

ORCHARD SONGS.



hen apple-boughs are fruited,
When violet-leaves are vair,
The orchard's songs are bruited
Into the opal air.

Into the opal air,
Into the sunny lift,
The songs rise tulip-fair
With little airs adrift.

With little airs adrift,
With little winds afloat,
The little dream-songs shift
More lightly than a mote.

More lightly than a mote,
The orchard-songs are trilled,
Each green leaf-echoing note
With soft, sure star-dust filled.

With soft, sure star-dust filled,
Like breaths of wakening birds,
The rainbow-notes are thrilled
With good, green, shining words.

With good, green, shining words
The true tree-songs are fluted
To elfin minor thirds
When apple-boughs are fruited.