

The Book of the Native

He listened to the Phœbe-bird
And learned a thing worth knowing.
He lay so still he almost heard
The merry grasses growing.

He lay so still he dropped asleep;
And then the Muse came by.
The stars were in her garment's sweep,
But laughter in her eye.

"Poor boy!" she said, "how tired he seems!
His vagrant feet must follow
So many loves, so many dreams,—
(To find them mostly hollow!)