

She sang: My beech-leaves fluttering down
Beneath these blue September skies,
Are darkly soft, are softly brown,—
But not so brown as some-one's eyes."

She sang: "This brook that ripples clear
Where bending willow boughs rejoice,
Is very sweet, but not so dear
And not so sweet as some-one's voice."

And thus she sang till evening dews,
And then at last she sang no more;
I said: "If this is all your news,
I knew it all too well before!"

