

# The Green Sheaf

## EOCENE.

I THOUGHT to be alone, but young Dawn stood  
Against the bed and lifted up my eyes.  
Gorgeous and strong in gallant hardihood  
Sprinkled with dew he came to bid me rise.

His breath was full of rose leaves and his hair  
Was radiant like a rim of flowing gold,  
Which garlanded that face surpassing fair,  
And round his brow circled in shining fold.

Come forth! he cried, I flew to summon Sleep  
That he should not retain thee in this way,  
But fly to where the hanging bats may keep  
Council with owls, and until twilight stay.

The carpet green is spread, lad, get you up,  
In the sun's light, dew drops like diamonds gleam,  
The opening daisy and the buttercup  
Are nodding by the bank along the stream.

And from the water rolls the filmy mist,  
The River casts her bridal robe away,  
Ere raptured ripples all thy limbs have kissed,  
Put off thy garment, boy, for it is day! —

*George Ives.*