

(For it shall chance, however close the bands
Of sleep be drawn about her, nevertheless
She must remember alway the old lands

She wandered in, and their old hollowness.)
—Awaiting here the strong word of the trees,
My soul leans over to the wind's caress,

One with the flowers ; far off, it hears the sea's
Rumor of large, unmeasured things, and yet
It has no yearning to remix with these.

For the pines whisper, lest it may forget,
Of the near pool ; and how the shadow lies
On it forever ; and of its edges, set

With maiden-hair ; and how, in guardian-wise,
The alder trees bend over, until one
Forgets the color of the unseen skies

And loses all remembrance of the sun.
No echo there of the sea's loss and pain ;
Nor sound of little rivers, even, that run

Where with the wind the hollow reeds complain ;
Nor the soft stir of marsh-waters, when dawn
Comes in with quiet covering of rain :