

TO OUTER NATURE

Show thee as I thought thee
When I early sought thee,
 Omen-scouting,
 All undoubting
Love alone had wrought thee -

Wrought thee for my pleasure,
Planned thee as a measure
 For expounding
 And resounding
Glad things that men treasure.

O for but a moment
Of that old endowment -
 Light to gaily
 See thy daily
Iris'd embowment!

But such re-adorning
Time forbids with scorning -
 Makes me see things
 Cease to be things

They were in my morning.

Fad'st thou, glow-forsaken,

Darkness-overtaken!

Thy first sweetness,

Radiance, meetness,

None shall re-awaken.

Why not sempiternal

Thou and I? Our vernal

Brightness keeping,

Time outleaping;

Passed the hodiernal!