THE GREEN SHEAF

The Complete Series (vol I - XIII)
edited by
PAMELA COLMAN SMITH
with a new introduction by
ALADDIN COLLAR

Dedicated to my mom,
who knows where the faerie folk roam.
-Aladdin Collar

ISBN: 979864699 1677

Published in Arkham, MA, by the
American Eldritch Society
for the Preservation of
Hearsay and Rumor

http://www.theamericaneldritchsocietyforthe
preservationofhearsayandrumor.com

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME IV

VOLUME V

VOLUME VI

VOLUME VII

VOLUME VIII

VOLUME IX

VOLUME X

VOLUME XI

VOLUME XII

VOLUME XIII

INTRODUCTION

by Aladdin Collar

Pamela Colman Smith (known to her friends as "Pixie") secured her place in the history of Western esoterica in 1909, after she was commissioned to illustrate a new tarot deck by the author and mystic A.E. Waite. The illustrations were instantly iconic upon release, and their popularity was greatly bolstered by Waite's failure to copyright the work in the United States. The cards, henceforth in the public domain, were widely circulated in new decks, in books, on merchandise, album covers, and so on and so forth - unlikely fuel for the American consumerist behemoth. Over a century and change, the Waite-Rider Tarot's visual style has been firmly cemented in popular culture as a stock aesthetic of the esoteric and occult.

In *The Green Sheaf* (1903 - 1904), we can see some of the artistic foundations of those cards being developed. Ancient archetypes processed by modern symbolists; forms and figures plucked from folklore and myth, rendered in bold lines and flat colors. As editor, Pixie commissioned work from her various social circles in London; she drew on previous connections from *A Broad Sheet* (another arts magazine, co-edited with Jack Butler Yeats), as well as the Lyceum Theatre Group, the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, literary celebrities from the Irish & Celtic Revivals, and gay rights activists from the secret Order of the Chaeronea.

As she developed her magazine, Pixie regularly gathered her friends for weekly salons at her studio in Chelsea; Arthur Ransom, a contemporary English writer, described one of these nights in a chapter of his book of essays, *Bohemia in London* (1907).

"She welcomed us with the oddest shriek," Ransome recalls of meeting Pixie for the first time, in 1901. "It was the oddest, most uncanny little shriek, half laugh, half exclamation. It made me very shy. It was obviously an affection, and yet seemed just the right manner of welcome from the strange little creature, 'god daughter of a witch and sister to a fairy' who uttered it."

In a 'mad room out of a fairy tale,' with its walls covered in drawings and paintings from around the world, and curated with such fanciful artifacts and baubles as to 'have the effect of a well designed curiosity shop,' Ransome was treated to an evening of poetry, storytelling, and song. Pixie and her friends performed for one another amid the smoke of cigarettes and thick incense; the cocktail of the evening was the 'opal hush,' an amethystine blend of lemonade and red claret. A visitors' book was kept, signed by the attendees with caricatures and rhymes, the pages 'used as a tournament field' of jest between friends.

After this introduction to the studio, Ransome made a point to return each week to Pixie's parties. "Always we were merry. The evening was never wasted. There I heard poetry read as if the ghost of some old minstrel had descended on the reader, and shown how the words should be chanted aloud."

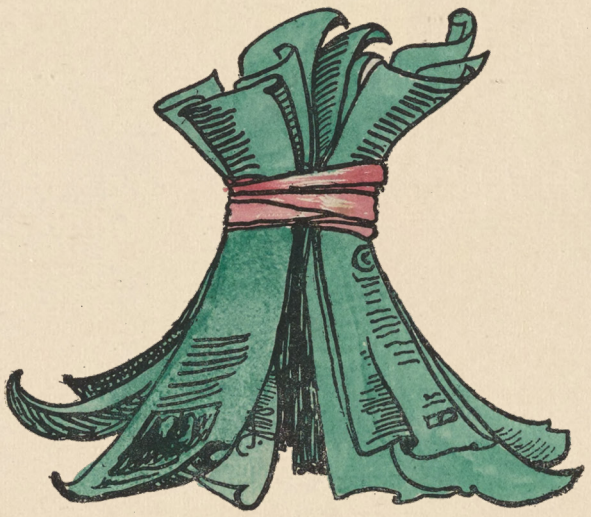
The spirit of Pixie's salon was distilled, like an alchemist's solution, into *The Green Sheaf.* It ran for 13 hand-colored issues. Included in its pages were not just contemporary voices, but fragments from the Gothic-Romance-era masters such as William Blake, Anna Laetitia Barbauld, and John Keats. The magazine made themes of dreaming, spirituality, and a longing for a world to which we can never return.

In contrast to the popularity of her Tarot designs, Pixie's *Sheaf* fell immediately into obscurity; prior to this volume, it has never been collected or republished. With that grievous error corrected, it is my pleasure to present to you, thunderously and without mercy, the complete *Green Sheaf.*

May it be enshrined in crystal, evermore.

The Green Sheaf

No. I



1903

LONDON

SOLD BY ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET, W.

The Green Sheaf.

My *Sheaf* is small . . . but it is green.

I will gather into my *Sheaf* all the young fresh things I can—*pictures*, *verses*, *ballads* of *love* and *war* ; tales of *pirates* and the *sea*.

You will find ballads of the *old world* in my *Sheaf*. Are they not green for ever . . .

Ripe ears are *good* for *bread*, but green ears are good for *pleasure*.

I hope you will have my *Sheaf* in your house and like it.

It will stay *fresh* and *green* then.

• • • • • • • • • • •

There will be thirteen Numbers in the year, printed on Hand-made paper, and the Subscription will be Thirteen shillings annually, post free. Single Copies may be had at Thirteen pence each.

