

BROOKFIELD

And as he roamed the shores and woods and clears,—
Seeking, for aye, the bloom of yesterdays—
The mayflowers smiled and lent their sweetest airs,
And violets curtsied from the road-side ways;
The red-veined slippers of the elves and fays
Were hanging near the rose and eglantine,
And mystic trilliums still did heavenward gaze;
The blue flags waved, and lilies 'gan to shine;
The golden-rods and asters thronged the steep incline.

And something of that bloom was shown for me
One eager day, when the Rhodora flamed
Her leafless beauty on us suddenly
Down in an old-time pasture road, and claimed
A first love's privilege, and was not shamed:
My friend had fondest greeting for the flower,
And gentlest love-speech ever poet framed;
And all my vagrant heart was stayed, with power
Of love I never knew, until I shared his dower.