

Harold Fisher



To a waterfowl

By Bryant.

Whither, midst falling dew,
while glow the heavens with the
last day,

Far, through their rosy depths, dost
those pursue

Thy solitary way?

Vainly the Fowler's eye
might mark thy distant flight to
do thee wrong,
as, darkly painted on the crimson
sky,

Thy figure floats along.

J.M.+J.D.
Seek'st thou the flashy brink
of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
or when the rocking billows rise and sink
on the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Reaches thy way along pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air -
Lone wanderings, but not lost.

all day thy wings have fanned
at that far height, the cold thin
atmosphere,
yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome
land,
though the dark night is near

and soon that tail shall end;
soon shalt thou find a summer home,
and rest,
and scream thy fellows, reeds shall
bend.

soon o'er thy sheltered nest

Thou'rt gone the abyss of heaven
has swallowed up thy form, yet, on my heart