CONTRIBUTORS.

Pictures.	*Letterpress.*
Æ.	A. E.
GORDON CRAIG.	ALIX EGERTON.
CECIL FRENCH.	CECIL FRENCH.
W. T. HORTON.	LADY GREGORY.
E. MONSELL.	JOHN MASEFIELD.
J. MONSELL.	CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN.
PAMELA COLMAN SMITH.	E. HARCOURT WILLIAMS.
DOROTHY P. WARD.	W. B. YEATS.

Edited and Published by PAMELA COLMAN SMITH,
14, MILBORNE GROVE, THE BOLTONS, LONDON, S.W.

The Green Sheaf.

The Book-worm.

The Green Sheaf.

THE HILL OF HEART'S DESIRE.

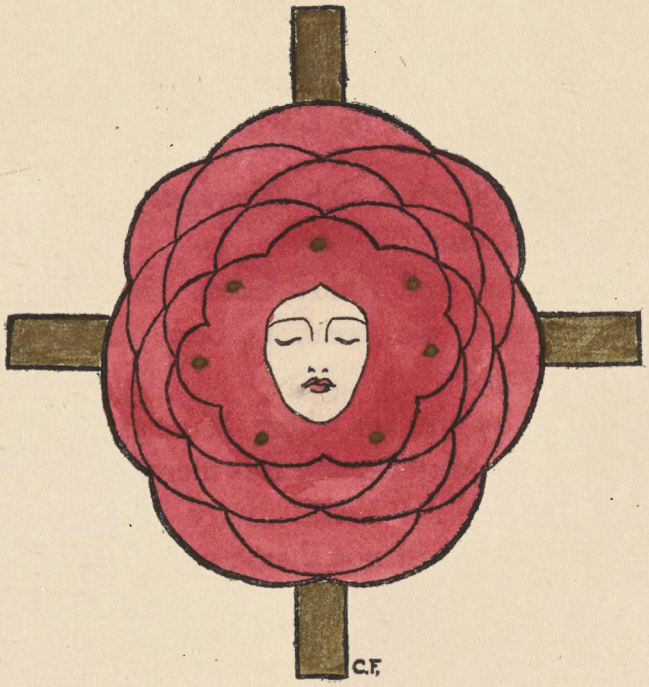
Translated by Lady Gregory from the Irish of Raferty, a Peasant Poet of seventy years ago.

AFTER the Christmas, with the help of Christ, I will never stop if I am alive, I will go to the sharp-edged little hill. For it is a fine place, without fog falling, a blessed place that the sun shines on, and the wind does not rise there, or anything of the sort.

And if you were a year there you would get no rest, only sitting up at night and eternally drinking.

The lamb and the sheep are there, the cow and the calf are there, fine land is there without heath and without bog. Ploughing and seed-sowing in the right month, and plough and harrow prepared and ready ; the rent that is called for there, they have means to pay it ; oats and flax there, and large eared barley ; beautiful valleys with good growth in them, and hay. Rods grow there, and bushes and tufts, white fields are there and respect for trees ; shade and shelter from wind and rain ; priests and friars reading their book ; spending and getting is there, and nothing scarce.

The Green Sheaf.



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

BEYOND the warring of vain hopes, I hear
A voice that cries for ever in my breast :
"*They who have dreamed of Beauty and yet fear*
To cast away the world, shall find no rest
Beneath the sun, but hang upon the Rood
Of Time, until the world is laid to sleep,
And they are one with the bright multitude
Merged in the untroubled splendour of the deep."

Cecil French.

The Green Sheaf.

A SONG OF THE PYRENEES.

Out of your smile I weave a silver web,
And as the day grows down to evensong
I fold it round my heart, this glistening veil,
And sit and dream there shrouded in your smile.

Out of a word from you I weave a song,
And a dim music that I only hear
Flows through the hours of sunshine and of storm,
The music of the stars out of one word.

Out of your silences I build my heaven,
A strange fair garden 'neath a slumbering moon ;
Amid the din and chatter of the world
I dwell there in my heaven of silences.

Alix Egerton.

The Green Sheaf.

HOW MASTER CONSTANS WENT TO THE NORTH.

Heard and Told by Christopher St. John.

There lived in the South a rich *Merchant* whose name was *Musciat*, and his son's name was *Constans*.

The father was *broad* and ruddy-faced. He had great strength and great *Pride*. But Constans was weak in body and his *Humility* was as though he had been a beggar.

Now in the town by the *sea* where Musciat lived there was another Merchant even *richer* than Musciat, and this merchant had a daughter called *Jehane*. And Musciat said: "I will marry my son Constans to Jehane . . . then her father's *riches* will not shame me."

Although Jehane was very *fair*, Musciat found that Constans was nowise hot on the *wedding*, and Musciat said: "This comes of feeding and clothing poor people, and kissing their *feet*. . . . My son, you shall have no more of my *gold* to squander on *mesel folk* . . . if you take not Jehane as your wife."

Constans answered nothing for some time. Then, heavy-hearted, he spoke. "I have sworn faith to a *Princess* of the North . . . and although Jehane is fairer than a star-bright *evening*, I will not wed her."

"God's mercy!" said Musciat, mocking him. "And when were you in the *North*?" "I was never there," said Constans. "But in clear dream I have seen her . . . and she is my *fellow* . . . I am to seek her . . . when I am worthy."

And Musciat answered in a great rage that Constans should seek her now. And Musciat drove Constans out.

The Green Sheaf

HOW MASTER CONSTANS WENT TO THE NORTH.

Heard and Told by Christopher St. John.

(Continued from No. 1.)

