To a Friend.

By Coleridge, Hartley .

When we were idlers with the loit'ring rills,

The need of human love we little noted:

Our love was nature; and the peace that floated

On the white mist, and dwelt upon the hills,

To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills:

One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,

That, wisely doting, asked not why it doted,

And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.

But now I find how dear thou wert to me;

That man is more than half of nature's treasure,

Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,

Of that sweet music which no ear can measure;

And now the streams may sing for others' pleasure,

The hills sleep on in their eternity.