

# The Green Sheaf

## LINES TO THE EVENING STAR.

MAIDEN, there is pent in thee  
Wealth of mirth and melody  
That full oft amazes me.

Th' flavour of the rarest wine  
Hath the tiniest geste of thine ;  
Maiden, maiden, there are Nine

Muses in thee tightly packed,  
Each with her own part to act ;  
As we marvel at the fact,  
So we love thee—Maiden mine.



## RONDELET.

Think, Love, of me.  
Far from thy side to-night ;  
Think, Love, of me.  
So shall I absent see  
Pictured upon the night  
In thy face Heaven's light.  
Think, Love, of me.

*Ernest Radford.*