II.

 HE wind to the west is steady,
The weather is sweet and fair;
Laburnum slender lady,
Shakes out her yellow hair.

Magnolia like a stranger, Stands stiffly all alone; I think a word would change her Into a flower of stone.

The solid Guelder roses

Are white as dairy cream

The hyacinths fade, like posies;

The cloud hangs in a dream.

And dreams of light and shadow

The sleeping meadow shake,

But the king-cup shines in the meadow,

A gold eye wide awake.



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