

Over the basement below protected and shaded  
the door-way.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when  
brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes  
on the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and  
in kirtles

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spin-  
ning the golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles  
within doors

Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels  
and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,  
and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended  
to bless them.

Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose  
matrons and maidens,