

7.

## THE EAGLE

I

It was one of those clear, sharp, mistless days  
That summer and man delight in.  
Never had Heaven seemed quite so high,  
Never had earth seemed quite so green,  
Never had world seemed quite so clean  
Or sky so nigh.  
And I heard the Deity's voice in  
The sun's warm rays,  
And the white cloud's intricate maze,  
And the blue sky's beautiful sheen.

2

I looked to the heavens and saw him there,—  
A black speck downward drifting.  
Nearer and nearer he steadily sailed,  
Nearer and nearer he slid through space,  
In an unending aerial race,  
This sailor who hailed  
From the Clime of the Clouds.—Ever shifting,  
On billows of air.  
And the blue sky seemed never so fair;  
And the rest of the world kept pace.

3

On the white of his head the sun flashed bright;  
And he battled the wind with wide pinions,  
Clearer and clearer the gale whistled loud,  
Clearer and clearer he came into view,—  
Bigger and blacker against the blue.  
Then a dragon of cloud  
Gathering all its minions  
Rushed to the fight,  
And swallowed him up at a bite;  
And the sky lay empty clear through.