

## *Pierrot*

PIERROT

**O** SOME there are who bury deep  
Lost joy in a grave far out of sight,  
Saying, "O trouble me not, but sleep  
In silence by day and night."

But I have left my joy to stray  
Alive in the wood of my Delight,  
Where the thrush and the linnet sing by day  
And the nightingale by night.

But I—I wander away, away  
Far down where the high road stretches white,  
And I laugh and sing for the crowd by day  
And weep for my heart by night.

I wait for the Hour when Death shall say:  
"O come to the wood of thy Delight,  
Where thy Love shall sing to thee all the day  
And lie on thy breast all night."

ALTHEA GYLES