Of his magic genius,  
Ruling every earthly instinct then  
Of his impetuous nature,  
Glowing in his eyne,  
Disseminating through remotest nerves,  
And every sensitive and tiny fibre,  
Thrilled his classic form.

His burning love  
Revealed itself in his melodious voice,  
Attuning to its sorrow  
The pathos of these sentiments:  
"O heart! most wayward boon of man,  
Foe to thine own deluded self;  
But ever in superior souls  
Alluring friend  
To mystic phantasies that play  
Around thy trustful love  
In cruel guile,  
Thou shalt not now depart  
From my control!"

"O love and wisdom  
And essential memory,  
Immortal trinity,  
Ye cannot perish when ye vanish  
From the earth!  
Combine within me now  
And vanquish these emotions,  
Leave me monarch of my soul!"

A gentle being roving near,  
Gazelle in grace,  
In beauty Venus,  
Whispered in most winning tones  
And, disappearing,  
Left this admonition:

"Leer not at the maiden!  
Ruthless love,  
The ecstasy of sorrow,  
Sleeps within her guileless soul.  
Seek thou the man within thee.  
Guard this maiden  
From the glory of thy genius.  
Oh! if she beholds thee now,  
Within her dreams  
Thy beauty will forever glow,  
And, tremulously, love  
Will steal away her reason.  
Fly! depart,

Endearing youth,  
Apollo, if thou art,  
Or his more modern rival,  
Bold and grand enchanter."

Then over that proud youth  
There came a change.  
His soul, so passionate and wild,  
Burst from him in impatient words :

"Now am I conquered by this warning!

Love has won my manhood;  
Never more shall I be free;  
I tremble as I gaze upon the maiden.

Oh! hadst thou not revealed me this!  
Or told me of my power!

Now and ever  
I shall dream of her!"

Ah! then enamoured zephyrs  
Wrapt around the beauteous form  
Of that reposing maid  
The oriental veil,  
Diaphanous and snowy white,  
Bound by a golden zone;  
And soothing perfumes and aroma  
From rich spices and sweet flowers came,  
Breathing delight  
In her dilated nostrils;  
And celestial rapture beamed

In her most orient eyne.  
She spied that wondering youth ;  
Her clear perception read his thought ;  
In ardor she arose ;  
The motion of her graceful limbs  
Entraced his soul.

He knew that he was conquered.  
Never more would he forget  
The beauty then before him.  
Visions of ambition  
Faded in the dazzling light of love.  
The flute-like tones of his sweet voice  
Expressed his agony :  
" The man I was I am no more !  
O ! thou hast conquered,—I am thine ! "

Then fainter grew the lustrous light  
That dwelt within his eyne.  
He smiled, remembering his past,  
And his devotion  
To the grand designs  
Of his peculiar nature ;  
He smiled, and sorrow beautified  
The marvellous beauty  
Of his marble countenance.

In wild impatience then  
His noble head he tossed ;

But vanquishment was in his mien.  
His voice, musical and clear,  
Spurned his command.  
The maiden heard its faint reluctant tones.  
They won her willing soul  
Forevermore :

“ Unrivalled and celestial being,  
Envy of the Universe,  
Thou paragon !  
O ! why art thou so beautiful ?  
Thine is a face elysian !  
O ! as I gaze, I love thee,  
Loving, leave the earth below  
And fly enraptured heaven-ward  
With thee ! ”

Then from invisible retreats  
Within the woodlands  
Came a gentle voice,  
As from a soul in Paradise :

“ The loftiest love,  
Supreme in its simplicity,  
To man from woman flowing,  
Noblest worth creates in each  
And highest happiness instils in both. ”

His reason fled  
Before the rising sun



Of passionate and rosy love.  
The maiden saw in him  
The image of Omnipotence.  
Their overpowered spirits met!  
What is this music in the soul?  
The spirit's immortality!  
It thrilled their forms and their full hearts  
Arose in dazzling splendor  
Far above  
All thoughts of earth.  
Ah! even to the tuneful stars  
Their spirits fled!  
So they were lulled in an embrace,  
Pure as the flowers breathing fragrance near,  
Filled with that grandest love  
That dwells in Paradise!

