

In the lilac's grape-like clusters  
Yellow bees are drinking, deep,  
Draughts that ere the twilight musters  
Will have lulled them into sleep ;  
While the templar leaves, resentment  
Shapes itself in vernal rune ;  
Fretting at the gross contentment  
Of these bibbing bees of June.

Dreamy Sabbaths in the elmy  
Shadows of the country lane ;  
Draughts and sighs of rest that overwhelm me,  
Drowning what was left of pain ;  
Nature calls to come with her live,  
For her youth will pass full soon :  
Come ! and drench your soul's white kerchief  
In the flowered scents of June !

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