So Constans left the warm South and journeyed towards the mountains. And he suffered much pain and care from *cold* and from Poverty. His limbs began to fail, yet never was he heavy-hearted as he had been in the gentle *South*. And he sang always :

" *O what to me the Southern air . .*
O what to me my father's gold . .
The golden blossom of her hair
Grows in a land of bitter cold.". . .

Then came Constans to the *Black Ice* itself, where no tree may grow and no man may live . . And the body of Constans was as light as though he had been a *ghost*.

And all the days were nights, but *Constans* had faith that when he reached the far-off *Princess*, all the nights would be days.

There came an hour when he was quite undone by his *Sickness*, and he cast himself down on the ground and cried : " Let me die . . for even if she should dwell here, I might not behold her face in this *gloom*."

And as Constans wept, he fell into a deep *sleep*. And while he slept, a troop of the shining ones came round him, and the air was full of musick.

" Wake now, Constans . . wake now. Have *faith*, for she, whom you seek, is near."

And Constans awoke. The bright beings had gone, but the sound of *hautboys* and *flutes* was still in the air, and the icy wind was softened with the smell of frankincense.

In front of Constans was a high mountain of ice as clear as *Crystal*, and as *green* as the leaves in spring.

The Green Sheaf

It seemed to Constans that the sun shone from the *heart* of the mountain, and Constans laughed and danced for joy.

Therewith he drew nearer to the *Hill*, and now he felt himself hurt that he had not known at once that Sun to be the *hair* of his lady . . Nor did it trouble him that she was not clad in the princely *robes* of his dreams, but wore a mean *beggar's* garment.

" Mercy on me, my lady," cried Constans. " Since we have loved so long in *dream* . . I pray you tell me how to reach you."

" Then should you taste of death Master Constans," said the lady, and Constans saw that she was whiter than snow.

" Yet I will come nearer," said Constans. And he walked into the icy side of the mountain, and his faith like flame melted the *ice*, and he came to her.

The Green Sheaf

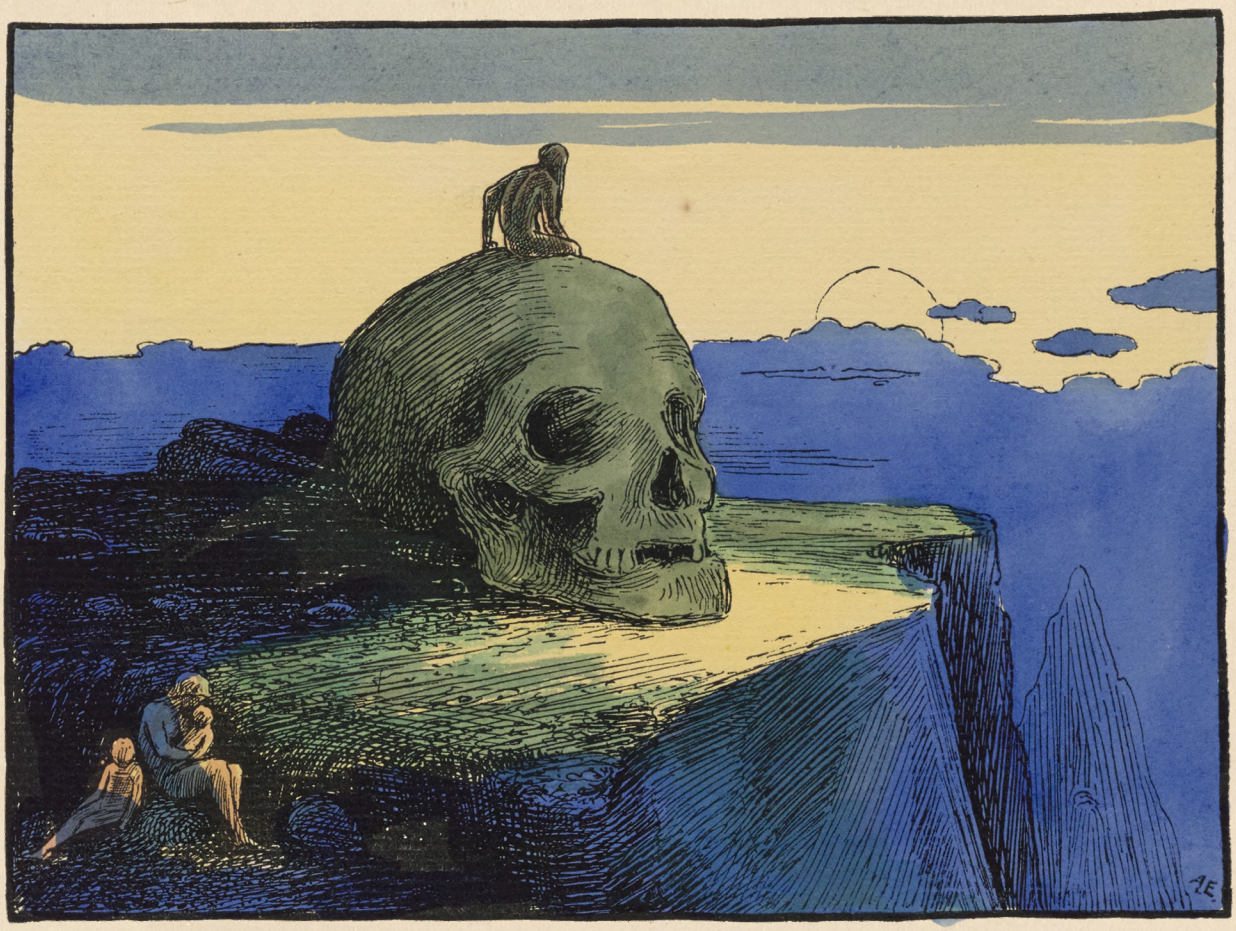
The world of imagination is the world of eternity. It is the divine bosom into which we shall go after the death of the vegetated body.

