

# The Green Sheaf.

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## A SONG OF THE PYRENEES.



Out of your smile I weave a silver web,  
And as the day grows down to evensong  
I fold it round my heart, this glistening veil,  
And sit and dream there shrouded in your smile.

Out of a word from you I weave a song,  
And a dim music that I only hear  
Flows through the hours of sunshine and of storm,  
The music of the stars out of one word.

Out of your silences I build my heaven,  
A strange fair garden 'neath a slumbering moon ;  
Amid the din and chatter of the world  
I dwell there in my heaven of silences.

*Alix Egerton.*

