

This wagon on the height above,
From sky to sky on either hand,
Is the sole thing that seems to move
In all the heat-held land. 15

Beyond me in the fields the sun
Soaks in the grass and hath his will;
I count the marguerites one by one;
Even the buttercups are still. 20
On the brook yonder not a breath
Disturbs the spider or the midge.
The water-bugs draw close beneath
The cool gloom of the bridge.

Where the far elm-tree shadows flood 25
Dark patches in the burning grass,
The cows, each with her peaceful cud,
Lie waiting for the heat to pass.
From somewhere on the slope near by
Into the pale depth of the noon 30
A wandering thrush slides leisurely
His thin revolving tune.

In intervals of dreams I hear
The cricket from the drougthy ground;
The grasshoppers spin into mine ear 35
A small innumerable sound.

I lift mine eyes sometimes to gaze:
The burning sky-line blinds my sight:
The woods far off are blue with haze:
The hills are drenched in light. 40

And yet to me not this or that
Is always sharp or always sweet;