The world of imagination is infinite and eternal, whereas the world of generation or vegetation is finite and temporal.

There exist in that eternal world the eternal realities of everything which we see reflected in this vegetable glass of nature.

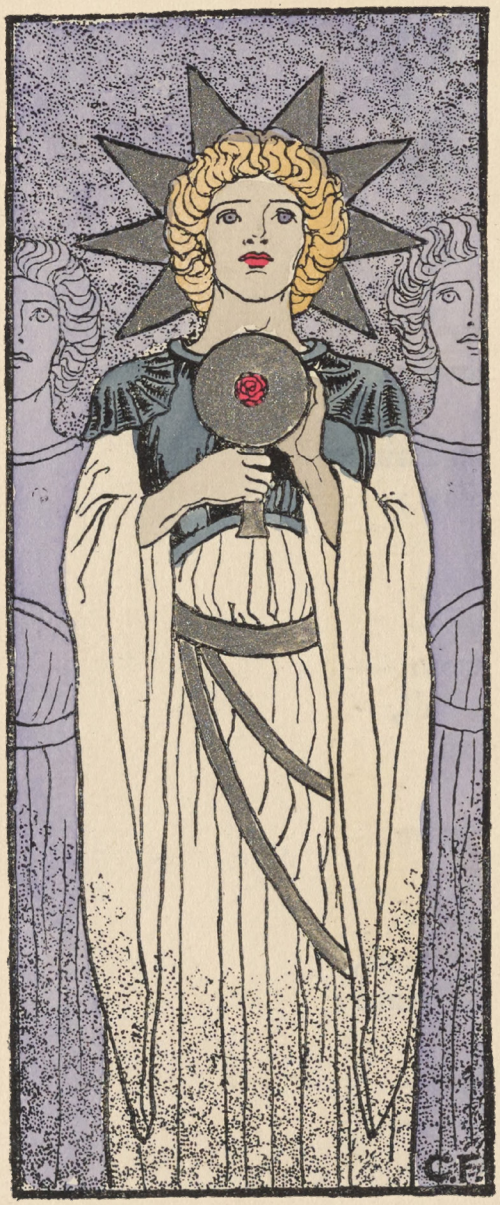
William Blake.

Supplement to *The Green Sheaf*, No. 2.



A Million Years Hence.

The Green Sheaf

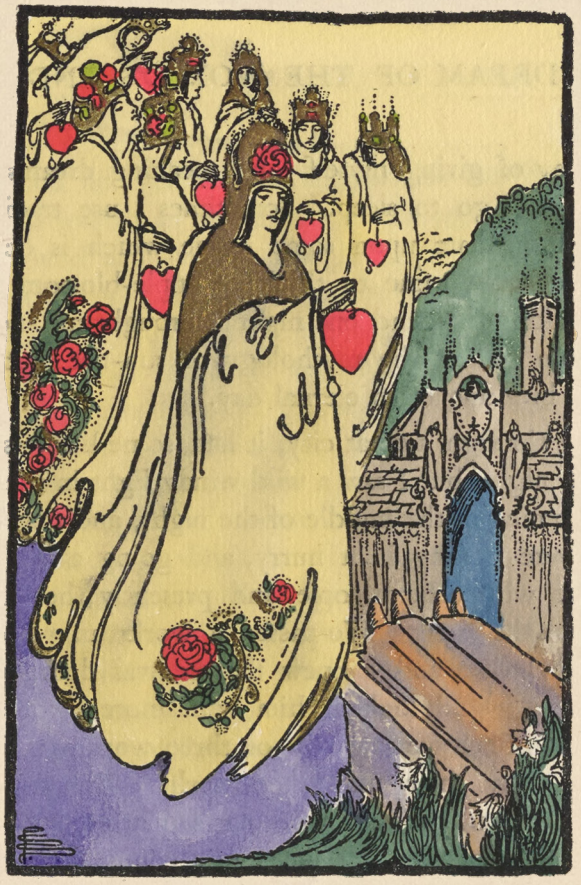


A PRAYER TO THE LORDS OF DREAM.

ALL things have conspired against me
To fill my heart with unrest.
Let me hide the world from remembrance;
To dream were surely best,
For the warring of flesh and spirit
Can only be drowned in dreams.
O Lords of the Silver Shadow,
Be tender with my dreams,
Lest even my dreams should conspire
To fill my heart with unrest.

Cecil French.

The Green Sheaf



Once, in a dream, I saw a great church with a long narrow door, and behind it rose a green hill. There was a garden on the top with arches cut in box. The rooks cawed overhead. As I walked at the foot of the hill I came to the church-yard, where many lilies grew ; and close by the church door was a sandstone tomb with two figures carved on it. A foot of one of them began to wag.

Suddenly on the left there was a sound of solemn music—and many spirits floated by. Mild faces had they ; and every one carried a red heart from which dropped a pearl—hung by a golden chain.

Then passing by they disappeared into the long blue door of the church.

P. C. S.

The Green Sheaf

DREAM OF THE WORLD'S END.

I HAVE a way of giving myself long meaning dreams, by meditating on a symbol when I go to sleep. Sometimes I use traditional symbols, and sometimes I meditate upon some image which is only a symbol to myself. A while ago I came to think of apple-blossom as an image of the East and breaking day, and one night it brought me, not as I expected a charming dream full of the mythology of sun-rise, but this grotesque dream about the breaking of an eternal day.

