

Beside the Stream.

Now overhead,  
Where the rivulet lingers and stops,  
The hammersweet hangs from the tops  
Of the alders and cherries,  
Its bunches of beautiful berries,  
Orange and red.

And the snowbirds flee,  
Tossing up on the far brown field,  
Now flashing and now concealed,  
Like tringes of spray  
That vanish and gleam on the gray  
Field of the sea.

Flickering light,  
Come the last of the leaves downborne,  
And patches of pale white corn  
In the wind complain,  
Like the slow rustle of rain  
Noticed by night.

Withered and thinned,  
The sentinel mullen looms,  
With the pale gray shadowy plumes  
Of the goldenrod,  
And the milkweed opens his pod,  
Temping the wind.

Aloft on the hill,  
A cloud-rift opens and shines  
Through a break in its forget of pines,  
And it dreams at my feet  
In a sad silvery sheet  
Utterly still.

All things that be  
seems plunged into silence, distraught  
By some stern, some necessitous thought;  
It wraps and entralls  
Marsh, meadow and forest, and fall  
Also on me.

Ottawa.

—Archibald Lampman.

THE SONG OF PAN.

Mad with love, and laden  
With immortal pain,  
Pan pursued a maiden—  
Pan, the god, in vain.

For when Pan had nearly  
Touched her, wild to plead,  
She was gone—and clearly  
In her place a reed!

Long the god, unwitting,  
Through the valley strayed,  
Then at last, submitting,  
Cut the reed, and made,

Deftly fashioned, seven  
Pipes, and poured his pain  
Onto earth and heaven  
In a piercing strain.

So with god and poet;  
Beauty lures them on,  
Elies, and ere they know it  
Like a wraith is gone.

Then they seek to borrow  
Pleasure still from wrong,  
And with smiling sorrow  
Turn it into a song.

Archibald Lampman in Harper's

Yours  
Companion  
Dec 15, 1892