He kissed the gentle cheek  
Of that bewitching maid;  
He gazed upon her loveliness.  
The cruel spell of love  
Was coiled around his soul;  
His inspiration sought  
The melody of words:

"What art thou that I love thee so?  
I conquered all this folly once,  
And curbed this passion in my soul,  
Commanding it to hide itself,

That, humble in my pride,  
I might achieve  
The grandeur of a name!  
O! vanity of hope!  
O! everlasting grief!  
The noblest souls are often poor  
In worldly wealth;  
But in high thoughts  
They wander with the haughty stars!

"O! whither may I fly with thee?  
Earth smiles at my impassioned tone!  
Here love is bound  
In endless turmoil and despair  
To mundane elements  
Repulsive in complexity!  
What boon on thee can I bestow?  
My heart?  
Thou hast it now,  
And may celestial spirits  
Guard thy soul;  
And may the God that made the stars  
Forgive my unintentional sin!

"From this temptation I must fly!  
From thy allurements fly!  
O! be thou happy as thou art,  
Or love one who may give thee wealth  
And keep thee in thy sphere!



" Forever from thy sight I pass!  
Forgive me if thou canst!  
O! my poor heart,  
Why hast thou now forsaken me?  
I faint,—  
I lose the power of my will!  
O God! protect this maiden!  
Have I brought a curse on her?  
Farewell!  
I fly from thee away,—  
Away from thee!"

And many, many times,  
Mysterious Echo  
His last agony repeated there:  
" Away from thee!"

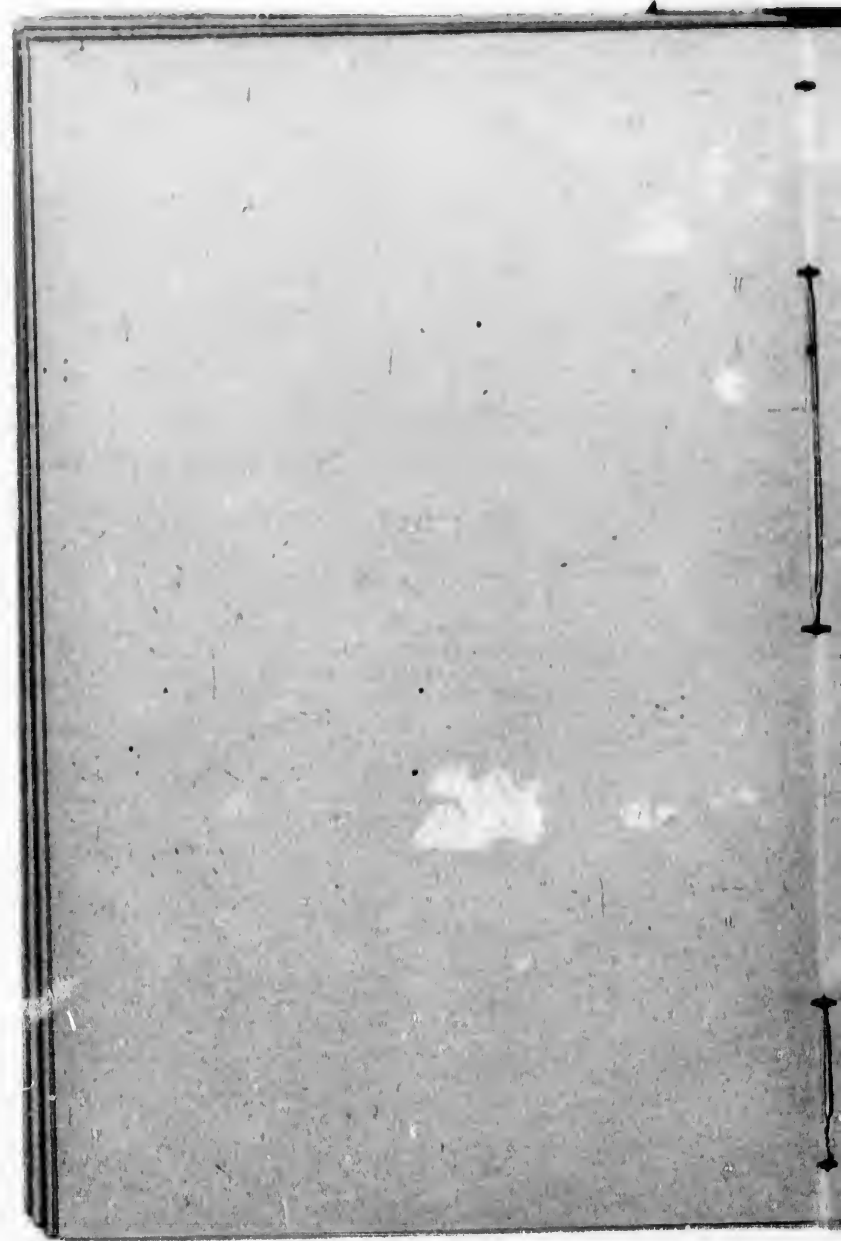
An icy tremor shook his form;  
He struggled with emotion.  
Light,  
A glaring beam of self-control,  
Shone in his moistened eyes.  
A moment then he lingered there,  
Impassive as the marble god,  
Apollo,  
Proud and grand.  
The concentration of his soul,  
A superhuman glow,  
Gleamed in his motionless eyes;