I was going through a great city, it had some likeness to Paris about Auteuil. It was night, but I saw a wild windy light in the sky, and knew that dawn was coming in the middle of the night, and that it was the Last Day. People were passing in a hurry, and going away from the light. I was in a brake with other people, and presently the horses ran away. They ran towards the light. We passed a workman who was making a wall in his best clothes, and I knew that he was doing this because he thought the Judge would look at him with more favourable eyes if he were found busy. Then we saw two or three workmen with white faces watching the sky by their unfinished work. Everybody now was a workman, for it seemed to be a workman's quarter, and there were not many people running past us. Then I saw young workmen eating their breakfast at a long table in a yard. They were eating raw bacon. I understood somehow that they had thought "we may as well eat our breakfast even though this is the Last Day"; but, that when they began to cook it, they had thought, "it is not worth while to trouble about cooking it." All they needed was food, that they might live through the Last Day calmly.

The Green Sheaf

After that, and now we seemed to have left the brake, though I did not remember our leaving it, we came to a bridge over a wide river, and the sky was very wild and bright, though I could not see any sun. All in a moment I saw a number of parachutes descending, and a man in a seedy black frock-coat came out of one of them, and began distributing circulars. At the head of them was the name of a seller of patent medicines, and we all understood the moment we saw the name, that he was one of the most wicked of men, for he had put up great posters that had spoiled many beautiful views. Each circular had printed upon it a curse against this man, and a statement that a curse given at the end of the world must of necessity weigh heavily with the Eternal Judge. These curses called for the damnation of the patent medicine seller, and you were asked to sign them at the bottom, undertaking at the same time to pay the sum of one pound to the medicine seller if the end of the world had not really come. I remember that the circular spoke of this "solemn occasion," but I do not recollect any other of the exact words. I awoke, and was for some time in great terror, for it seemed to me that an armed thief was hidden somewhere in the darkness of my room. Was this some echo of what the Bible has said about "one who shall come as a thief in the night?"

W. B. Yeats.

The Green Sheaf

A DREAM ON INISHMAAN.

Some dreams I have had in a cottage near the Dun of Conchubar, on the middle Island of Aran, seem to give strength to the opinion that there is a psychic memory attached to certain neighbourhoods.

One night after moving among buildings with strangely intense light upon them, I heard a faint rhythm of music beginning far away from me on some stringed instrument.

It came closer to me, gradually increasing in quickness and volume with an irresistibly definite progression. When it was quite near the sounds began to move in my nerves and blood, and to urge me to dance with them.

I knew, even in my dream, that if I yielded to the sounds I would be carried away to some moment of terrible agony, so I struggled to remain quiet, holding my knees together with my hands.

The music increased again, sounding like the strings of harps tuned to a forgotten scale, and having a resonance as searching as the strings of the Cello.

Then the luring excitement became more powerful than my will, and my limbs moved in spite of me.

In a moment I was swept away in a whirlwind of notes. My breath and my thoughts and every impulse of my body became a form of the dance, till I could not distinguish any more between the instruments and the rhythm, and my own person or consciousness.

For a while it seemed an excitement that was filled with joy : then it grew into an ecstacy where all existence was lost in a vortex of movement. I could not think there had ever been a life beyond the whirling of the dance.

The Green Sheaf

At last, with a sudden movement, the ecstacy turned to an agony and rage. I struggled to free myself, but seemed only to increase the passion of the steps I moved to. When I shrieked I could only echo the notes of the rhythm.

Then, with a moment of incontrollable frenzy, I broke back to consciousness, and awoke.

• • • • • • • • • • •

I dragged myself, trembling, to the window of the cottage and looked out. The moon was glittering across the bay, and there was no sound anywhere on the island.

J. M. Synge.

JAN A DREAMS.

This dream, like all my intenser dreams, commenced with a noise as of the beating of many wings, the rush of water, and the roaring of a sea-wind.

The tumult lasted for a few seconds, dying into a dry rustling as of leaves scattered along a road in Autumn, and, with the subsidence of the uproar, I woke, as it were, into the bright consciousness of vision. I saw a multitude of dry leaves whirling, in a high wind, along a great white road, and, in a little while, I saw that I, too, was shrunken to a dry writhelled leaf; and then the great wind caught me, and swept me forward among the others, and I knew, as I was blown along, that all these flying leaves were human souls being hurried to Judgment.

After a long, tempestuous passage, this rout of leaves was blown into a vast space, in the midst of which a white fire burned, with a great smoke circling about it. At times this fire quickened and burned high, and then the leaves leaped and danced in merry eddies. At times it guttered low and then the leaves lay and trembled much as they will on the roads in Autumn when the wind is too light to scatter them.

The Green Sheaf

In the great smoke about the fire the seven planets circled and sang, and I knew that each note, each word, each letter of their song was a human soul, for, at times, a dead leaf would be plucked from amongst us and disappear among the smoke, becoming some minute part of the great music of created things. Then I knew that the making of the perfect music was beginning, and that the perfect song of the sailors, and of the sea-creatures, and of the sea-weeds, and of the sea-fowl, and of the sea-winds, and of the sea itself was about to be shapen and to become a part of the song of the singing planets. And I, having loved the sea, lay in my pile of leaves trembling with hope that I might be deemed worthy of some part in that harmony.

The song began at last in a solemn pæan of thunderous and glorious words, like the running of a bright surf upon a beach. Then it trembled down into a quiet lyric, like the chattering of a brook over pebbles; then surged out again in a mournful andante that was like dawn, like a grey twilight upon mountains. Then I knew that the making of a tremendous word was in hand. A word which should signify and qualify the sea; a vast word, gentle, tremulous and solemn, and I was plucked forward (with a catch of joy in my heart, for I thought I had been deemed unworthy) to become one poor letter in the great word, one frail note in the perfect song, and then, as the completed music thundered and throbbed among the planets, I woke.

John Masefield.

The Green Sheaf

La Tranquillita.

