

The Minister from his long evening walks;
It vexes her to see brick terraces
Now crowding 'gainst the very garden wall
Where still his sunflowers grow, and hollyhocks.

XV.

Yestermorn with plaintive roundelay
Came to our street the hurdy-gurdy man;
The wheeling melody of his machine
Gave color to my dreaming as I lay,
Remote as some Tibetan caravan,
Or marvel once of Marco Polo seen
Down jaded avenues of old Cathay.

XVI.

The rudest music heard thro' sleep is fine
Beyond the reach of art or instruments;
With tunefulest high magic I have crost
Over the violet edge of lands divine,
And lifting many jewel'd trophies thence
I wake with joy—but waking they are lost
Along the dim dream-tangled border line.

XVII.

A wind-swept common far from streets and towers
I found to-day with thistles overrun;
The year is on the turn, the summer yields,
The waning season all the air endowers
With the deeper gold of our September sun,
Reluctant yet to leave the long-loved fields,
Now mauve and blue with elvish autumn flowers.