

## 59 MY PICTURE

I have a beautiful picture;  
And gorgeous are its dyes,  
Wherein the green of the meadows  
Blends with the blue of the skies.

A forest stands in the background;  
And hills are at the sides;  
And a valley lies between them,  
Through which a streamlet glides.

There are fields that teem with a harvest  
Of rich and ripening grain,  
That has caught the glow of the sunlight,  
And will not return it again; --

There are broad and spacious pastures,  
Where the quiet cattle stray,  
And the schoolboys must to play at ball  
On their weekly holiday; --

While here and there a cottage  
Peeps out from the leafy lane;  
And through the trees you can catch a glimpse  
Of the farmer with his wain.

And out in the dark old forest  
There is many a stately tree,  
That has seen the green leaves come and go  
For more than a century.

I have heard of the ancient masters,  
I have heard of their marvellous skill,  
And how the dull, dead canvas  
Would glow with life at their will; --

But, when the sunshine falleth  
The rifts of the cloudlets through,  
It lends to my picture a glory  
That Raphael never knew.

And, when the solemn moonlight  
Looks down with its mellow shine,  
My picture is bathed in beauty  
That seemeth almost divine.

And whenever I gaze at my picture,  
Whether sun or stars light the sky,  
I feel that my spirit is strengthened,  
And my heart is made richer thereby.

**Sources:**

Boston Transcript, November 18, 1855.

Bertha's Christmas Vision, 1856.

Alger Street, 1964.