

A MIDWINTER MEMORY.

Now the snow is on the roof,
Now the wind is in the flue,
Beauty, keep no more aloof,
Make my winter dreaming true,
Give my fancy proof.

How the year runs back to June,
To the day I saw you first!
In the sultry afternoon
There the mountains lay immersed
In a summer swoon.

In the orchard with your book,
I can see you now as then —