

The Green Sheaf



1903

My *Sheaf* is small . . . but it is green.

I will gather into my *Sheaf* all the young fresh things I can—*pictures, verses, ballads*, of love and war ; tales of *pirates* and the sea.

You will find ballads of the *old world* in my *Sheaf*. Are they not green for ever . . .

Ripe ears are good for *bread*, but green ears are good for *pleasure*.

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