

Only the giant hills can ever find ?  
O little leaves, are ye not glad to be ?  
Is not the sunlight fair, the shadow kind,

That falls at noon-time over you and me ?  
O gleam of birches lost among the firs,  
Let your high treble chime in silverly

Across the half-imagined wind that stirs  
A muffled organ-music from the pines !  
Earth knows to-day that not one note of hers

Is minor. For, behold, the loud sun shines  
Till the young maples are no longer gray,  
And stronger grow their faint, uncertain lines ;

Each violet takes a deeper blue to-day,  
And purpler swell the cones hung overhead,  
Until the sound of their far feet who stray

About the wood, fades from me ; and, instead,  
I hear a robin singing — not as one  
That calls unto his mate, uncomfited —  
But as one sings a welcome to the sun.

**N**OT among men, or near men-fashioned things,  
In the old years found I this present ease,  
Though I have known the fellowship of kings