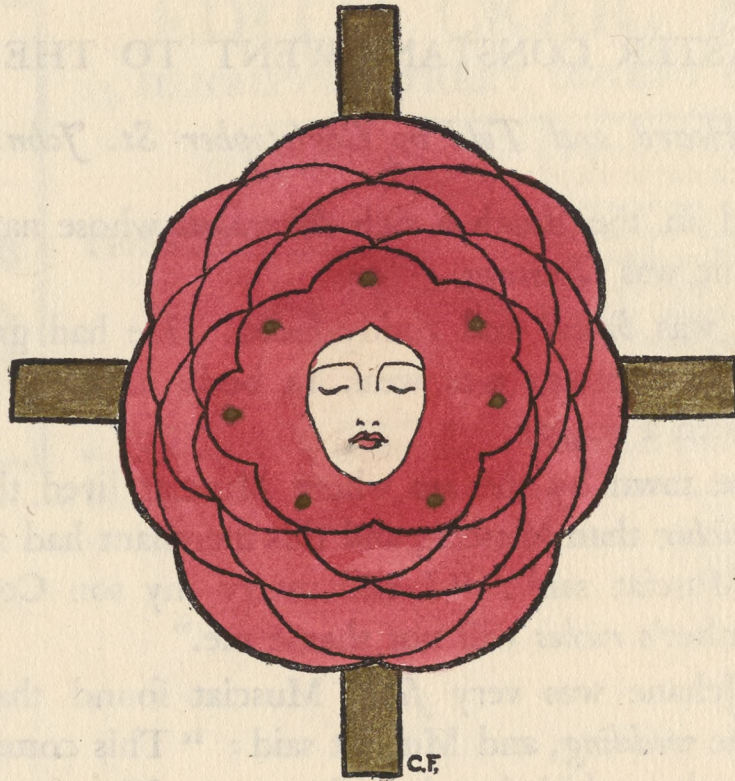


# The Green Sheaf.

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## THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

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BEYOND the warring of vain hopes, I hear  
A voice that cries for ever in my breast :  
“ *They who have dreamed of Beauty and yet fear  
To cast away the world, shall find no rest  
Beneath the sun, but hang upon the Rood  
Of Time, until the world is laid to sleep,  
And they are one with the bright multitude  
Merged in the untroubled splendour of the deep.*”

*Cecil French.*