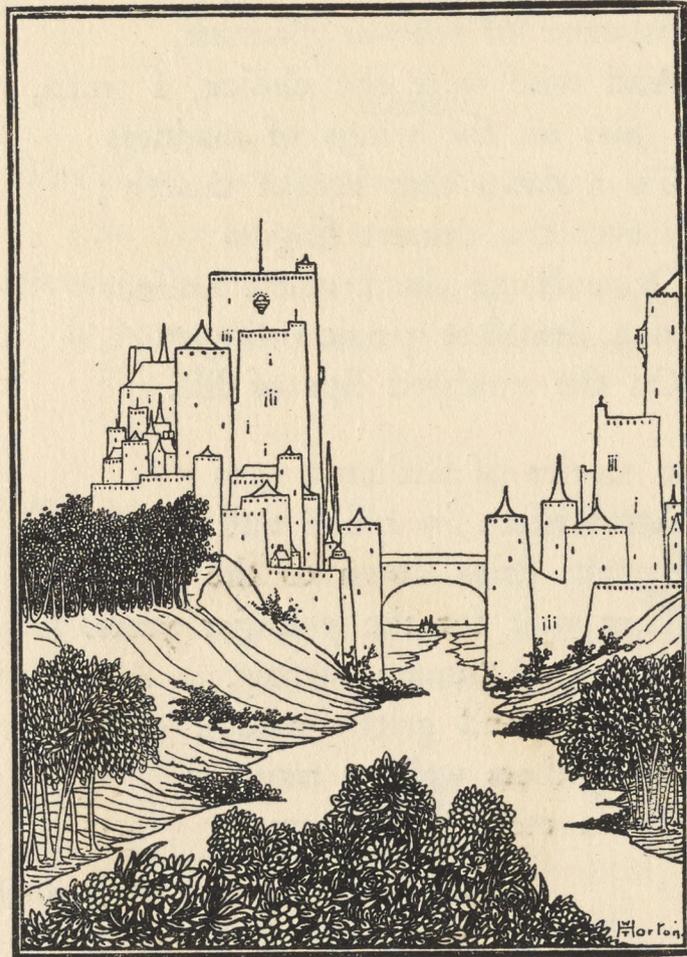


The Green Sheaf



CHATEAU DE GARDE.

MY LADY OF PAIN.

PALE as the moonlight on the sea, was
My Lady of Pain,
And, Oh, the grief in her haunting eyes,
Tear-wet and grey as are April skies,
Gazing each evening so mournful wise
On the distant plain.

