The Day-Dream.

The thronged boughs of the shadowy sycamore
Still fledge young leaflets half the summer through;
From where the robin 'gainst the unhidden blue
Perched dark, till now, deep in the leafy core,
The embowered thrush's urgent clarions gore
The summer silence. Still the leaves come new;
Yet never lory-sheathed as those which draw
Their spiral tongues from spring-buds heretofore.
Within the branching shade of Reverie
Dreams born may spring till Autumn; yet none be
Like woman's budding day-dream spirit-feared
Lo! tow'rd deep skies, not deeper than her look,
She dreams; till now on her forgotten book
Drops the forgotten blossom from her hand.