

Where I found my baby darlings? While they, seeking, tarry here,  
I would never in the Yonder fain forget the human  
tear;  
Rather take with me the glister of a dewdrop, dust-  
bedimmed,  
Set the rue-gem like the glimmer of a love-light sor-  
row-rimmed.

And I crave—in garland shafting—splendor minglings  
of the dawn,  
Veilings of the evening portal by the shifting purples  
drawn,  
And the far, wide, mystic fusings where the ocean  
meets the sky,  
And the awe of all the outline as the ship-lamps  
dwindle by.  
Give me too a garden-glamor—let September through  
it gleam—  
Let the twilight coruscate it with the quiver of a  
dream;  
Now a silence of the forest; now the swirl of tufted  
rills;  
And a music of the breezes message-laden from the  
hills:  
Gather fairest ingle-blendings—intertwine a hallowed  
calm—  
Yield me yet one olden quaver tangled in a waft of  
psalm;  
Find sweet promise of the orchard when the birds  
are full of bliss—  
Grace it with the children's laughter, bloom it with a  
bridal kiss;  
Sheave a gorgeous harvest radiance with a glory from  
the west;  
Then the sombre of night's quiet drooping o'er the  
sleepers' rest.  
Seek a moonhaze of the darkness—shadowy-merge in  
reveried hue—  
Dim, like some beslumbered whisper with its secret  
shimmering through.