Ruth.

By Hood, Thomas .

She stood breast-high amid the corn,

Clasped by the golden light of morn,

Like the sweetheart of the sun,

Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,

Deeply ripened; -such a blush

In the midst of brown was born,

Like red poppies grow with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,

Which were blackest none could tell,

But long lashes veiled a light

That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,

Made her tressy forehead dim;

Thus she stood amid the stooks,

Praising God with sweetest looks: -

"Sure," I said, "Heav'n did not mean,

Where I reap thou shouldst but glean.

Lay thy sheaf adown and come

Share my harvest and my home.