

Two Songs

By Rosamund Marriott-Watson

I—Requiescat

BURY me deep when I am dead,
Far from the woods where sweet birds sing ;
Lap me in sullen stone and lead,
Lest my poor dust should feel the spring.

Never a flower be near me set,
Nor starry cup nor slender stem,
Anemone nor violet,
Lest my poor dust remember them.

And you—wherever you may fare—
Dearer than birds, or flowers, or dew—
Never, ah me, pass never there,
Lest my poor dust should dream of you.

II—The Isle of Voices

FAIR blows the wind to-day, fresh along the valleys,
Strange with the sounds and the scents of long ago ;
Sinks in the willow-grove ; shifts, and sighs, and rallies—
Whence, Wind ? and why, Wind ? and whither do you go ?

Why, Wind, and whence, Wind ?—yet well and well I know it—
Word from a lost world, a world across the sea ;
No compass guides there, never chart will show it,
Green grows the grave there that holds the heart of me.

Sunk lies my ship, and the cruel sea rejoices,
Sharp are the reefs where the hungry breakers fret—
Land so long lost to me—Youth, the Isle of Voices—
Call never more to me—I who must forget.