And then away like deer uncaged,  
Away he fled.

Fair as an angel,  
Glorious as a star,  
Stood that bewildered maid.  
Her love clung to that youth;  
But, like electric current, flashed  
Through all her mobile senses  
The meaning of his anguish.

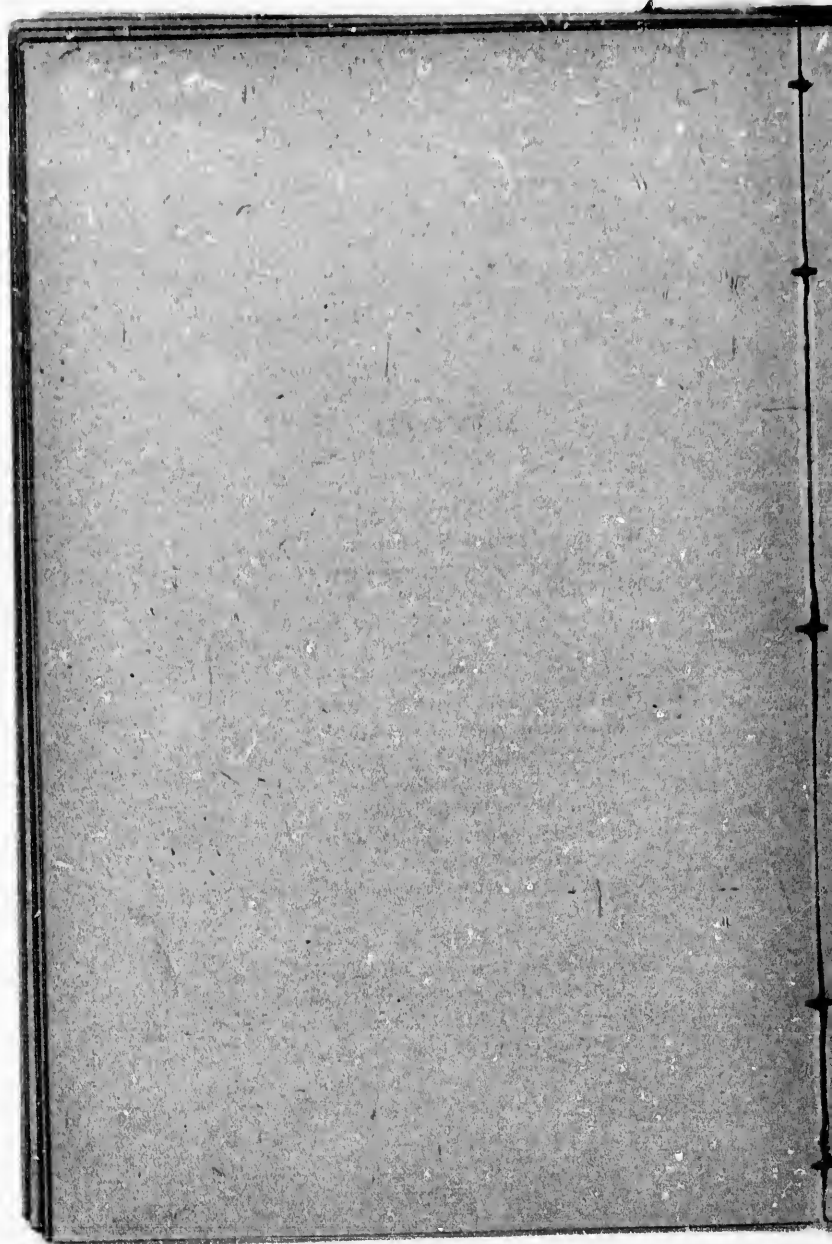
As a dying queen  
Of Nature's grandest realm,  
Down on a mossy bed  
Of lilies, daisies, jessamines,  
And interwoven darnels,  
All alone she sank  
And saw that wondrous youth,  
No more!

