

She planted her rag playmate in the sun,
Because she wanted yet another one ;
And when she heard the enraptured sparrow sing,
She clamoured for a song from everything.
For many years she was as strange and free,
As a pine linnet in a cedar tree.
Her folk thought : She is very wild and odd,
But she is good, we 'll wait and trust in God.
O love, that watched the weird and charmed child,
Change from her airy fancies sweet and mild,
Like a blue brook that clears a meadow spring,
And threads the barley where the bobolinks sing,
Then wimples by the roots of dusky firs,
And gathers darkness in those deeps of hers,
Then makes an arrowy movement through a pass,
Where rocks are crannied with the clinging grass,
Then falls, almost dissolved in silver rain,
She gathers deeply to a pool again ;
But something wild in her new spirit lies,
She never can regain her limpid eyes :
O love, alas ! 'twas ever so to be,
When streams set out to reach the bitter sea.
It was a time within the early spring,
Before the orchards had done blossoming,