

BY WOLD AND WOOD.

THE HOLLOW.

I.

FLEET swallows soared and darted
 'Neath empty vaults of blue ;
Thick leaves close clung or parted
 To let the sunlight through ;
Each wild rose, honey-hearted,
 Bowed full of living dew.

II.

Down deep, fair fields of Heaven,
 Beat wafts of air and balm,
From southmost islands driven
 And continents of calm ;
Bland winds by which were given
 Hid hints of rustling palm.

III.

High birds soared high to hover ;
 Thick leaves close clung to slip ;
Wild rose and snowy clover
 Were warm for winds to dip,
And one ungentle lover,
 A bee with robber lip.