

FLY LEAVES

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Fly Leaves by C. S. Calverley

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C. S. CALVERLEY

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MORNING.

'TIS the hour when white-horsed Day
Chases Night her mares away ;
When the Gates of Dawn (they say)

Phœbus opes :

And I gather that the Queen
May be uniformly seen,
Should the weather be serene,
On the slopes.

When the ploughman, as he goes
Leathern-gaitered o'er the snows,
From his hat and from his nose
Knocks the ice ;

And the panes are frosted o'er,
And the lawn is crisp and hoar,
As has been observed before
Once or twice.

When, arrayed in breastplate red,
Sings the robin for his bread,
On the elmtree that hath shed

Every leaf;

While, within, the frost benumbs
The still sleepy schoolboy's thumbs,
And in consequence his sums
Come to grief.

But when breakfast-time hath come,
And he's crunching crust and crumb,
He'll no longer look a glum

Little dunce;

But be brisk as bees that settle

On a summer rose's petal:

Wherefore, Polly, put the kettle

On at once.

EVENING.

KATE! if e'er thy light foot lingers
On the lawn, when up the fells
Steals the Dark, and fairy fingers
Close unseen the pimpernels:
When, his thighs with sweetness laden,
From the meadow comes the bee,
And the lover and the maiden
Stand beneath the trysting tree:—

Lingers on, till stars unnumbered
Tremble in the breeze-swept tarn,
And the bat that all day slumbered
Flits about the lonely barn;