

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.