

I PRAISE the tender flower,
That on a mournful day
Bloomed in my garden bower
And made the winter gay.
Its loveliness contented
My heart tormented.

I praise the gentle maid
Whose happy voice and smile
To confidence betrayed
My doleful heart awhile :
And gave my spirit deploring
Fresh wings for soaring.

The maid for very fear
Of love I durst not tell :
The rose could never hear,
Though I bespake her well :
So in my song I bind them
For all to find them.

My spirit sang all day
O my joy.
Nothing my tongue could say,
Only My joy !

My heart an echo caught—
O my joy—
And spake, Tell me thy thought,
Hide not thy joy.

My eyes gan peer around,—
O my joy—
What beauty hast thou found ?
Shew us thy joy.

My jealous ears grew whist ;—
O my joy—
Music from heaven is 't,
Sent for our joy ?
She also came and heard ;
O my joy,
What, said she, is this word ?
What is thy joy ?
And I replied, O see,
O my joy,
'Tis thee, I cried, 'tis thee :
Thou art my joy.

CLEAR and gentle stream !
Known and loved so long
That hast heard the song,
And the idle dream
Of my boyish day ;
While I once again
Down thy margin stray,
In the selfsame strain
Still my voice is spent,
With my old lament
And my idle dream,
Clear and gentle stream !

Where my old seat was
Here again I sit,
Where the long boughs knit
Over stream and grass
A translucent eaves :
Where back eddies play
Shipwreck with the leaves,
And the proud swans stray,
Sailing one by one
Out of stream and sun,
And the fish lie cool
In their chosen pool.

I HAVE loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents :
A honeymoon delight,—
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour :—
My song be like a flower !

I have loved airs, that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it.
Notes, that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere :—
My song be like an air !

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom :
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb !
Fly with delight, fly hence !
'Twas thine love's tender sense
To feast ; now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.

Many an afternoon
Of the summer day
Dreaming here I lay ;
And I know how soon,
Idly at its hour,
First the deep bell hums
From the minster tower,
And then evening comes,
Creeping up the glade,
With her lengthening shade,
And the tardy boon,
Of her brightening moon.

Clear and gentle stream !
Ere again I go
Where thou dost not flow,
Well does it beseem
Thee to hear again
Once my youthful song,
That familiar strain
Silent now so long :
Be as I content
With my old lament
And my idle dream,
Clear and gentle stream.