

## Oasis

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

FAR spreads the desert before and the waste behind us,  
Grey and a-dust—but here the forest is green,  
Here nor the irons of Eld nor of winter bind us,  
Neither the grief of the known nor the unforeseen.

Faintly the south wind stirs, with the woods awaking,  
Softly the kind sun shines, like a golden flower.  
Wake, O my heart, and remember . . . the buds are breaking.  
Rest, O my heart, and forget . . . 'tis the magic hour !

Joy comes once more ; once more through the wet leaves  
    swinging  
Vistas of silver and blue in the birch-woods gleam ;  
In the dusk of the cold spring dawn with a blackbird singing—  
Singing the Song of Songs by the Gates of Dream.