



Childhood's Renewal



Once more we lie with shaded eyes
 Within the warm and fragrant grass,
 And wander through the May-day's skies,
 Or sail within the clouds that pass.

Once more we sit beside the stream,
 And cool our feet within its flow.
 The paddles drip within our dream.
 We hear the cataract below.

Once more the meadow lark afar
 Sweeps through the dawn with golden wings.
 Tonight beneath a pale white star,
 Brown Philomel in sorrow sings.

Once more we find a milk-veined stone
 Washed pure and bright by April showers;
 Once more we trace its lines alone,
 Beneath the pink-white apple-bowers.

