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## INWORLD.

AMID the watches of the windy night  
A poet sat and listened to the flow  
Of his own changeful thoughts, until there passed  
A vision by him, murmuring, as it moved,  
A wild and mystic lay — to which his thoughts  
And pen kept time, and thus the measure ran : —

All is but as it seems.  
The round green earth,  
With river and glen ;  
The din and the mirth  
Of the busy busy men ;  
The world's great fever  
Throbbing forever ;  
The creed of the sage,  
The hope of the age,  
All things we cherish,  
All that live and all that perish,  
These are but inner dreams.

The great world goeth on  
To thy dreaming ;  
To thee alone  
Hearts are making their moan,  
Eyes are streaming.  
Thine is the white moon turning night to day,  
Thine is the dark wood sleeping in her ray ;  
Thee the winter chills ;  
Thee the spring-time thrills ;  
All things nod to thee —  
All things come to see  
If thou art dreaming on.  
If thy dream should break,  
And thou shouldst awake,  
All things would be gone.

Nothing is, if thou art not.  
 From thee as from a root  
 The blossoming stars upshoot,  
 The flower cups drink the rain.  
 Joy and grief and weary pain  
 Spring aloft from thee,  
 And toss their branches free.  
 Thou art under, over all;  
 Thou art Atlas — thou art Jove; —  
 The mightiest truth  
 Hath all its youth  
 From thy enveloping thought —  
 Thy thought itself lay in thy earliest love.

Nature keeps time to thee  
 With voice unbroken;  
 Still doth she rhyme to thee,  
 When thou hast spoken.  
 When the sun shines to thee,  
 'T is thy own joy  
 Opening mines to thee  
 Nought can destroy.  
 When the blast moans to thee,  
 Still doth the wind  
 Echo the tones to thee  
 Of thy own mind.  
 Laughter but saddens thee  
 When thou art glad,  
 Life is not life to thee  
 But as thou livest,  
 Labor is strife to thee,  
 When thou least strivest: —

More did the spirit sing, and made the night  
 Most musical with inward melodies,  
 But vanished soon and left the listening Bard  
 Wrapt in unearthly silence — till the morn  
 Reared up the screen that shuts the spirit-world  
 From loftiest poet and from wisest sage.

C.