

IN AUGUST.

Now when the grove is stifled to the core,
And all the parchèd grass is summer-killed,
I think of vehement March, and how he filled
These arid roadsides with a murmurous pour
Of rushing streams from an exhaustless store.
This breathless air, to tropic slumber stilled,
Recalls those early passionate winds that thrilled
The spirit, blending with the water's roar.

Just as in rich and dusty-leavèd age
The soul goes back to brood on swelling buds
Of hope, desire and dream, in childhood's clime,
So I turn backward to the spring-lit page,
And hear with freshening heart the deep-voiced
floods
That to the winds give their melodious rhyme.