"The azure gleam and the golden croon
And the grass with the flaky roses strewn.

"There you would lie and lean above me,
The more you lingered the more to love me,

"Till I became, as the year grew old,
Thy fairest day-dream's fashion and mould,

"Deep in the water twilight there,
Smiling, elusive, wonderful, fair,

"The beautiful visage of thy clear soul
Set in eternity's limpid shoal,

"Thy spirit's countenance, the trace
Of dawning God in the human face.

"And when yellow leaves came down
Through the silent mornings one by one

"To the frosty meadow, as they fell
Thy pondering heart said, 'All is well;

"'Aye, all is best, for I stake my life
Beyond the boundaries of strife,'