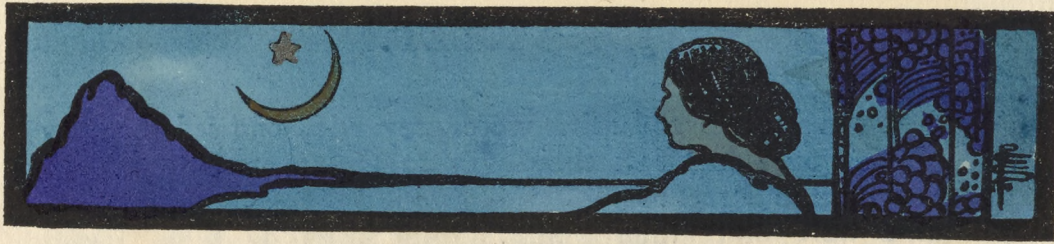


The Green Sheaf



CUP AND BALL.

BETWEEN passing of night and birth of morn,
When the pale stars close their eyes,
Each moment new beauty and magic are born
For souls whom the Gods make wise.

The light of the moon is the only light,
Yet her cold ray reaches far,
And the watcher who wakes through the lonely night
May welcome the morning star :

Who shines when her sisters are sleeping all,
—Ere the crescent moon climbs up—
Poised aloft in the heavens like a golden ball
Thrown out of a golden cup.

While ever and ever the moon mounts higher,
With the morning star above,
To the East leaps a glow and a glory of fire,
As leaps to a cold heart Love.

Let us keep our vigil together soon,
Whilst the stars are sleeping all
Save one only, with whom and the crescent moon
The Gods play at cup and ball.

Mary Grace Walker.