Thus, love will conquer when the heart,  
Robed in its own determined plans,  
Yields not at first. Its tender touch  
Is fatal to the iron man  
Of gory war. It conquers all!  
The universes roll through space,  
Ruled by an everlasting love!  
A curse on odds that stand between  
Two loving souls! Let Hell take him  
Whose lechery corrupts a maid!



**HOMOTH.**

"Alas for Virtue! when  
Torments, or contumely, or the sneers  
Of erring-judging men,  
Can break the heart where it abides."  
—*Shelley.*



## HOMOTH.

MEANE.

Why in my garden, Sir, do you  
Seek me? Your name I know full well,  
Acquaintance do not claim; for few  
Disbelieve of you what many tell.

HOMOTH.

To thee, madame, of whom I hear  
From many in the land around  
Sweet things, I, suppliant, appear  
For one that to thyself is bound.  
Me, as a man to few men dear,  
And wrongly spoken of, has she,  
In her simplicity, to thee  
Now sent: May I more open be?

MEANE.

Didst thou for thine own self seek me  
Audacious I might deem thee near;  
Yet in thy face I do not see  
The counterpart of things I hear.

## HOMOTH.

Forget the man of evil name  
 Addressing thee; but let him speak  
 Of others who are not the same.  
 Though I, sweet lady, may be weak,  
 My soul is generous and true.  
 Wilt thou to my short tale attend?  
 By such acts we from evil grew;  
 By good deeds life will never end.

Thy cousin-german of the east  
 With merry friends to yon fair wood  
 Came yester-eve to play and feast  
 And gathered all the neighborhood.  
 Though I upon the hill-side live,  
 That overlooks the woodland fair  
 In which they met, I did not give  
 Myself the joy to wander there.  
 Thy cousin-german and her maid  
 Came plucking flowers near my door  
 And, seeing me as now arrayed,  
 With smiles acquaintance did implore.  
 O! certes, I was pleased to speak  
 With two such maids of winning grace  
 Who, wise men oft have said, are weak,  
 Though I think might lives in each face.  
 A merry time we had. Full well  
 Thy cousin knows the pleasing art.  
 I almost wept to hear her tell



How thou from her wast held apart.  
 A story then of thee she told,  
 And wept that thou shouldst angry be,  
 Asserting it seemed over bold  
 To ask so soon good act of me.

