

The morns are meeker than they were—

The nuts are getting brown—

The berry's cheek is plumper—

The Rose is out of town—

The Maple wears a gayer scarf—

The field a scarlet gown—

Lest I should be old fashioned—

I'll put a trinket on—

All these my banners be.
I sow my pageantry
In May—
It rises train by train—
Then sleeps in state again—
My chancel— all the plain
Today.

To lose— if One can find again—
To miss— If one shall meet—
The Burglar cannot rob— then—
The Broker cannot cheat.
So build the hillocks gaily
Thou little spade of mine
Leaving nooks for Daisy
And for Columbine—
You and I the secret
Of the Crocus know—
Let us chant it softly—
“There is no more snow!”

To him who keeps an orchard heart—
The swamps are pink with June.

These are the days when Birds come back—
A very few— a Bird or two—
To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies resume
The old— old sophistries of June—
A blue and gold mistake.

Oh fraud that cannot cheat the Bee—
Almost thy plausibility
Induces my belief.

Till ranks of seeds their witness bear—
And softly thro' the altered air
Hurries a timid leaf.

Oh Sacrament of summer days,
Oh Last Communion in the Haze—
Permit a child to join.

Thy sacred emblems to partake—
Thy consecrated bread to take—
And thine immortal wine!

Besides the Autumn poets sing
A few prosaic days
A little this side of the snow
And that side of the Haze—

A few incisive Mornings—
A few Ascetic Eves—
Gone— Mr. Bryant's "Golden Rod"—
And Mr. Thomson's sheaves—

Still, is the bustle in the Brook—
Sealed are the spicy valves—
Mesmeric fingers softly touch
The Eyes of many Elves—

Perhaps a squirrel may remain
My sentiments to share—
Grant me, Oh Lord, a sunny mind—
Thy windy will to bear!

It can't be "Summer"!
That- got through!
It's early- yet- for "Spring"!
There's that long town of White- to cross-
Before the Blackbirds sing!

It can't be "Dying"!
It's too Rouge-
The Dead shall go in White-
So Sunset shuts my question down-
With Cuffs of Chrysolite!

The Robin's my Criterion for Tune—
Because I grow— where Robins do—
But, were I Cuckoo born,
I'd swear by him—
The ode familiar— rules the Noon—
The Buttercup's, my Whim for Bloom—
Because, we're Orchard sprung—
But, were I Britain born,
I'd Daisies spurn—
None but the Nut— October fit—
Because, through dropping it,
The Seasons flit— I'm taught—
Without the Snow's Tableau—
Winter, were he— to me
Because I see— New Englandly—
The Queen, discerns like me—
Provincially—

Answer July—
Where is the Bee—
Where is the Blush—
Where is the Hay?

Ah, said July—
Where is the Seed—
Where is the Bud—
Where is the May—
Answer Thee— Me—

Nay— said the May—
Show me the Snow—
Show me the Bells—
Show me the Jay!

Quibbled the Jay—
Where be the Maize—
Where be the Haze—
Where be the Bur?

Here— said the Year—

The name- of it- is “Autumn”-
The hue- of it- is Blood-
An Artery- upon the Hill-
A Vein- along the Road-

Great Globules- in the Alleys-
And Oh, the Shower of Stain-
When Winds- upset the Basin-
And spill the Scarlet Rain-

It sprinkles Bonnets- far below-
It gathers ruddy Pools-
Then- eddies like a Rose- away-
Upon Vermilion Wheels-

802

Time feels so vast that were it not
For an Eternity—
I fear me this Circumference
Engross my Finity—

To His exclusion, who prepare
By Processes of Size
For the Stupendous Vision
Of His diameters—

873

Ribbons of the Year—
Multitude Brocade—
Worn to Nature's Party once—
Then, as Hung aside—

As a faded Bead—
Or a Wrinkled Pearl—
Who shall charge the Vanity
Of the Maker's Girl?

1051

I cannot meet the Spring unmoved—
I feel the old desire—
A Hurry with a lingering, mixed,
A Warrant to be fair—

A Competition in my sense
With something hid in Her—
And as she vanishes, Remorse—
I saw no more of Her.

1140

The Day grew small, surrounded tight
By early, stooping Night—
The Afternoon in Evening deep
Its Yellow shortness dropt—

The Winds went out their martial ways
The Leaves obtained excuse—
November hung his Granite Hat
Upon a nail of Plush—

We like March— his Shoes are Purple—
 He is new and high—
 Makes he Mud for Dog and Peddler,
 Makes he Forests dry.

Knows the Adder's Tongue his coming,
 And begets her Spot—
 Stands the Sun so close and mighty
 That our Minds are hot.

News is he of all the others—
 Bold it were to die
 With the Blue Birds exercising
 On his British Sky.

Version I

We like March— his shoes are Purple—
 He is new and high—
 Makes he Mud for Dog and Peddler—
 Makes he Forests Dry—

Knows the Adder's Tongue his coming,
 And begets her spot—
 Stands the Sun so close and mighty
 That our Minds are hot—

News is he of all the others—
 Bold it were to die
 With the Blue Birds buccaneering
 On his British sky—

Version II

1715

Consulting summer's clock,
But half the hours remain.
I ascertain it with a shock—
I shall not look again.

The second half of joy
Is shorter than the first.
The truth I do not dare to know
I muffle with a jest.