

Till on a day with sweet coarse bread  
And wine she stays him,  
Then in a cool and narrow bed  
To slumber lays him.

So we are hers : and, fellows mine  
Of fin and feather,  
By shady wood and shadowy brine,  
When comes the weather

For migrants to be moving on,  
By lost indentare  
You flock and gather and are gone  
The old adventure '

I too have my unwritten date,  
My gipsy presage ;  
And on the brink of fall I wait  
The darkling message.

The sign, from prying eyes coucealed,  
Is yet how flagrant '  
Here's ragged-robin in the field,  
A simple vagrant.