

As near beneath thy light
 Will I outwear the night,
 With mingled ray
 Leading the westward way.

Still will I strive to be
 As if thou wert with me;
 Whatever path I take,
 It shall be for thy sake
 Of gentle slope and wide,
 As thou wert by my side,
 Without a root
 To trip thy slender foot.

I'll walk with gentle pace,
 And choose the smoothest place,
 And careful dip the oar,
 And shun the winding shore,
 And gently steer my boat
 Where water lilies float,
 And cardinal flowers
 Stand in their sylvan bowers.

THE SUMMER RAIN.

My books I'd fain cast off, I cannot read,
 'Twixt every page my thoughts go stray at large
 Down in the meadow, where is richer feed,
 And will not mind to hit their proper targe.

Plutarch was good, and so was Homer too,
 Our Shakspeare's life was rich to live again,
 What Plutarch read that was not good nor true,
 Nor Shakspeare's books, unless his books were men.

Here while I lie beneath this walnut bough,
 What care I for the Greeks, or for Troy town,
 If greater battles are enacted now
 Between the ants upon this hummock's crown.

Bid Homer wait till I the issue learn,
If red or black the gods will favor most,
Or yonder Ajax will the phalanx turn,
Struggling to heave some rock against the host.

Tell Shakspeare to attend some leisure hour,
For now I've business with this drop of dew,
And see you not, the clouds prepare a shower,—
I'll meet him shortly when the sky is blue.

This bed of herdsgrass and wild oats was spread
Last year with nicer skill than monarchs use,
A clover tuft is pillow for my head,
And violets quite overtop my shoes.

And now the cordial clouds have shut all in,
And gently swells the wind to say all 's well,
The scattered drops are falling fast and thin,
Some in the pond, some in the lily bell.

Drip, drip the trees for all the country round,
And richness rare distils from every bough,
The wind alone it is makes every sound,
Shaking down crystals on the leaves below.

For shame the sun will never show himself,
Who could not with his beams e'er melt me so,
My dripping locks — they would become an elf
Who in a beaded coat does gaily go.

T.

THE ARTIST.

He breathed the air of realms enchanted,
He bathed in seas of dreamy light,
And seeds within his soul were planted
That bore us flowers for use too bright,
Unless it were to stay some spirit's viewless flight.