

The Green Sheaf

THE CALLING VOICE.

COME into the night, Beloved Heart, come into the night with me,
For there are many things to hear and many things to see,
And there are many wondrous things that I will show to thee.

Come into the night, Beloved Heart, and watch the fireflies shine,
And hear the nightingale proclaim his roundelay divine ;
Thou would'st not pause nor hesitate, if but his voice were mine.

Oh, come with me across the brake and past the haunted mere
And thou shalt see the rushes bend their heads when we appear,
As hand in hand, unto the Land of Faery we draw near.

For I have seen the fairies dance about their magic ring,
And oh, my ear is haunted by the music that they sing,
As round and round, the fairy mound, with arms enlaced they swing.

The moon is rising at its full, upon the Faery Lea,
And oh, it is a wondrous sight that fairy dance to see ;
I may not stay, but hie away, for they are calling me,
Come into the night, Beloved Heart, come into the night with me.

Alix Egerton.



ECHO.

ECHO, who hides behind the sheltering hills,
Sad Echo—always shy,
Sometimes she will not come at all,
At others, always nigh.

P. C. S.