

Reminiscences

Alone I sit at dusk when all the earth
Has ta'en a sombre hue, and sky and tree
And nature everywhere to me does seem
To mourn the birth of shady night and all
The sky above is grey. The dismal frogs
Begin to chant the dirge of dying day
In croaking harmony.

Beneath thy boughs I sit, O happy tree.
Thou bearest no lot of sadness or of grief,
And in thy calm and quiet I, with joy,
Procure a glad relief! My woes are all
Forgot, as tho' I breathed a draught of air
That softly blew o'er Lethe's vale. I sink
Forgetful of my lot.

Eight years have passed since first beneath thy boughs
I paused and drank the sweet cool air of Spring,
That slowly drifts beneath thy crown of leaves
Like fragrant incense curling to the skies.
How oft' beneath thy boughs I sat and watched
The playful lambs in some secluded spot
In sportive, quiet play.

From this same spot I watched the brooklet wind
Among the willows, down the swampy vale;
Then in my childish fancy oft' I strayed
Along its banks to find at length a spot
On some lone isle where peace and calmness hold
Full sway, beneath a grey and quiet sky,
And I am well content.

Perchance at dusk I wander thro' the fields
Half-hoping, yet half-fearing I might see
The ghosts of those who long ago did tread
These grassy meadows at this self-same hour;
While every breeze that stirred the grass beneath
Drove chills of fearfulness throughout my soul
And I was forced to flee.

But let the evening sun sink down to rest,
Let darkening shadows creep about the vale,
Let lilacs scatter fragrance to the skies,
And darkling let me homeward wend my way;
For I must leave these haunts, but when I go
I shall remember all.

—A. E. L., '31