## MENSE.

I marvel much how one, whose deeds  
 Of infamy the world derides,  
 The sorrow of a woman heeds  
 Who, stranger, comes where he abides.  
 Perchance her beauty won your eye.  
 To gain her heart for evil end,  
 Dissembling, you to me apply  
 In her behalf, appearing friend.

## HOSORN.

Down me most evil man below,  
 Ignore me, lady, if you will!  
 I have more weal than silly woe,  
 And live in heaven on you hill.  
 I could not wish your cousin wrong,  
 Nor do to others save the right;  
 Thus life with me flows like a song,  
 And every thing with truth is bright.

Alas! sweet lady, few above  
 The desolating changes here  
 Arise to spheres of boundless love



Where neither malice, hate, nor fear  
 Nor scorn of men, nor injuries  
 Can rob the heart of lasting ease.

A maiden in my presence, sight,  
 And memory is, as thou art,  
 A sacred thing, whose purer light  
 Divinely penetrates my heart.

Thus, if I fold in wild embrace  
 Her form, all languishing in love,  
 And meet her soul in her sweet face,  
 And fly in spirit far above

Where those strange dreams within us live,  
 Great laws, superior to my soul,  
 Their mandates to my being give

That hold me in their sweet control,  
 Compelling me to give fair kiss

As my own small acknowledgment  
 Of her great charms. In such quick bliss

A touch of higher love is lent  
 By transcendental love to man  
 That tells him he in love began!

MEANS.

Thou speakest like a foe of wrong;  
 And beauty, goodness, wisdom seem  
 Linked in thee, and thou movest along  
 Like one delighted with pure dream;  
 And love appears to govern thee;  
 But hisses from most subtle tongue

Have wandered willingly to me  
And in my soul thy real worth stung.

## HOMOTH.

Forget me, lady; but for her,  
Who spake to me, hear all I say!  
If you to her once dearer were  
Than now, before us all display  
The beauty of your worth within  
That is not schooled in idle sin.

## MEMME.

In our late trouble it may be  
I was in wrong; for even I,  
Though aiming at simplicity,  
Fail often; still I aim most high.  
My cousin often would appear  
Quite strange, and I would think at night  
And, dreaming, roll in doubt and fear,  
Until I thought her mind took flight,  
And thus arose in her despair  
That turned on me its fell design;  
Yet reason still lurked in her air  
And puzzled, by its changes, mine.

## HOMOTH.

Deem not each nature, strange to thee,  
Without the pale of consciousness,  
A victim of insanity,  
Forever writhing in distress!

The world, with laws of life and change,  
 Makes many seem to many strange;  
 But there are causes for each thing  
 And there are minds to fathom all,  
 And smallest hopes to which we cling  
 When oft about below to fall.

## MEMME.

My will is oft beyond control  
 And forces me wrong things to say  
 That ill become my inner soul;  
 And selfishness in its own way  
 Is often visible in me;  
 But my real self is fond and free.

## HOMOTH.

Unhappiness will ever cling  
 Around the soul of selfish ease,  
 Until it doth its own self sting,  
 And its own evil then it sees.  
 Thus higher to a nobler sphere,  
 Impelled by knowing it was wrong,  
 It will ascend, soon to appear.  
 Harmonious in that beauteous throng  
 That wander ever pure and free  
 In realms that only angels see.

## MEMME.

But, Sire,—the world (and I address  
 Thee so; for thou hast that command

In thy appearance, I confess  
Which is in few throughout the land.)

## HOMOTH.

Repeat not, lady, what the world  
Has said in evil will of me.  
Around myself is pureness furled  
As beauty is surrounding thee.

A Titan does not heed the wrong  
That envy, malice, hatred bring.  
He glories in the mighty song  
Of strength which he to self can sing.  
Thus, with his power he may rule  
The world below him when he will.  
Beneath hot wrong he can keep cool;  
His worth no fiend of earth can kill.

