

"The Artist at work"

With some effort, I now will try
To give the sketch which I have promised day by day
But since I cannot paint nor draw to suit the eye
I will sing it in this simple lay.

A pleasant grove ~~with foliage dense~~
And ^{supper} shadows dancing lightly in between.
And in the distance rise hills immense,
While in the midst of all flows a placid stream.

Here noble humlocks rear their stately heads
As if placed for sentinels over all
and huge towering rocks across whose mossy beds
Playfully dances a murmuring waterfall

Here all is rest & silence reigns supreme
Save when some warbling songster sings his lay
Or when the kingfisher, with a splash, darts in the stream
And seizes on the tiny fishes as his prey

But who is, that breaks in upon this solitude,
and with her strange flying in goes she takes up her
who is it that here so boldly doth intrude
As if she were queen & ruler of the land

Even the inky Black Raven stops his caw - caw
and writes to his companions, with ^{draw near} out noise to
and they wondering, what it could be, that he saw
come together & look down with wonder & fear

and the hooping Owl who only by night
comes forth from his lair & lies dormant by night
Starts a peep from hole, then starts back with effort
and crouches still close with fear & dismay

Even the hopping squirrel stops midway between
his tree & the nest upon which he would leap
For there is some thing below, which he also has seen
and at that something, he too, would take a shy peep

and sitting on the top of yonder high tree
are Nature's Songsters, the little brown Thrushes
They too are looking down & trying to see
what all this means, these parinks & these brushes.

Whistling creation, disturb even naught with a breath
Tis an Artist, and her mind on her work is intent
And no one there is who can fathom the depth
Of her soul nor the work, upon which it is bent.

She hies, she drinks in the beauties of nature
And quenches her thirst for the grand, the sublime
To each tree, to each rose she gives some new feature
And places them, where they can never be ^{spring} finden by

And the work she is at, doth her soul expand
As with her success, she grows glad & elate
And her countenance, so noble & grand
With zeal & ardor doth radiate

Tis a noble work & let no one try
To plunge into those depths those deep recesses
Nor solve the mysteries which there hidden lie
Tis the Artist alone that power possesses

Oh! Long may she be able to fly her Carthage
And feed her Soul with her Souls desire
and may she never from the path she is in depart
But ever more haste to the goal of her wishes ^{in shes} draw