

THE HAPPY VALLEY

NO common road invades this narrow glen,
Little it gives or takes of this world's spoil ;
Enough for these slow-footed husbandmen
And their unhasting toil
The silent track across the grass,
Where waggons indolently pass
With aching axle straining home,
And crush with deep-sunk wheels a fragrance from the
loam.

The moss-grown gate to the first comer yields,
And from the staple hangs the rusty chain ;
And cattle moving homeward from the fields
At evening, or in rain
Blowing abroad a fragrant cloud
Of breath, about the gateway crowd
And lick their flanks and knead the mire,
Until the loitering hind shall drive them to the byre.