

AFTER-GLOW

Blue water, and behind,
 Benevolent orange sky,
 And gentle sheep that troop
 From their huge fields of cloud,
 Hurrying, headed all
 Homeward across the heaven,
 Unto the western folds,
 Where stands upon a hill,
 Calling with gentle voice,
 One cheery shepherd-star.

Stand still, O Shepherd! I,
 With many other feet
 And many, many flocks
 From all the purple earth,
 And all the yellow heaven,
 Am coming, hurrying home,
 Lifting mine eyes to thee,
 And listening for thy call
 Across the fragrant fields,
 Adown the quiet world.

Grey water, yellow sky;
 Alas! my star is gone,—
 Departed, over the hill.
 And all the flocks that heard
 Their shepherd's call, and I,
 Pause, midway in the rich
 And honeyed middle heaven,
 Sniffing the luscious sweet;—
 No star, no shepherd. Shall
 We lag in the middle way?

No. On, ye flocks! And I,
 Who heard his call, and saw
 His tender, starry face,—
 Down the soft, padded mead,
 O'er fair, alluring fields,
 Along ambrosial lands,
 Away into the sun,
 Will follow, follow him,
 And farther, farther on,
 And up, up, over the hill!