

**PRORSUS
RETORSUS**

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Prorsus Retrorsus by Denton J. Snider

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DENTON J. SNIDER

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BY

DENTON J. SNIDER.

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Polydore and Aurora.

Prælude Matutinum.

Weary, unwilling, the eyelids droop, though
slumber has left them ;

Polydore rises alone, sits on his couch with a
sigh ;

Long he has wandered in hope, pursuing a vision
of splendor,

Filled is his heart with a dream, whether he
wake or he sleep.

Soon he sets forth in the dark for the hills, for
the tops of the mountains,

Toil, which wearies the world, brings him his
only repose.

Troubled he is with an image, sweet image that
drives him to wander,

Polydore is not too old, is not too young for
the quest.

Up the rough pathway he climbs, which leads him
away from his cabin,

Down he hastes to the dell, through the wild
gloom of the glen,

Forward he steps full-hearted, his lot is ever to
wander,

Polydore's locks are still brown, shot through
with silvery strands.

Dawn is dreamily touching the farthest tops of
the mountains,

Which, not fully awake, drowsily rise from the
earth

In the distance; like giants they rise and shake
off their slumber,

With a dull droop of the head vanishing into
mists

For a moment, but at a wink they spring back to
twilight:

Polydore, young in his dreams, walks out of
darkness to dawn.

Longing in minstrelsy sweet, and lingering over
his journey,

He will hum a low note tuned to a shell in his
hand;

Images swarm on his path to the heights and
mock all his senses,

List! his voice too they touch, tipping his
words with their wings:

“Lovely Aurora! I see thee arise from thy bed
in the Orient,
With the stroke of thy hand moving the curtain
aside;
White and slender thy fingers are laid on that
curtain nocturnal,
Hanging down from the skies, faintly ingrained
with light;
Through the break that hath cloven the night, I
gain sweetest glimpses
Of a maiden that stirs, clad in the white robe
of rest,
On a bed that is made of the snow-flake or down
of the eider,
And is rocked to a hymn sung by the winds of
the hills.
But now while I am peering with curious eye to
behold thee,
Out with a bound thou art sprung, maiden of
mildness and grace,
And in thy soft-flowing garment thou sweepest
across the high Heavens,
Robed in the drapery fair of the Immortals of
old.
Goddess thou art, I adore thee, I know thy shape
and thy movement,
Now appearing to me, mortal yet dear to thy
glance.
Pour in my wandering soul a nectarean drop of
thy beauty,