

To The Miami

Kiss me, Miami, thou most constant one!

I love thee more for that thou changest not.

When Winter comes with frigid blast,

Or the blithesome Spring is past

And Summer's here with sunshine hot,

Or in sere Autumn, thou hast still the pow'r

To charm alike, whate'er the hour.

Kiss me, Miami, with thy dewy lips;

Throbs fast my heart e'en as thine own breast beats.

My soul doth rise as rise thy waves,

As each on each the dark shore laves

And breaks in ripples and retreats.

There is a poem in thine every phase;

Thou still has sung through all thy days.

Tell me, Miami, how it was with thee

When years ago Tecumseh in his prime

His birch boat o'er thy waters sent,

And pitched upon thy banks his tent.

In that long-gone, poetic time,

Did some bronze bard thy flowing stream sit by

And sing thy praises, e'en as I?

Did some bronze lover 'neath this dark old tree

Whisper of love unto his Indian maid?

And didst thou list his murmurs deep,

And in thy bosom safely keep

The many raging vows they said?

Or didst thou tell to fish and frog and bird

The raptured scenes that there occurred?

But, O dear stream, what volumes thou couldst tell

To all who know thy language as I do,

Of life and love and jealous hate!

But now to tattle were too late, —

Thou who hast ever been so true

Tell not to every passing idler here

All those sweet tales that reached thine ear

But, silent stream, speak out and tell me this:

I say that men and things are still the same;

Were men as bold to do and dare?

Were women then as true and fair?

Did poets seek celestial flame,

The hero die to gain a laureled brow,

And women suffer, then as now?