

## VI



WHEN, suddenly, I was  
 awake. Dead things  
 Were all about me and the  
 year was dead.  
 Save where the birches  
 grew, all leaves were shed  
 And nowhere fell the sound  
 of song or wings.  
 The fields I deemed were  
 graves of worshipped Kings  
 Had lost their bloom : no honey-bee now fed  
 Therein, and no white daisy bowed its head  
 To harken to the wind's love-murmurings.  
 Yet, by my dream, I know henceforth for me  
 This time of year shall hold some unknown grace  
 When the leaves fall, and shall be sanctified :  
 As April only comes for memory  
 Of him who kissed the veil from Beauty's face  
 That we might see, and passed at Easter-tide.