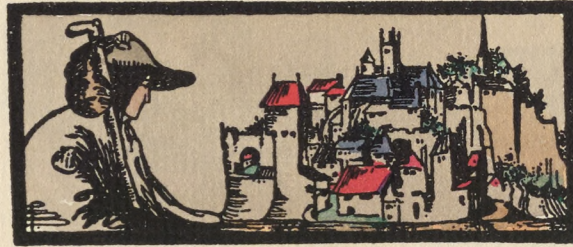


The Green Sheaf



AT DEPARTING.

As when we make a vagrant stay
In some old town, where drowsy time
As in the old-world steals away
In quiet, to the clock's quaint chime,
And now 'tis come to our last day ;

And late we saunter up and down,
Or walk on the embattled wall—
The gate-clasped girdle of the town—
Or once more visit the town-hall,
And churches of antique renown,

And take a fond and lingering leave,
As we pass on, of every part,
And while to say farewell we grieve,
We strive to get the whole by heart,
As dream, among our dreams to weave :

So when life's end is near, we know,
And all our journeys we have been,
One hard last look we shall bestow—
Hoarding it's dear and lightsome scene
For death's long dark, where we must go.

Lucilla.