

In the silver, springtime shadows;
 And I see as in a vision
 Aspen gardens by a stream,
 Aspen groves which wind unending
 Where the sapphire ripple gleam.
 Comes a forester belated
 Through the witches' wood at even,
 Where the white-leaf dull and ghostly,
 And the lurid night-shade deepen.
 Close he draws his garments flowing
 In the gloaming of the forest,
 Lest a lean hand from the frondage,
 Through the green gloom and the night-
 bloom.

Clutch at him to hold in bondage.
 Be his quest the golden maiden
 He will find her though the witches
 Have beset his way with peril—
 Willow-wisps and stars beguiling,
 Shadow-fires in the forest;
 Wood-folk wreathed in flowers yellow,
 Star-dust tangled in their hair;
 Be his quest the golden maiden
 From the forest he will fare.

Morning gilds the aspen gardens,
 And the river breezes straying
 Idly stir the amber mosses
 In the sunlit spaces trailing;
 Amethyst, and green, and golden,
 Red as gleams of ruby fire,
 Flit the birds where maidens rove,
 Like the fragments of a rainbow
 Blown about the dreaming grove.

One among the woodland maidens
 Trippeth gaily to the river,
 Twining roses in her tresses,
 Gold with gold, yet both of beauty;
 Eyes with shadows blue as bluebirds
 God made when the earth was younger
 But to match the April skies:
 On her brow a yellow rose-wreath,
 Dream-light gleamings in her eyes.

Sweet the morning birds are singing,
 And a south wind's in the aspens,
 And the maiden meets her lover
 At the bending of the river;
 And she turneth still eluding,
 Still alluring as he follows
 Ever on an endless quest—
 He may never feel her kisses,
 Never fold her to his breast.

Yet the love they bear each other
 Holds in thrall the wondrous morning;
 Love which knows nor age nor morrow,

Love which fills the endless hour,
 Yielding . . . yet not yielded.
 Life alone by love is measured,
 And the prophet sees in sooth,
 In love only, intimations
 Of immortal life and youth.



IN MEMORIAM

About thy grave white cedars I shall plant
 And pines, and by a fountain little ferns—
 And flowers, maidenhair and violets;
 Larches and lindens, and the lowly yew—
 The linden blossoms for the golden bees,
 The linden branches for a singing bird;
 And by the green pools in the grassy
 stream.

Where amber sunlight sifts the leaves be-
 tween,
 Wild bergamot and balm and mint and
 musk,
 As sweet as ilex groves in summertime,
 As sea winds blowing from the Isle of
 June;

And vines as lattices to veil the light,
 Where mosses grow, and scarlet dryads'
 eups.

A bosky place where falls the forest peace,
 Whereto a solitary bird will stray,
 Nor know that thine is not his ancient
 grove.

And so will sing on many opal, autumn
 eves.

And mine will be deep sighs of mingled
 pain

And pride and pleasure. You will come
 at morn

Or eve, and I shall know when you draw
 near

By many secret tokens. The shy bird
 His mellow, lone, impassioned song will
 sing:

To its enthrallment I my soul shall yield,
 And all of life still be illumined by thy
 love.

And when of earth the last white star has
 set.

In after years we twain shall loiter there
 In the green gloaming of the lonely pines,
 To hear the hermit thrush which still will
 sing.

While we forget that once we suffered
 death.

Only remembering we ever live and love.