

18 The Harvest I Never Sowed

And when in the eve, sweet Fancy
Was winding her mellow horn,
Came startled, my cares out flitting
Like ravens, from midst the corn.

And oft in my twilight visions
I see that field of my dreams,—
Far up in the sky's blue meadow
It glistens with golden gleams.

But never can Reaper gather,
And never the grain be mowed;
Alas! in that field, shines only
The Harvest I never sowed!