

Wind of the summer afternoon
Be still ; my heart is not in tune :
Sweet is thy voice — but yet, but yet
Of all t'were sweetest — to forget.

1882.

LOTOS.

I

Wherefore awake so long,
Wide-eyed, laden with care ?
Not all battle is life,
But a little respite and peace
May fold us round as a fleece
Soft-woven for all men's wear,
Sleep then, mindless of strife :
Slumber, dreamless of wrong :—
Hearken my slumber-song,
Falling asleep.

II

Drowsily all noon long
The warm winds rustle the grass
Hush'dly, lulling thy brain,
Burthened with murmurs of bees,
And numberless odours, and ease ;
Dream-clouds gather and pass
Of painless remembrance of pain ;
Havened from rumour of wrong
Dreams are thy slumber-song,
Fallen to sleep.

Fredericton, August, 1881.