

The Green Sheaf

MEMORY.

THE roses are born and the roses die,
But they live again as do you and I,
In the heart and the dreams of Memory.

Husheen, husheen.

Memory keeps the flow'rs that are given,
The vows that are made, the sins that are shriven,
Hers are the tears of the hearts that are riven.

Husheen, husheen.

The Sorrow of Sorrows is in her eyes,
And she is as wise as a God is wise
With the limitless wisdom of centuries.

Husheen, husheen.

Her robe is as blue as a summer night,
All scattered with stars so softly bright,
While to sleep in her arms is a dear delight.

Husheen, husheen.

Down to her knees flows her dusky hair,
Hide but your face in the darkness there,
You will hear whispers of many a prayer.

Husheen, husheen.

Alix Egerton.