

Upton Vale

Much have I read of Ida's charmèd vale,
And once did view the famèd Chamourie,
But here—their queen beneath a cerule sky!
Her lazy pine trees murmur in the dale;
The idling river pauses, loath to leave,
Nor longs the bluest ocean to achieve,
But holds a mirror to her fair face still.
The wild birds linger at her friendly door,
Nor heed to Nature's clarion from the North;
Far off a great blue heron walking forth,
Frightens the minnows from the sleepy shore.

And here I come to ponder wisdom deep,—
And Upton House looks down and stares with me,
And stands forgot all time—until I see
The sun's life crimson o'er the river's sweep.
Ah! without doubt this was the Paradise
That Adam fled before the Flaming Sword;
The Haven told of in the Holy Word;
The House for which all fallen mankind sighs,
For, lingering still, upon its very air
Is found the Peace of Eden; and the care
Which makes this world so weary comes not there.

J.R.H.F.