

ON A PICTURE BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

A spacious land lies large in broad daylight ;
A warm wind healthily goes to and fro,
As a dear woman here might come and go ;
In courtesy the trees incline their height,
Rustling their robes as folk at a wedding might ;
And full of flowers the grass, by scythes laid low,
Scents the sunshine, while peeps the weak willow
Into pride's paradise in waters bright.

A patriarchal people dwell in peace
And plenty perfect without wealth's increase ;
Nursed in the lap of lowland hills, their homes
Are gay with flowers ; both morn and evening airs
Are guests within their doors ; and for their prayers
Cows safely calve, bees build big honeycombs.

BITTEN APPLES.

Their couch the pliant strength of lusty grass,
Cool shade of leaves their canopy, "Alas,"
Sing many maidens, crouched upon their knees
Or lain full-length among the flowers for ease,
"Alas, how slow, how slow,
Time's hobby-horse does go."

Some hold their hands above their heads, to touch
And handle—Eve-forgetting—fruit, so much
Their cheeks' colour yet cool unlike their cheeks.
Their taste-stung tongues still tell, how "Every week's
A week of weeks ; so slow
Time's hobby-horse can go."

To idle hearts the day is weariness,
And to lax limbs the land heart's heaviness ;
For all their hearts are healed : long time ago
Hunter Love satisfied hung up his bow.
Their song dies down as slow
As Time's play-horse can go.