

# The Green Sheaf

## LOVE'S AWAKENING.

A MOMENT of rose-lit gladness,  
And wise were the choice, I ween,  
To pass on the wings of madness  
To a dawn that breaks unseen ;  
For ever the dearest fingers  
Drive home the cruelest knife,  
And a deathless passion lingers  
On the unkissed lips of life.

The stories of withered ages  
Are written in blood and tears,  
The stain drips down to the pages  
That wait for the younger years.  
Yet over all human sorrow,  
And beyond grief's wildest dream,  
Love's pitiless waking morrow  
Stands eternally supreme.

*Victor Bridges.*

