

# The Green Sheaf

## TIME.

AROUND the clock the hours run,  
By the moon and by the sun.  
Twenty-four, the day is done.

Around the clock the hours go,  
Summer sun and winter snow.  
Every secret time doth know.

*P. C. S.*



## THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

FAILURE is mine, but through the thrusting spears  
I see the triumphs of the coming years.

Fate's ebb and flow has ever been our part,  
But, ah, the stranded sea-wrack of the heart.

Ne'er shines so bright a triumph but shall keep  
The shadow of its failure's shadowy sleep.

*Cecil French.*