

It scarcely stirs the silken leaves to sound.
The hot clay road that lies across the hill
Is as a crimson ribbon come unwound
Along the grass, where the bright corn-flowers
spill

Their colour, like small patches of blue shade
To ease the ache from too great light above.
A white skirt flickers in a green hid glade
And voices falter in the noon of love . . .
And yet already in the deeper wood
The leaves are gath'ring shadows for the night,
And down the hill, bent low beneath her hood,
An old gray woman stumbles in the light.