

II

The low gate dragged upon its hinge,
And grasses closed above the walk,
Where golden dust from ripen'd stalk
Kept sifting down on faded fringe.

I stooped to hunt the hidden key,
And thickly round the pavement set
Were mingled mint and bouncing-bet—
Exhaling ancient savoury.

I paused to breath the fragrant balm,
While yet the morning breath was cold.
I saw the dream of years unfold
In soft reflection, clear and calm.