

# 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.*

