

Blame not the flower that fostered thus
 Its odourous soul by night for us ;
 Blame not a singer's lips grown dumb,
 When round the singer shadows come.
 What lip, however passionate,
 But for the song is forced to wait,—
 And, after all, is but the nest
 That holds a transient song-bird's breast ?

At last, at last, thy silence long
 Ends in a vernal flood of song ;
 And they who lingered round to hear
 The first unwintered throbbing clear,
 Heard harmony out-harmonied ;
 The very dream out-done by deed ;
 The silent gleanings-time surpassed
 By what that silence had amassed.
 No longer now the girlish note
 That once so careless used to float
 From thy young lips, so idly wild ;
 You sing no longer as the child,
 For with the dawn of womanhood,
 A grander strain you understood.
 As some late bee's full cell betrays
 His wanderings on flowery ways,
 Thy new-found note reveals to me
 The depths of thy soliloquy.

They often pray who never kneel ;
 They too have sung who simply feel,—
 Who watch the ebb of tidal rhyme,
 Who hold unstrung a little time