The Green Sheaf

A MASQUE

THE HARVEST HOME

DESIGNED AND ARRANGED BY MARTIN SHAW AND EDWARD GORDON CRAIG.

The Green Sheaf

THE HARVEST HOME.

The Ceremony of an English Harvest Home is thus described by Hentzner, who travelled through England towards the close of the 16th century, and published his itinerarium in 1598. "As we were returning to our Inn" (at Windsor) "we happened to meet some country people celebrating their harvest home: their last load of corn they crown with flowers, having besides an image richly dressed, by which they would perhaps signify Ceres; this they keep moving about, while men and women, men and maid servants, riding through the streets in the cart, shout as loud as they can till they arrive at the barn."

In the present entertainment the above description is followed with some exactness, though the whole partakes of the character of a Masque. The music is nearly all taken from the most beautiful and in some cases unfamiliar folk music. PURCELL has been drawn upon for a charming country dance, and for the kissing duet.

First we have a procession of harvesters clad in faultlessly correct costumes, who sing their way through the village to the barn with a harvest song. After the ceremony has taken place, they give themselves up to sport and play. Characteristic songs are sung by the various villagers, and the utmost good humour and merriment prevails. For the miller leaves his home by Dee side to sing and enjoy himself, and is not the poacher of Lincoln here telling of "his delight on a starry night?" Then there are the Morris dancers capering about with bells on their legs, and the Hobby Horses with an exact presentment of the dance which took the town and country side by storm in the time of the Merry Monarch, —the Swinging Songs—the Kissing Duets—the Children and their little Maypole—and so on, till you, and the dancers, and singers are tired.

The day's festivities end by a dance in which all join in a rollicking tune called "The King's Jig," the strains of which are heard far away in the distance as the merry makers retire to their homes. The performers number from 30 to 40, and the time taken is about three quarters of an hour, or longer if desired.

The Green Sheaf

THE LAMENT OF THE DEAD KNIGHT.

I HEAR my dear Love
Crying in the North,
While all the ice-floes lay 'twixt me and her,
And frozen by her tears I could not stir
Nor reach my dear Love
Crying in the North.

I hear my dear Love
Crying in the East,
Around her lay long leagues of desert land,
And I lay buried underneath the sand,
And could not touch her
Crying in the East.

I heard my dear Love
Crying in the South,
The flowers grew so thick about her feet,
Blinding me with their perfume sickly sweet.
I could not find her
Crying in the South.

I hear my dear Love
Crying in the West,
Where the green grass is waving over me,
But, Oh, her dear, dear face I cannot see,
Nor kiss my dear Love
Crying in the West.

Alix Egerton.

The Green Sheaf

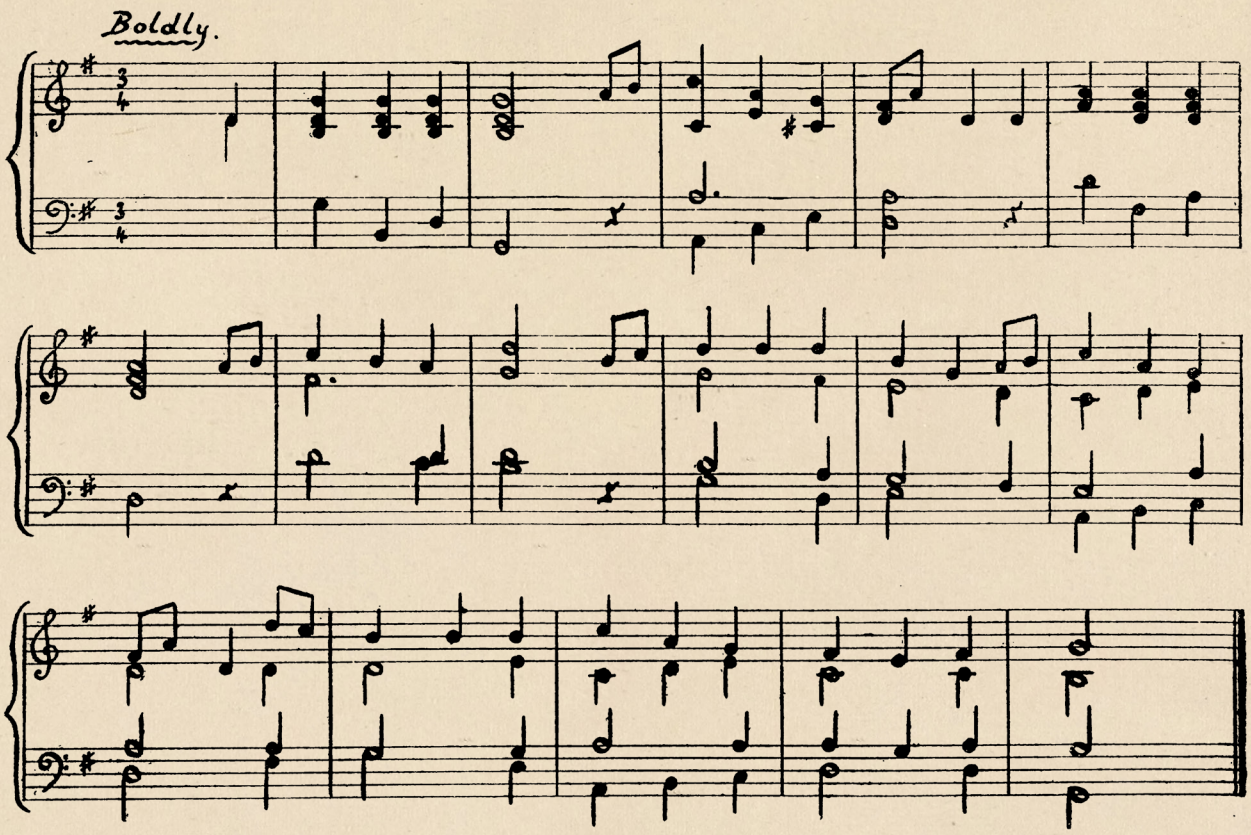
EVENTIDE.

