

IN THE GARDEN.

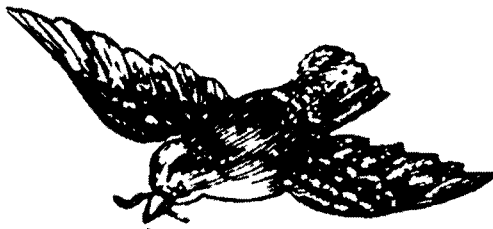
A BIRD came down the walk :
 He did not know I saw ;
 He bit an angle-worm in halves
 And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew
 From a convenient grass,
 And then hopped sidewise to the wall
 To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes
 That hurried all abroad, —
 They looked like frightened beads, I thought ;
 He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger ; cautious,
 I offered him a crumb,
 — And he unrolled his feathers —
 And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,
 Too silver for a seam,
 Or butterflies, off banks of noon,
 Leap, plashless, as they swim.



down-drag
 ordinary

→ ecstatic.
 romantic.
 (→ sig = paradise)