

The Green Sheaf

AITHNE.

LET me rest here where silence crowns old days,
Laying invisible kingdoms at our feet.
I have grown strange to my own self of late ;
The colour of life, all sounds, all light and air,
Have wrought a swift enchantment of unrest,
Filling my heart with fire more fierce than war ;
So that it yearns for twilight and dim space,
The flowing of sleepy rivers by grey shores
Where wanderers lose both hope and memory,
For thoughts like flowers wait beneath the moon,
Stirred by the breath of every passing mood,
Until the darkness like a great black rose
Shall fold its petals round their quietness.

DERMID.

SEE how the snows lie white kissed by the moon,
Clothing the earth in Druid fantasies.
The trees forget that it was ever day :
Each glittering bough is overlaid with frost ;
While a light wind blows through the mist-hung plains,
As though the breath of Beauty filled the world
And all men's hearts with hidden sweet desire.
Above, no smallest wave or ripple of cloud
Disturbs the deep, where, out of fathomless calm,
Untroubled stars look on the troubled world,
As though the eyes of Beauty watched afar
To fill vain hearts with noble images.

Cecil French.