

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.