

The Green Sheaf

ARCADIAN SONGS.

PHYLLIS.

“AWAY, away, to a far off land,
Where wood nymphs dance in a merry band,
Where the glorious golden sunshine spreads,
And the leafy shade is o'er our heads,
Where the velvet grass beneath our feet
With budding flowers is all made sweet,
And, sheltered from the sun's hot rays,
The cooling fountain softly plays,
While the air with thrilling birds is rife,
That chant the joys of country life.”

CORYDON.

“LEAVE far behind the smoke-grimed street,
The endless tramp of weary feet,
The toiling traffic of the town,
That's ever moving up and down,
The buildings tall on every side,
The shipping on the river wide,
The jostling of the impatient crowd,
And roar of voices long and loud.
Come, speed away my Phyllis fair
Arcadia's peaceful joys to share.”

Eleanor Vicocq Ward.