

I listen to the bird that stirs
The purple tops, and grasshoppers

Whose summer din, before my feet
Subsiding, wakes on my retreat.

Again the droning bees hum by ;
Still-winged the gray hawk wheels on high ;

I drink again the wild perfumes.
And roll, and crush the grassy blooms.

Blown back to olden days, I fain
Would quaff the olden joys again :

But all the olden sweetness not
The old unmindful peace hath brought.

—Wind of this summer afternoon
Thou hast re-called my childhood's June :

My heart, still is it satisfied
By all that golden summer-tide?

Hast thou one eager yearning filled,
Or any restless throbbing stilled,

Or hast thou any power to bear
Even a little of my care?—

Ever so little of this weight
Of weariness can'st thou abate?—

Ah, poor thy gift indeed, unless
Thou bring the old child-heartedness :

And such a gift to bring is given,
Alas, to no wind under heaven !