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Compensation.

In a green maple grove
That gracious shadows wove,
In summer heats I sat or roamed unheeding
The flight of golden hours,
For, fairer than scented flowers,
Its wealth of leaves in verdant glory spreading.

Autumn, on ravage bent,
Pillaged my emerald tent:
Her spoils, the shining leaves, the rude winds carried.
But, lo! where boughs are bare,
The heavens smile blue and fair—
Hidden from view while careless summer tarried.

CAMEO.