

PATHS OF FORMER TIME

No; no;

It must not be so:

They are the ways we do not go.

Still chew

The kine, and moo

In the meadows we used to wander through;

Still purl

The rivulets and curl

Towards the weirs with a musical swirl;

Haymakers

As in former years

Rake rolls into heaps that the pitchfork rears;

Wheels crack

On the turfy track

The waggon pursues with its toppling pack.

"Why then shun -

Since summer's not done -

All this because of the lack of one?"

Had you been

Sharer of that scene

You would not ask while it bites in keen

Why it is so

We can no more go

By the summer paths we used to know!

1913.