

*And, though the thunder smites and pains,  
 Where they wax eerie, low and dim,  
 They breathe you through their watery veins  
 Into the very soul of them ;  
 And cast into your eyes the gray,  
 Transfer their sun-glints to your hair ;  
 Your cheeks they sprinkle with the spray  
 Of red-gold bronzing your face fair ;  
 And thus they make your being whole,  
 And you with all their moods endow,  
 And leave their glory in your soul,  
 Their softer shadows on your brow.*

*Yet more than this in moods of you,  
 And lovelier, meets discerning eyes ;  
 For one perceives the luscious blue  
 Which fills the hollow morning skies,  
 And fragrance of the grassy lawn,  
 And freshness of the mountain brook,  
 Into your breezy nature drawn,  
 Reveal themselves to all who look ;  
 Indeed, one used to fairy dreams  
 Sees in your face the budding sheaf,  
 The lucent glint of sylvan gleams,  
 And purity of bloom and leaf.*

*The Genii and arts that please  
 In simple culture serve you good,  
 For your companions, which are trees,  
 Conspire by symbols understood—  
 Each trembling, swaying where it stands,  
 To airy twig of topmost limb,  
 And, reaching down with leafy hands,  
 So glad to touch your garment's hem!—*