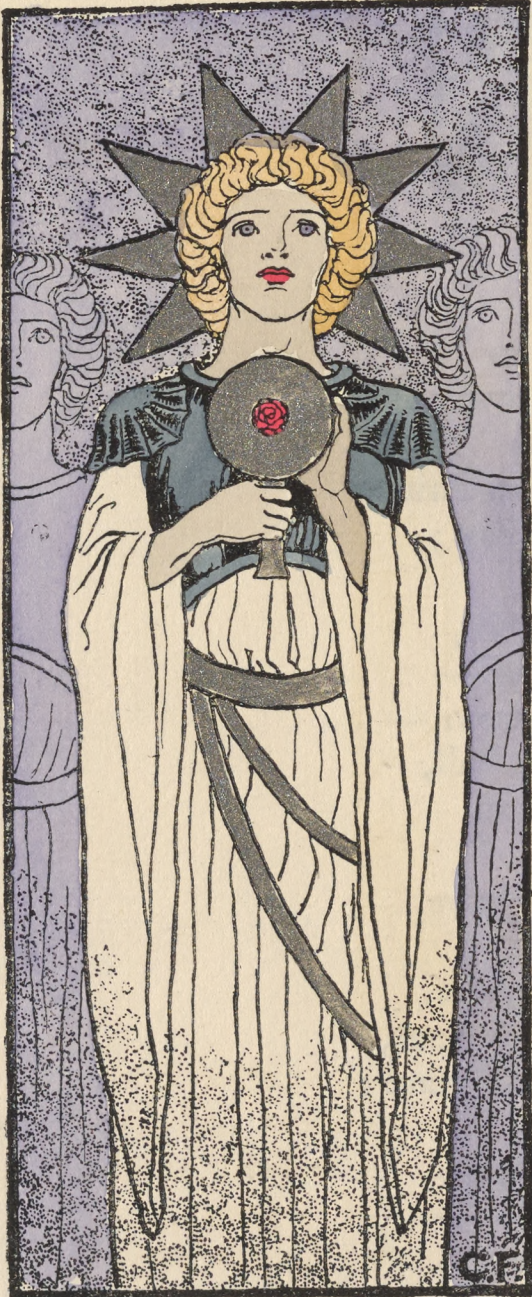


The Green Sheaf



A PRAYER TO THE LORDS OF DREAM.

*ALL things have conspired against me
To fill my heart with unrest.
Let me hide the world from remembrance ;
To dream were surely best,
For the warring of flesh and spirit
Can only be drowned in dreams.
O Lords of the Silver Shadow,
Be tender with my dreams,
Lest even my dreams should conspire
To fill my heart with unrest.*

Cecil French.