

The Green Sheaf

THE LAMENT OF THE DEAD KNIGHT.

I HEAR my dear Love
Crying in the North,
While all the ice-floes lay 'twixt me and her,
And frozen by her tears I could not stir
Nor reach my dear Love
Crying in the North.

I hear my dear Love
Crying in the East,
Around her lay long leagues of desert land,
And I lay buried underneath the sand,
And could not touch her
Crying in the East.

I heard my dear Love
Crying in the South,
The flowers grew so thick about her feet,
Blinding me with their perfume sickly sweet.

I could not find her
Crying in the South.

I hear my dear Love
Crying in the West,
Where the green grass is waving over me,
But, Oh, her dear, dear face I cannot see,
Nor kiss my dear Love
Crying in the West.

Alix Egerton.

