

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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PAMELA COLMAN SMITH

& SOLD BY ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET, W.