

Or far in swamps the lizard's lonesome lute
Would pipe in thirst, or by some gnarlèd root
The tree-toad trilled his dream.

From day to day still hushed the season's mood,
The streams stayed in their runnels shrunk and
dry;

Suns rose aghast by wave and shore and wood,
And all the world, with ominous silence, stood
In weird expectancy:

When one strange night the sun like blood went
down,

Flooding the heavens in a ruddy hue;
Red grew the lake, the sere fields parched and
brown,

Red grew the marshes where the creeks stole down,
But never a wind-breath blew.

That night I felt the winter in my veins,
A joyous tremor of the icy glow;
And woke to hear the north's wild vibrant strains,
While far and wide, by withered woods and plains,
Fast fell the driving snow.

On the Shore

(Age)

WITH golden spicèd dreams blows in the dawn,
About the cool blue bosom of the lake;
Far over wave and shore wild voices wake,
The watery curves and windy reeds upon,
Where the young glory of the day dreams on;
And wingèd creatures haunts of sleep forsake,
And dreams and silence their dim ways betake
Round the grey edge where lidded night hath gone.