

## IN THE HAYFIELD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETRONILLA, AND OTHER POEMS."

**R**ICH uplands slope down towards a watered vale,  
 Where a still stream moves through the grassy meads.  
 All day the lark sings out his praise to God :  
 And all day long the sunshine falls in gold,  
 Upon the cut-grass drying on the slopes ;  
 And all day long the maidens turn the grass  
 In steady silence, or with cheerful laugh ;  
 And all day long the swallow skims about,  
 And the swift breasts the sluggish waters near.

At noon, when skies are bright and no cloud nigh,  
 The maidens rest from work. Though shades are not,  
 For few trees stand within this broad expanse,  
 Save spreading elms around one pleasant home,  
 Low nestling in the valley's purple deeps.

One noon a maiden, resting from her work,  
 Seated on bank, with rake unused close by,  
 Took from the rough hand of admiring youth  
 The tendered offering of a pluck'd wild-rose.  
 While he, with palm on cheek, and upturned gaze,  
 Telling a tale by glance or hand or sigh,  
 Dreamed of unending Summer and no cloud.

But Summer fadeth with the hopes of youth ;  
 Sunshine is chequered in the after-months ;  
 Sorrow thrusts Joy aside ; and swallows go  
 To other climes, when all the fields are brown.  
 O youth, when youth is thine and hopes are high,  
 Press that wild-rose within some book's hard fold :  
 Let colour fade and odour pass. Yet Joy  
 Shall live in memory of that Summer gone.

DE Q.