

TO THE MUSE.

WHITHER? hast thou then faded?
 No more by dell, or spring, or tree?
 Whither? have I thy love upbraided?
 Come back and speak to me;
 Shine, thou star of destiny!

O simple plains and quiet woods,
 Your silence asks no poet's strains,
 For ye are verse-like solitudes,
 Your leaf-like paths the sweet refrains
 The muse awakens but in pains.

Yet shines above undauntedly
 The star-wreathed crownlet, heaven's great fame,
 And azure builds the dome-like sky,
 Nor should I make my nature tame,
 Lest distant days shall hide my name.

"Thou bearest in these shades the light,
 That piled the rugged height of leaves,
 Thou rob'st with artificial night
 These dells so deep; — he who believes,
 The muse enchants not, or deceives.

And let the deep sea toss the shore,
 Thy infinite heart no motion hath;
 Let lightning dance and thunder roar,
 And dark remembrance crowd thy path,
 Thy spirit needs some wider wrath.

That verse, — the living fate within,
 Shall truly find its tone to save,
 Its adamantine goal to win
 Demands no voice, descends no grave,
 They sing enough who life-blood have."

O placid springs which murmur through
 The silken grass so glistening;
 Are fed your veins with silent dew
 So softly that ye onward sing,
 For in the middle earth ye cling.

O gentlest woods, — your birds' kind song,
 How had you that so virtuous lay?
 Among you let me linger long,
 And seek the arborous dim-lit way,
 And listen to your light wind's play.

And thou, the essence of the flowers,
 My bride, my joy, my own dear wife,
 Who melted in thine eyes those hours,
 Those hours with sunlight richly rife?
 Art thou a song of earnest life?

WILLIAM TELL'S SONG.

WHERE the mountain cataracts leap,
 And the stern wild pine builds fast,
 And the piercing crystals keep
 Their chains for the glaciers vast,
 I have built up my heart with a stony wall,
 I have frozen my will for a tyrant's fall.

As the crag from the high cliff leaps,
 And is ground to fine dust below,
 As the dreaded avalanche creeps,
 And buries the valleys in woe,
 So tyranny sinks 'neath my mountain heart,
 So slavery falls by my quivering dart.