

And magic of the middle June,
When elderblossoms do blow,
Shall float beneath the wintry moon
In fragrance to and fro :
And like the rocking of the reeds
The music's self shall sigh,
And sway across the lonely meads,
And croon His lullaby.

I that am late and last of all,
Standing in shadows deep,
With pipe and flute will softly call
Sweet echoes o'er His sleep ;
And if He smile or He disdain,
Throned on His Mother's breast,
And though my gift be all in vain,—
I shall have given my best.

