

FIRST SIGHT OF HER AND AFTER

A day is drawing to its fall

I had not dreamed to see;

The first of many to enthrall

My spirit, will it be?

Or is this eve the end of all

Such new delight for me?

I journey home: the pattern grows

Of moonshades on the way:

"Soon the first quarter, I suppose,"

Sky-glancing travellers say;

I realize that it, for those,

Has been a common day.