

The Green Sheaf



EVENTIDE.

THE lonely path that I would tread
At night-fall by the pixies led,
It leadeth to the no-man's land
Where plighted, linkèd lovers stand :—
Lips sealing lips, in silence they
Give ear to what the heavens say :—
The evening star to setting sun—
“The day has half its course to run.”

Ernest Radford.