

The Green Sheaf

KYN VYTTYN (BEFORE MORNING.)

Go back, sweet slip of cambric to my own,
And bid her wait for day :
The night is wet, the windy stars are flown,
The taller trees beside the river moan,
The dawn can be but gray.

Cambric and tears : rain on a soul a-fire :
Dew in the tulip's heart :
The trampled lane is ankle-deep in mire,
Yet orchard birds, in undesponding quire,
Sing lauds for those who part.

Go back to her, the light is spreading fast,
Tell her my lips are dumb :
Clouds veil the sun ; but say that at the last
Each storm-torn sail and every shaken mast
To some safe port must come.

L. C. Duncombe-Jewell.

4 Mfs MÊ, 1903.

A DREAM.

I STOOD beside my couch, and saw my soul
Radiant, unfettered, beautiful and bright,
Rise from the flesh, and softly steal away
Into the lonely silence of the night.
One glance it cast upon the senseless clay,
In those impassioned eyes I saw the gleam
Of bitter hatred and divine regret ;
And cold with fear I woke from out my dream.

Victor Bridges.