
THE TEACHER

Weary and faint, and tired,
I sit in my stiff-backed chair;
Without, wild flowers' perfume
Is borne on the ambient air,
And yonder shady wood
That I see through the open door,
Mocks, with its murmur cool,
Hard seat and dusty floor.

And Willie, with bare, brown feet,
Is longing to wade in the stream,
Where the trout, to his luring bait,
Will leap with a quick, bright gleam—
And his teacher's eyes will stray
To the flowers on the desk hard by,
And her thoughts will follow the gaze
With a half-unconscious sigh.

Have patience, restless Will,
The brook and the fish will wait,
Soon the bare, brown feet may pass
Down the winding road from the gate;
And to me full soon will come
The sweet perfume of the flowers
I'll turn to my books again,
And leave love for the after hours!