

**A SHEAF OF VERSE
BOUND FOR
THE FAIR**

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A Sheaf of Verse Bound for the Fair by Henry Theodore Tuckerman

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BY

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.



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A SHEAF OF VERSE.

ITALY.

With what enchantment glow
The mountain peaks of snow,
And the blue waters of that Southern sea
Whose dallying arms inclose
The beauty and the woes
That lure our restless hearts to Italy!

The mystery of Time,
With interlude sublime,
Steals through the murmur of the passing day ;
Memorials of the Past
A pensive challenge cast,
And from familiar bounds win thought away ;

While Music's pulses beat
To guide the willing feet
Where gifted spirits limitless aspire ;
And all the muses wait
Our life to consecrate,
And bid the soul expand with vast desire :