





What ye have done for me. It seems a day,  
One of those heavenly days which cannot die,  
When through the autumnal woods, a figure quaint,  
Equipped with wallet & with crooked stick  
Ye led me, & I followed in your steps,  
Tricked out in proud disguise of beggar's weeds,  
Put on for the occasion, by advice  
And exhortation of my frugal dame. —  
Mottley accoutrement! of power to smile  
At thorns & brakes & brambles, & in truth O O  
More ragged than need was. They led me far  
Thou guardian Spirits into some dear nook  
Unvisited, where not a broken bough  
Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign  
Of devastation, but the hazles rose  
Tall & erect, with milk-white clusters hung,  
A virgin scene! — A little while I stood,  
Breathing with such suppression of the heart  
As joy delights in; and with wise restraint  
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed  
The banquet, or beneath the trees I ate  
Among the flowers, & with the flowers I played.  
Temper well known to those who after long  
And weary expectation, have been blessed  
With sudden happiness beyond all hope. —

— Perhaps it was a corner beneath whose leaves  
The violets of five seasons reappear  
And fade, unseen by any human eye,