

The Green Sheaf

RECONCILEMENT.

I BEGIN through the grass once again to be bound to the Lord,
I can see, through a face that has faded, the face full of rest,
Of the earth, of the mother, my heart with her heart in accord.
As I lie 'mid the cool green tresses that mantle her breast
I begin through the grass once again to be bound to the Lord.

By the hand of a child I am led to the throne of the King ;
For a touch that now fevers me not is forgotten and far,
And His infinite sceptred hands that sway us can bring
Me in dreams from the laugh of a child to the song of a star.
On the laugh of a child I am borne to the joy of the King.

A. E.



DONALD DUBH.

“ Donald Dubh ! Donald Dubh ! ” Ah ! for pity’s sake
Cry no more upon his name, lest my heart should break,
Listen !—“ Donald ! Donald Dubh ! ”—how the curlews call,
Winging low upon the moor where the shadows fall.

“ Donald Dubh ! Donald Dubh ! ”—Cold and stark his clay,
Cold the earth lies on his breast, where my kisses lay.
I have sought you, Donald Dubh, over hill and plain,
And I find you here, at last, in the wind and rain.

Donald Dubh, Donald Dubh, I have wandered wide,
Weary now I lay me down at your lone grave side.
Out upon the windy moor, by the sobbing sea,
Where you’re sleeping, Donald Dubh, is there room for me ?

Lina Marston.