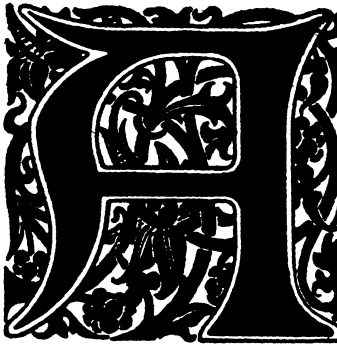


III



LITTLE while before the
Fall was done
A day came when the frail
year paused and said :
"Behold! a little while and
I am dead;
Wilt thou not choose, of all
the old dreams, one?"
Then dwelt I in a garden,
where the sun

Shone always, and the roses all were red;
Far off, the great sea slept, and overhead,
Among the robins, matins had begun.
And I knew not at all it was a dream
Only, and that the year was near its close;
Garden and sunshine, robin-song and rose,
The half-heard murmur and the distant gleam
Of all the unvext sea, a little space
Were as a mist above the Autumn's face.