FRENCHLANDS.

ere the world's yellow. Here the cosmic yolk
Broke on the Star, and here these flowers
awoke;
This is the single soul that hath no fellow
For secret light. Here the whole world is yellow.

Suns immature are yellow thus, but mellow They turn to summer gold; therefore the yellow Is spring-dawn, youth-tide, green-born-gold, awake Before the Summer, for a promise' sake.

Here the embrazured sunlight sets swake Soft yellow light, for unborn Summer's sake. Here a whole world awaits the wakened Will Promised by primrose, dreamed from daffodil. Here the whole world soft-throbs into the thrill That shall be born as yellow daffodil. Here the world's yellow, where spring-light awoke The golden gleaming of the yellow yolk.

This is the heart that throbs within the hill! This is the Word that waits upon the Will! This is the flood that shall all life fulfil! That is the promise of the daffodil!