

The Day-Dream.

The thronged boughs of the shadowy sycamore
Still flage young leaflets half the summer through;
From when the robin "gains" the unhidden blue
Perched dark, till now, deep in the leafy core,
The embowered throats' urgent claugons gave
The summer silence. Still the leaves come new,
Yet never long-sheathed as those which drew
Their spiral tongues from spring-buds heretofore.
Within the branching shade of Rerrie
Dreams even many spring till Autumn; yet none so
Like woman's bidding day. Dream spirit-fanned
Lo! tow'rd deep skies, not deeper than her land
She dreams; till now on her forgotten book,
Drops the forgotten slip from her hand.