

THE LURE OF EARTH

Was loosened into thought
By slumber's powers:
A smile—as if I brought
His favourite flowers.

There on the table stood
The playthings—near;
The martial frame of wood,
The grenadier,
Little Red Riding Hood,
Guarded—for fear.

Then silently I crept
Back to my room,
My anxious heart now swept
To joy, now gloom:
Thought died away; I slept,
Unknowing doom.

It seems ethereal, strange,
This perfect life!
My yearnings downward range
To earthly strife,