

The Green Sheaf.

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.