## MEMME.

What! then in life art thou so pure?  
Canst thou recall no wilful wrong  
From out the dead past to allure  
Thee back where evil doth belong?

## HOMOTH.

Was not I born on earth of earth  
With something inward not mine own  
That led me from an evil birth  
To stand in pureness now alone?

From fault and wrong I did ascend,  
 Myself within myself subduing ;  
 While truth without its force did lend  
 By inner worth-renewing !

MEMBE.

Forgiveness makes the soul divine !  
 I to my cousin now am bound  
 Forever by this act of thine ;  
 She me has gained ; I thee have found.

But tell me ! what may be this force  
 That makes superior what you say ?  
 If knowledge, I within thy course  
 Am led ; still I would homage pay  
 To something higher in thy mind  
 That in mine own I do not find,

A VOICE.

His loves are Grandeur, Beauty, Purity,  
 His Law is God ! His boundless heart is free,  
 And universal love is his delight.  
 His thought is linked with hearing, touch and sight.  
 Nor title, wealth, nor glance of crafty maid  
 Can change his life, or make his lustre fade.  
 Eternal are the objects of his thought ;  
 Around himself their charms are ever wrought !

MEMBE.

Then what I seek I find in thee !  
 What to thy wisdom is my heart ?

My all would I resign to be  
 Thy help-meet! Must thou then depart?  
 O! let me on thy last smile die,  
 Or to thy gentle bosom fly!

HOMOTH.

Forever here then shalt thou live!  
 Thus, to thy love my all I give!

A VOICE.

O! thou art married to thyself,  
 Superior man; for love divine  
 With wisdom, that ethereal self,  
 Dost thou within thyself combine;  
 But laws and powers high above  
 Command thee to this woman love!

MEMME.

O! I am changed! No more shall I  
 Obey the dictates of my will;  
 But with thyself and wisdom fly  
 To yon pure mountain from this hill!

HOMOTH.

The brilliant whiteness of thy soul  
 A dazzling radiance sends in me;  
 And with the stars our spirits roll  
 Unto as grand a destiny.



Forever we true joy shall know,  
To higher love each moment grow !

A VOICE.

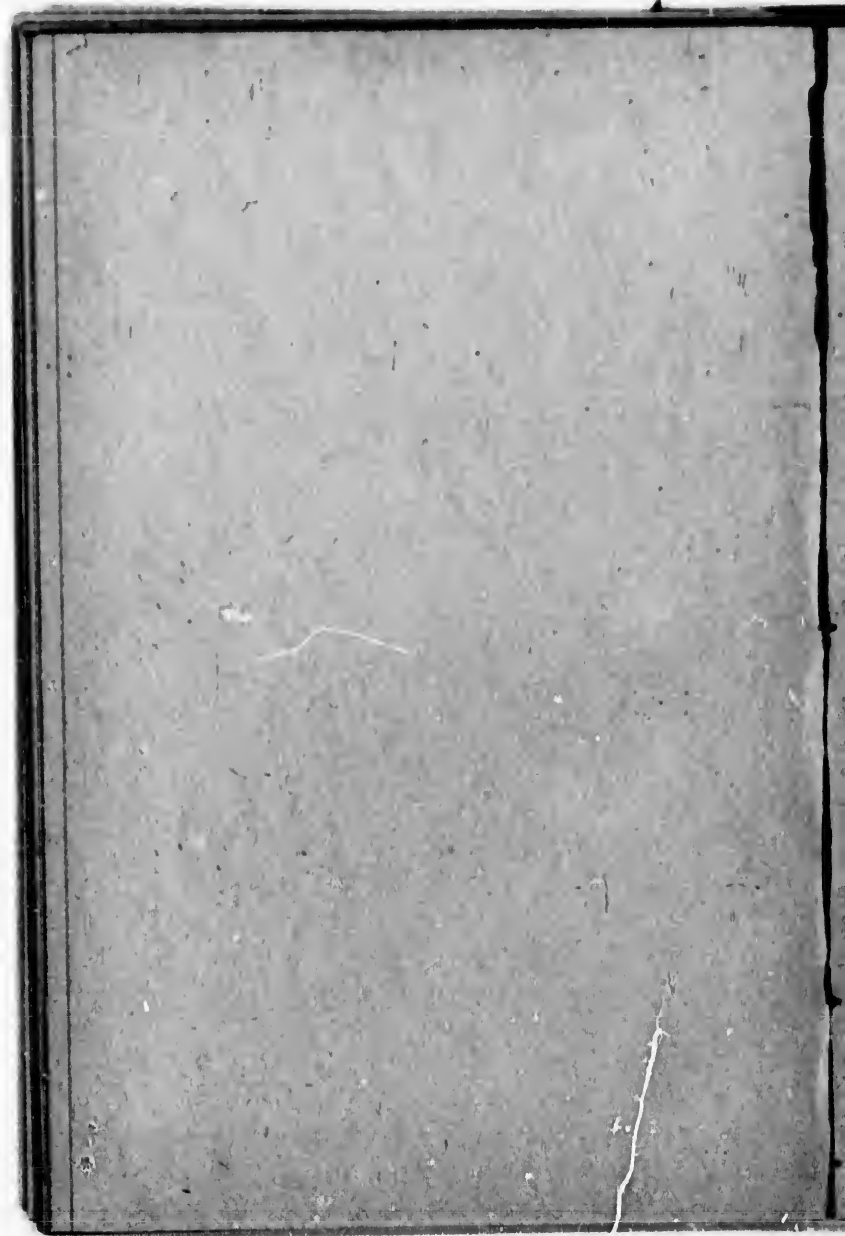
Now they are one and one will be  
In realms of bliss through eternity !

