

BY THE WILLOW SPRING

TO E. W.

COME hither, Care, and look on this fair place,
But leave your gossip and your puckered face
Beyond that flowering carrot in the glow,
Where the red poppies in the orchard blow,
And come with gentle feet ; the last thing there
Was a white butterfly upon the air,
And even now a thrush was in the grass,
To feel the sovereign water slowly pass.
This pool is quiet as oblivion,
Hidden securely from the flooding sun ;
Its crystal placid surface here receives
The wan grey under light of the willow leaves ;
And shy things brood about the grass unheard ;
Only in sunny distance sings the bird.
O Time long dead, O days reclaimed and done,
Thou broughtest joy and tears to every one,
And here by this deep pool thou wast not slow,
To deal a maiden all her tender woe ;