

Thou shalt command us all,
From April's early clover,
To the gentian in the fall,
Blue-eyed favorite of thy lover.

O come, then, quickly come,
We are budding, we are blowing,
And the wind that we perfume,
Sings a tune that 's worth the knowing.

THE BROOK.

ALL the eyes I ever knew
In this my strange life-dream,
Hazel, grey, and deepest blue,
Are mingled in this stream.

It wins its way into my soul,
Awakes each hidden feeling,
Gives me a rapture beyond control,
High love fills all my being.

In earnest eyes I chiefly live,
All words to me are nought,
For me they neither take nor give,
In the eye the soul is caught.

And now to see all that I love,
And have gazed at many an hour,
Blended together, — has heaven above
A greater joy in store ?

THE RIVER.

THERE is an inward voice, that in the stream
Lends forth its spirit to the listening ear,
And in a calm content it floweth on,
Like wisdom welcome with its own respect.
Clear in its breast lie all these beauteous thoughts,
It doth receive the green and graceful trees,
And the gray rocks smile in its peaceful arms,
And over all floats a serenest blue,
Which the mild heaven sheds down on it like rain.
O fair, sweet stream, thy undisturbed repose
Me beckons to thy front, and thou, vexed world, —
Thou other turbulent sphere where I have dwelt,
Diminished into distance, touch'st no more
My feelings here, than the soft swaying
Of the delicate wave parted in front,
As through the gentle element we move
Like shadows gliding through untroubled realms,
Disturbs these lily circles, these white bells.
And yet on thee shall wind come fiercely down,
Hail pelt thee with dull words, ice bind thee up ;
And yet again, when the fierce rage is o'er,
O smiling river, shalt thou smile once more,
And as it were, even in thy depths, revere
The sage security thy nature wears.

LIFE.

It is a gay and glittering cloud,
Born in the early light of day,
It lies upon the gentle hills,
Rosy, and sweet, and far away.