



Rhododaphne; A Poem

By Thomas Love Peacock

Theclassics.Us, United States, 2013. Paperback. Book Condition: New. 246 x 189 mm. Language: English . Brand New Book ***** Print on Demand *****.This historic book may have numerous typos and missing text. Purchasers can usually download a free scanned copy of the original book (without typos) from the publisher. Not indexed. Not illustrated. 1818 edition.

Excerpt: . RHODODAPHNE. CANTO III. By living streams, in sylvan shades, Where winds and waves symphonious make Sweet melody, the youths and maids No more with choral music wake Lone Echo from her tangled brake, On Pan, or Sylvan Genius, calling, Naiad or Nymph, in suppliant song: No more by living fountain, falling The poplar s circling bower among, Where pious hands have carved of yore Rude bason for its lucid store And reared the grassy altar nigh, The traveller, when the sun rides high, For cool refreshment lingering there, Pours to the Sister Nyniphs his prayer. Yet still the green vales smile: the springs Gush forth in light: the forest weaves Its own wild bowers; the breeze s wings Make music in their rustling leaves; But tis no spirit s breath that sighs Among their tangled canopies: In ocean s caves no Nereid dwells:...



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