

SONNET

A rain-drop on the eyelids of the earth,
That wakes the clod in flowers, and the skies
In depthless sunlight, and that mortifies
The soul, and drives it far from home and hearth
To seek the music of the Naiad's mirth
That laughs in falling waters, or surprise
The green tree—spirits with their dreaming eyes,—
The rosy baby of the May hath birth.

Delicious dark the hive of heaven drips;
Now in the firmament all shining crowd
The trembling, yearning stars, that cannot speak
For perfect joy; now steals a shadowy cloud,
A radiant tear, across the moon's pale cheek.
Dumbly the glorious sky yields up her lips.