The lonely path that I would tread
At night-fall by the pixies led,
It leadeth to the no-man's land
Where plighted, linkèd lovers stand :—
Lips sealing lips, in silence they
Give ear to what the heavens say :—
The evening star to setting sun—
"The day has half its course to run."

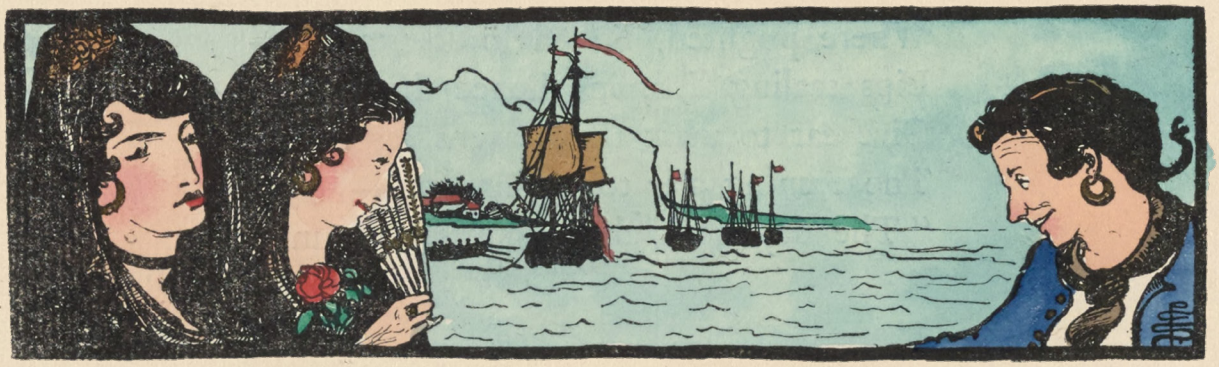
Ernest Radford.

The Green Sheaf

SPANISH LADIES.



Arranged by Martin Shaw.



The Green Sheaf

SPANISH LADIES.

Farewell and adieu to you fine Spanish Ladies—
Farewell and adieu all you Ladies of Spain—
For we've received orders to sail for Old England
And perhaps we shall never more see you again.

Chorus—We'll rant and we'll roar like true British Sailors,
We'll range and we'll roam over all the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of Old England—
From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five leagues.

We hove our ship to when the wind was sou'west boys,
We hove our ship to for to strike soundings clear,
Then we filled our main-tops'l and bore right away boys,
And right up the Channel our course we did steer.

Chorus—We'll rant and we'll roar—etc.

The first land we made it is known as the Deadman,
Next Ram Head near Plymouth, Start, Portland and Wight ;
We sailèd past Beachy, past Fairly and Dungeness,
And then bore away for the South Foreland Light.

Chorus—We'll rant and we'll roar—etc.

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor
All all in the Downs that night for to meet,
So stand by your stoppers, see clear your shank-painters,
Haul all your clew-garnets, stick out tacks and sheets.

Chorus—We'll rant and we'll roar—etc.

Now let every man toss off a full bumper,
Now let every man toss off a full bowl,
For we will be jolly and drown melancholy
In a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul.

Chorus—We'll rant and we'll roar—etc.

Words and Music given to John Masefield by Wally Blair, A.B.

The Green Sheaf

RECONCILEMENT.

I BEGIN through the grass once again to be bound to the Lord,
I can see, through a face that has faded, the face full of rest,
Of the earth, of the mother, my heart with her heart in accord.
As I lie 'mid the cool green tresses that mantle her breast
I begin through the grass once again to be bound to the Lord.

By the hand of a child I am led to the throne of the King;
For a touch that now fevers me not is forgotten and far,
And His infinite sceptred hands that sway us can bring
Me in dreams from the laugh of a child to the song of a star.
On the laugh of a child I am borne to the joy of the King.

A. E.

DONALD DUBH.

"Donald Dubh! Donald Dubh!" Ah! for pity's sake
Cry no more upon his name, lest my heart should break,
Listen!—"Donald! Donald Dubh!"—how the curlews call,
Winging low upon the moor where the shadows fall.

"Donald Dubh! Donald Dubh!"—Cold and stark his clay,
Cold the earth lies on his breast, where my kisses lay.
I have sought you, Donald Dubh, over hill and plain,
And I find you here, at last, in the wind and rain.

Donald Dubh, Donald Dubh, I have wandered wide,
Weary now I lay me down at your lone grave side.
Out upon the windy moor, by the sobbing sea,
Where you're sleeping, Donald Dubh, is there room for me?

Lina Marston.

The Green Sheaf

AUDAX IN RECTO.

The Green Sheaf

A BALLAD OF A NIGHT REFUGE.

(To MAXIM GORKY.)

NIGHT after night, below the street,
We sank into the dark;
A company of wretched souls,
Bearing one fearful mark—
The sign of the ashes and the dust
That choke the heavenly spark.

And those of us who rose at morn,
And crept into the light,
Were dazed and angered by the world—
Better the impure night,
When clouds of smoke and brandy fumes
Deadened our anguished sight;

And through the gloom distorted shapes
Wrangled and cursed and cried,
Or, with gross jest and devilish sneer,
Called on the Christ who died;
While all the time their wretched state
Did their poor vice deride.

Creatures that once were men, we loathed
To look upon the sun—
The sun's no friend to sores and dirt;
Our rags of gray and dun
Took on some grace in that foul place
Where night and day are one . . .

