So sunlight, very warm,  
On harvest fields and trees,  
Could not more sweetly form  
Rejoicing melodies  
For these deep things, than Isabel for me;  
I lay beneath her soul as a lit tree.

That cottage where she dwelt  
Was all o'er mosses green;  
I still forever felt  
How nothing stands between  
The soul and truth; why, starving poverty  
Was nothing — nothing, Isabel, to thee.

Grass beneath her faint tread  
Best pleasantly away;  
From her never small birds fled,  
But kept at their bright play,  
Not fearing her: it was her endless motion,  
Just as true swell upon a summer ocean.

Those who conveyed her home,—  
I mean who led her where  
The spirit does not roam,—  
Had such small weight to bear,  
They scarcely felt; how softly was thy knell  
Rung for thee that soft day, girl Isabel.

I am no more below,  
My life is raised on high;  
My phantasy was slow  
Ere Isabel could die;  
It pressed me down; but now I sail away  
Into the regions of exceeding day.

And Isabel and I  
Float on the red brown clouds,  
That amply multiply  
The very constant crowds  
Of serene shapes. Play on Mortality!  
Thy happiest hour is that when thou may'st die.

The second of the two following verses is of such extreme beauty, that we do not remember anything more perfect in its kind. Had the poet been looking over a book of Raffielle's drawings, or perchance the villas and temples of Palladio, with the maiden to whom it was addressed?
Poor and wanting bread,
Steeped in poverty,
Than to be a dread,
Than to be afraid,
From thyself to flee;
For it is not living
To a soul believing,
To change each noble joy
Which our strength employs,
For a state half rotten
And a life of toys.
Better be forgotten
Than lose equipoise.
How shall I live? In earnestness.
What shall I do? Work earnestly.
What shall I give? A willingness.
What shall I gain? Tranquillity.
In which I act and no man bless?
Flash out in action infinite and free,
Action conjoined with deep tranquillity,
Resting upon the soul's true utterance,
And life shall flow as merry as a dance.

II.
Life is too good to waste, enough to prize;
Keep looking round with clear unhooded eyes;
Love all thy brothers, and for them endure
Many privations; the reward is sure.
A little thing! There is no little thing;
Through all a joyful song is murmurling;
Each leaf, each stem, each sound in winter & ear
Has deepest meanings for an anxious ear.
Thou seest life is sad; the father mourns his wife and child;
Keep in the midst of heavy sorrows a fair aspect mild.
Thou meet'st a common man
With a delusive show of ease,
His acts are petty forgeries of natural greatness,
That show a dreadful latency
Of this life's mighty impulses; a want of truthful earnestness;

He seems, not does, and in that shows
No true nobility,—
A poor dulcity,
That no proper office knows,
Not even estimation small of human woes.
Be not afraid,
His understanding old
With thy own pure content,
On highest purpose bent.
Leave him not lonely,
For that his admiration
Fastens on self and seeming only;
Make a right dedication
Of all thy strength to keep
From swelling that so ample heap
Of lives abused, of virtue given for nought.
And thus it shall appear for all in nature hast thou wrought.
A little thing!
There is no little thing;
Through all a joyful song is murmuring;
Each leaf, each stem, each sound in winter & ear
Has deepest meanings for an anxious ear.
A howling fox, a shrieking owl,
A violent distracting Ghoul,
Forms of the most infuriate madness,—
These may not move thy heart to gladness,
But look within the dark outside,
Nought shalt thou hate and nought deride.

TORMENTS.

Yes! they torment me
Most exceedingly;—
I would I could flee.
A breeze on a river—
I listen forever;
The yellowish heather
Under cool weather,—
These are pleasures to me.