L' ENVOI.

A Pariah may thus arise,  
Alike a meteor in the skies !  
The slanderous men of evil earth  
Will then reveal a viler birth ;  
For he who deigns to nobly shine  
Is governed by a law divine.  
A thousand eyes he can reveal  
Where villains deepest plans conceal.  
Corrupted beings here and there  
Will smile at first ; but soon despair.  
Behold him then or when at last  
His glorious light below is cast  
Few mortal eyes will dare behold !  
A Godly man is wondrous bold !







**EIDOLON.**

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half-dream!"

—*Tennyson.*



## EIDOLON.

The soul within  
Is not all sin  
Though wrapt in elements of wrong,  
And dreams reveal  
Celestial weal  
That does not to the world belong.

What painful stings  
Experience brings  
That gentle beings cruel deem!  
So far away  
Their spirits stray  
To find some solace in a dream.

The changes wrought  
In objects sought  
When once by us they are possessed  
Will oft create  
A senseless hate  
That all wise spirits have confessed.

Each one may meet  
In odd retreat  
At times some soul aloof from man,  
With nature wise,  
With radiant eyes,  
Whose life in other place began.

But what are these  
Each mortal sees  
Pass on in woebegone array?  
What do they here?  
What can they fear,  
Bewailing on their rugged way?

Behold this throng  
With joyous song  
That dances in the moon-lit hour!  
It is not sad;  
Yet is it mad,  
Enchanted by some curious power?

We can not tell  
Where laws may dwell  
Invisible, or when that might  
That governs all  
In wrath may fall  
And turn our brightest day to night.

Odd creatures here  
Do oft appear  
Whose inward worth no one may see,  
And idle folk  
That worth provoke,  
Conjecturing what its aim may be.

One such I met  
Near rivulet  
Beside grand rocks with trees o'er head.  
I guessed the theme  
Of his day-dream  
And, moving nearer, to him said :

"Thou art as one  
Who loves the sun,  
The gaudy lacings in the wood,  
And things unseen  
Save in thy dream,  
Thou art as one not understood.

"Why not leave dell,  
And with me dwell  
In marble home by river-side?  
Sweet maidens there  
Dispel despair  
And in calm luxury abide!"



