

She passed—as the first kiss of love—too soon;
And thro' the harvest noon
Until dusk came again
My sickle rang against the ripened grain
As swords ring on the shield;
And as the clean swaths broadened down the field
The strong blade sang her name,
While her bright image came
And came again until I saw her stand
Upon the highest circle of the land.
Her hair was like the gold of sun-steeped corn,
And on her head was borne
The wine-jar, while light grew within her eyes
And fell about her in a shining flood
Which took the air with music as it passed
Until at last
It broadened to the space wherein I stood,
And beat again a tempest thro' my blood.
At last the dusk brought with it longed-for rest;
In the red west
I saw the sun flame on the level sheaves,
And kindle that bright net the spider weaves.
The last row at the field's sheer side was bound
And laid along the ground,
And as I straightened from its heavy close,
Like a bright thought she rose
Against the darkest of the eastern wood,
And swift to where I stood
She crossed the ridged field; my hand she took,
And o'er her supple arm she laid the hook.
Then those clear eyes from which my light was drawn
At the rathe dawn
Looked into mine, and saw the deathless glow
Their fires had kindled, and her head bent low,
While o'er her face
The color came and went a brief thought's space;
Till with swift words I told
All that my heart did hold