

OVER the wheat field,
 Over the hill-crest,
 Swoops and is gone
 The beat of a wild wing,
 Brushing the pine-tops,
 Bending the poppies,
 Hurrying Northward
 With golden summer.

WHAT premonition,
 O purple swallow,
 Told thee the happy
 Hour of migration?
 Hark! On the threshold
 (Hush, flurried heart in me!),
 Was there a footfall?
 Did no one enter?