moon outshone nting trees, ng Red Swan.

that one nd the time of the

Swan l Swan ! the foam-

ines from her swift rrying to come,

came home!

ing,

h down low, Red Swan from far, ning, grow ar ges ago, ago.

ith lips apart of the Red Swan's

ilight's heart,— of desire of years upstart. ne day grow wan, om the south unfold,

ning of dawn, -

ad hold

ong Red Swan ong Red Swan! river once more nson wings unfu swan, on the roa swirl as of her shore!

e voice of a dirge. allures him, what

l's bleak verge? ers he there, e desolate surge, moan of the surge?

thunder rode stning astride of the east, where glowed t of his form

rack he begrode. ocean wan , ite tree-tops foamed

night, whereon fled by ng Red Swan, ng Red Swan.

ing sail ed with brine and

w, through the veil riving fume, e on the gale.

ury of night in the fog, whereh wan in her flight;

led as she flew, e seething white, world grown white.

n the sea, a handbreadth over, of her side laid free lrift to cover, rk in her lee.

the hoarse tide swing he sweep of her bow d the ice-roaring of

e jaws of her prow,-Swan full-wing, on full wing

Above the autumn hills of dream.

## IN APPLE TIME.

The apple harvest days are here, The boding apple harvest days, And down the flaming valley ways, The foresters of time draw near.

Through lesgues of bloom I went with Spring,
To call you on the sloves of morn, Where in imperious long is born The wild heart of the goldenwing.

I roved through alien summer lands, I sought your beauty near and far; To-day, where russet shadows are, I hold your face between my hands.

On runnels dark by slopes of fern, The hasy undern sleeps in sun. Remembrance and desire, undone, From old regret to dreams return.

The apple harvest time is here,
The tender apple harvest time;
A sheltering calm, unknown at prime,
Settles upon the broading year.

## A RIFT.

O what a dream I could dream you, If only the words would rhyme! But noon and shadow are neighbors, And sorrow is playmate of time.

How you should loiter forever Through nights of entrancing May, Where the hill nowers blow tender Just in the coming of day!

How you should grow with their growing, And watch through the underleaves That old renewal of wonder The gloaming of dawn unweaves!

Filled with the freshening hours, There you should wander and muse, Child of the stars and the uplands Calm in their twilights and dews.

There in the infinite silence
How we should learn and forget,
Know and be known, and remember
Only the name of regret!—

One in that beauty of quiet,
Twain as the beat of a rhyme,
Seeds of a single desire In the heart of the apple of time.

There you would ripen to harvest,—
Spirit of dream and of dew!—
Breath on the air till the fire
At the core of night burned through

The forest of brown stream waters, Riving their glooms with gold, Whereon the white drifts of lilies Flake upon flake unfold,-

Then with that brow unshadowed, Turn and remember and smile: Failure, despairing, and travail Are dead in the weary while.

So shall regret and long dreaming Take joy and fulfilment to rhyme, On the verge of summer and morning Beyond the borders of time.

Here when the dusk half covers, And the twilight half reveals,
The clew of a woven shadow
The glare of midnoon conceals.

There springs to the trail, and fellows, The cry of a wild sweet thing... At last shall desire unravel The wind in the hollows of Spring!

It hurtles and dies and re-school Abroad on the shallows of night, Northward, crow, Croak and fly! Tell her I Long to go,

Satisfied Where the wide Maples flame,

Over those Hills of fir, Flooding her Morning snows.

Thou shalt see Break and sing Days of Spring, Dawning free.

Northward, crow, Croak and fly,-Strive, or die Striving so!

Darker hearts, We, than some Who shall come When Spring starts.

Well I see, You and I By and by Shall get free.

Only now, Beat away As we may Best know how!

Never soar We, nor float; But one note. And no more.

Northward, crow. Croak and fly! Would that I Too might go!

Lark or thrush Someday, you Up the blue Cleave the hush

O the joy Then you feel, Who shall steal Or destroy?

Have not I Known how good, Field and wood. Stream and sky ?-

Longed to free Soul in flight, Night by night, Tree to tree?

Northward, crow, Croak and fly You and I, Striving, go.

Still though fail Singing, keep Croaking deep Strong and hale!

Flying straight, Soon we go Where the snow Tarries late.

Yet the Spring Is--kow sweet ! Hark that beat: Goldenwing!

Good for all Faint of heart, What a start In his call!

Northward crow, Croak and fly, Though the sky Thunder No!