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Bright cap and streamers,
He sings in the hollow:
Come follow, come follow,
All you that love.

Leave dreams to the dreamers
That will not after,
That song and laughter
Do nothing move.

With ribbons streaming
He sings the bolder;
In troop at his shoulder
The wild bees hum.

And the time of dreaming
Dreams is over –
As lover to lover,
Sweetheart, I come.

*

Notes

This was No. 10 in the 1907 edition.

As the first half of the cycle approaches its climax, the Lover is getting impatient and bolder, and urges his Beloved to follow love rather than just dream about it – the perennial song of the amorous young man since ancient Greece (and probably before that).

Hints of Shakespeare's clowns here.

The crudeness of the sentiment is belied by the complexity of the syntax (especially in lines 4-8) and the rhyme scheme (ABBC, ADDC).

Intra-lyric repetition ('follow', 'dreams', 'sings' 'lover') combines with cross-lyric recurrence ('Sweetheart' [Nos. 11 and 33]; 'wild' [No.30]) to build up complex layers of sound and meaning.