This answer came,  
And made deep shame  
Within my soul within that wood ;  
And I felt he  
Might ever be  
A musing soul misunderstood :

" The older I grow  
And the more I know  
Alas ! the less I wish to say.  
I often feel  
That joy and weal  
That in all idle silence play.

" When I'm with man  
I seldom can  
My limpid thoughts in words express ;  
Though sense is there,  
I do not dare  
My burning passion to confess.

" A maid I oft  
With mind aloft  
In these lone wood-lands here espy.  
No spell-bound word  
Is ever heard ;  
Our souls speak through the glowing eye.



" My arm is bound  
Her waist around,  
A ruby kiss interprets thought.  
Such joy as this  
Transcends the bliss  
That in your grand salon is sought.

" She cannot die!  
Her beauties fly  
In matchless grace before my mind.  
I hear her song;  
It rolls along  
Within the larynx of the wind.

" Had I the right  
Each blissful night  
To rove with her along this stream,  
O who would be  
More blessed and free,  
Or live in more enchanting dream?

" Oft when I spy  
A maiden nigh  
Where unexpressive love is found,  
A pang doth make  
My nature quake  
That leaves within my heart a wound.

"Some few there are  
I see afar  
Inviting me to share their joy.  
I never can,  
A sober man,  
Be pleased now as when a boy.

"The beauteous earth  
Was pure in birth  
And now reveals its inner mind.  
Its winning light  
Has marvellous might  
And is with love and truth combined.

"While Nature plays  
In divers ways  
Peculiar pranks upon her self,  
She has a glance  
In her wild dance  
That springs from every mount and delf.

"But that great power  
We spy each hour  
In lawless sea and gentle sky  
Has dignity  
We seldom see  
In lowly beings born to die!

" In moods like this  
I Nature kiss  
And with her fondle in the eve  
Together we  
On land and sea  
A flowing rapturous poem weave.

" The merry maid  
For love arrayed  
Comes tripping down the floral way ;  
And whether here,  
Afar or near,  
I see or love her every day.

" For she is part  
Of that my heart  
Delights itself in all the while ;  
And when we meet  
A tremor sweet  
Is mingled in her loving smile.

O! never fear  
The wondrous lear,  
That glorious Nature doth contain,  
Can make thee pine !  
Her truth divine  
Instills oft transitory pain

" In those who see  
Dark misery  
In all the fairest things around ;  
But thou shouldst find  
What each great mind  
Has ever in her beauty found !

" The diverse view  
Down avenue  
Of clinging vine and veteran tree  
Is sweet at morn ;  
For dews adorn  
The tender leaves with purity !

" The gorgeous light  
Surmounts the night,  
And carols wander overhead,  
Unnumbered things  
With gauzy wings  
From sleep by golden sun are led.

" They ever go  
Both to and fro.  
And frolic in the quiet air.  
Both death and birth  
Renew the Earth  
And make its rolling scenery fair.

" He who obeys  
 These winning ways  
 Of Nature and her laws profound  
 Will ever be  
 Both wise and free  
 And to no evil longings bound.

" These laws will bring  
 A beautiful thing,  
 That no pure spirit can resist,  
 With perfect grace,  
 Whose smiling face  
 Will every morn in love be kissed.

And she as soon  
 Will oft appear  
 To find in his grand soul her all ;  
 And will obey  
 Each passing day  
 His sweet behest and charming call.

" Thus life will flow  
 Without deep woe  
 Unto its destined earthly end ;  
 Until a grave  
 The land or wave  
 To each cold lifeless form will lead.

"But there may still  
Be life to fill  
Another form as passing sweet,  
Whose perfect grace  
And smiling face  
Another noble soul may meet.

" Thus round and round  
With curious sound  
Existence does with love revolve.  
Both here and there  
All things are fair ;  
But few the godly problem solve.

" Then ask no more,  
If you adore  
These wondrous beauties Earth doth give,  
That I should be  
With maids and thee  
Content in marble home to live."

loth give,





