

The Hermitage

Like an island of enchantment
Amidst a stormy sea
A refuge for the artist
Or common men like me
A place of solitude
To pause and meditate
And wonder in the gardens
Of this riverside estate

The manor house is Tudor
Of English wealth and taste
With sculptured runic woodwork
Of elegance and grace
And here the bold romantic
Can turn back the hands of time
With visions of grandeur
From Elizabethan rhymes

In the shade of the magnolia
The ladies sip their tea
Reading passages of Homer's
Iliad and Odyssey
And the easels of the painters
In the mystic gardens stand
Like the egrets in the marshes
On this narrow spit of land

A statue of a maiden
Drinks water from a shell
Adorned with golden swallowtails
She cast a magic spell
And by the cherub fountain
The grotto elves do play
And in the Orphic evening
There's music on the bay

Now Circe and her sirens
Sing their seductress song
They lure me to this Eden
Of treasures long bygone
But unlike brave Ulysses
And his trails upon the sea
I escape the tethers of the mast
And to this haven flee