

## SONNET.

THE woods are very quiet, and the stream  
Hardly awakes the stilled ear with its word ;  
The voice of wind above like dawn is heard,  
And all the air moves up, a sultry steam,  
Here in the flower-land, where I lie and dream  
And understand the silence of the bird ;  
My sorrow and my weakness are interred  
In the deep water where the pebbles gleam.

I rouse the force persistent of my will  
To compel matter to the soul's desire,  
To make Heaven aid the mind that would aspire  
To touch its borders, and to drink their fill  
At those far fountains whence one drop of dew  
Descends upon my head from yonder blue.