

## TO A STRAY FOWL.

Poor bird! destined to lead thy life  
 Far in the adventurous west,  
 And here to be debarred to-night  
 From thy accustomed nest;  
 Must thou fall back upon old instinct now—  
 Well nigh extinct under man's fickle care?  
 Did heaven bestow its quenchless inner light  
 So long ago, for thy small want to-night?  
 Why stand'st upon thy toes to crow so late?  
 The moon is deaf to thy low feathered fate;  
 Or dost thou think so to possess the night,  
 And people the drear dark with thy brave sprite?  
 And now with anxious eye thou look'st about,  
 While the relentless shade draws on its veil,  
 For some sure shelter from approaching dews,  
 And the insidious steps of nightly foes.  
 I fear imprisonment has dulled thy wit,  
 Or ingrained servitude extinguished it.  
 But no—dim memory of the days of yore,  
 By Brahmapootra and the Jumna's shore,  
 Where thy proud race flew swiftly o'er the heath,  
 And sought its food the jungle's shade beneath,  
 Has taught thy wings to seek yon friendly trees,  
 As erst by Indus' banks and far Ganges.

T.

## ORPHICS.

## I.

## SMOKE.

Light-winged smoke, Icarian bird,  
 Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight,  
 Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,  
 Circling above the hamlets as thy nest;  
 Or else, departing dream, and shadowy form

Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts ;  
 By night star-veiling, and by day  
 Darkening the light and blotting out the sun ;  
 Go thou my incense upward from this hearth,  
 And ask the Gods to pardon this clear flame.

## II.

## HAZE.

Woof of the sun, ethereal gauze,  
 Woven of nature's richest stuffs,  
 Visible heat, air-water, and dry sea,  
 Last conquest of the eye ;  
 Toil of the displayed, sun-dust,  
 Aerial surf upon the shores of earth,  
 Etherial estuary, frith of light,  
 Breakers of air, billows of heat,  
 Fine summer spray on inland seas ;  
 Bird of the sun, transparent-winged,  
 Owlet of noon, soft-pinioned,  
 From heath or stubble rising without song ;  
 Establish thy serenity o'er the fields.

T.

## SONNETS.

## I.

SWEET Love, I cannot show thee in this guise  
 Of earthly words, how dear to me thou art,  
 Nor once compare thy image in my eyes  
 With thy dear self reposed within my heart.  
 The love I bear to thee I truly prize  
 Above all joys that offer in the mart  
 Of the wide world, our wishes to suffice, —  
 And yet I seek *thy* love ; for no desert  
 That I can boast, but that my new love cries  
 For love that to its own excess is meet,  
 And searching widely through this dark world's space,