Those at the bottom have their pride,
Those at the bottom know
That nimble air and sunshine fair
Abhor the sons of woe.
And those who from the darkness come
Must back to darkness go.

Down to our sordid deeps one night
A tramp, a stranger came;
He slipped upon the rotting steps—
He happened to be lame—
And fell headlong—we yelled with mirth;
A cripple is fair game!

And he laughed too, but now the sound
Was that you hear above,
When lovers dance to violins,
And laugh because they love.
In dull surprise, with drink-dimmed eyes
We stared—not one could move.

He seemed as wretched as we all,
The bottom his right place,
Yet he was gay as June and Day,
Like the blue sky his face;
His glance was clear as one who sees
Horizons far in space.

The Green Sheaf

He said that he had tramped the roads,
The roads that have no end,
Until his feet were past the power
Of God or man to mend ;
Nor could he find, he said, a king,
With a prancing horse to lend !

Like rain upon our sullen souls
His gentle story fell—
Thief, baron, actor, anarchist
Sat quiet beneath his spell—
Quiet as those souls in pain when Christ
Descended into hell.

Nor did you hear or flout or jeer,
Or ribald laugh upraised ;
" What you believe, that alone is,"
He cried—we sat amazed,
While he described the righteous land,
And rapt before him gazed.

" 'Tis far from men who sow and reap,
This dear, this righteous land ;
It is not marked on any map,
No ship has touched its strand :
Yet can I show its beauty now,
Its wealth ye may command.

" We do not dream—a heavenly stream,
Where drunkards drink, and straight
Their wasted years are given back,
Once more they're at the gate
Of hope, of fame—once more their name
Burns on the angels' slate.

" A robe of white, a seamless robe
Worn once, makes bodies fair
That here were spoiled by dirt and lust—
The body's leprous snare :
As light as ghosts, as sweet as flowers,
They walk in beauty there.

" In righteous land there are no laws,
No prisons, and no gold ;
No kings—our crowns are broken hearts—
Good is not bought and sold ;
But men all learn to love and give,
Then all their life is told."

Pale as the moon-white hosts of death,
They rose up from the ground—
Thieves, fallen women, slaves of drink,
They moved as in a swound,
They moved as though to hidden flutes—
Slowly they gathered round.

And gazed in his enraptured eyes ;
Then, turning, left him there ;
Without a word, the ghastly herd
Climbed to the upper air.
On ramparts dim of highest heaven,
The golden trumpets blare . . .

The Baron smiled his mystic smile,
Held up his thin white hand :
" With lie divine you catch the weak
They seek your Righteous Land,
And find Asylums, Prisons, Homes,
Rescue—best Christian brand.

" Feed them with lies, for lies bring dreams,
And flaming reveries ;
But so you may not feed the strong,
Who read with bitter eyes
The brutal truth, and lose the wings
That bear to Paradise."

. . . And now was hurled from the outer world
A sudden blast of noise,
Four men in black, all spick and span,
With lamps and steely toys,
Came over the rim of the cellar dim—
. . A savage " All right, boys "—

The Green Sheaf

A sickening clap of an iron trap,
The jingling of a chain,
That lame, frail man is prisoned fast
By four men, strong and sane.
Four men must bind his delicate hands,
And give his body pain.

In his jacket strait, he is dragged away—
He draws a shuddering breath—
Like worlds on fire his lonely eyes—
As with gasping sigh, he saith :—
"The weak have faith, the weak have dreams...
The strong have only death !"

PETERSBURG, 19—

Christopher St. John.

A PAGAN RHYME.

THE big men of the city
They walk her streets with ease,
And rule her men like gentlemen
Careless whether they please—
And if they sin 'tis licensed sin
By their own law allowed—
Give me to be an outsider
One of the crowd.

The ladies of the city
They drive adown her ways—
(Armed scornful 'gainst all glances
And heedless of men's praise—
Snow white for show to the city)—
Cry not their loves aloud—
Give me to love an outsider
One of the crowd.

These princes of society,
The narrow ring inside—
Without there beats the fighting world
A cramped but happy tide—
Bound all their little laws to keep,
Of high position proud—
Give me for friend an outsider
One of the crowd.

Give me to live beyond the pale
Not covetous of wealth—
Give me to keep the laws of life
And a strong law for myself—
Give me to love the hearts of men
And scorn the outward dress—
Give me to be an outsider
Nothing less.

Herbert Shaw.

The Green Sheaf

CORNELION AND AMETHYST.

THERE was once a shepherd youth called Cornelion. He was wont to tend his flock and pipe all day upon an oaten reed in a field bedecked with poppies and white daisies. His loins were clad in a rugged sheep skin, and his bronzed limbs shone red-brown in the sunset. A wide brimmed hat was on his bright red towzled hair, shading his features—transparent in their beauty—and into leathern sandals were thrust his naked feet.

One day a maiden came among the poppies. She was very fair to see, her eyes were like two violets in Spring, and Cornelion named her Amethyst, because the garment girded round her body was deep in colour like that precious stone.

Now it came about that Cornelion took Amethyst in his arms, so that his brown limbs mingled with her fair flesh, and her hair tumbled all about his face like a bounteous aureole. Then did Cornelion kiss Amethyst, because he loved her, just as the sun was setting like a golden orange in a bowl of blue and all the daisies looked like stars in hell.

• • • • • • • • • • •

Amethyst hung her head in sorrow. The lustre had gone out of her eyes, her hair was dead, and the depth had faded from her raiment.

One day Cornelion came again.

" I want my child," he said.

" No child of thine, false shepherd ! "

" Come, come, my Amethyst, forget the past."

" Then teach me to forget myself."

" I do repent me and am come to make amends. Let me have the child and I will make a shepherd of him."

" Must I suffer more, then ? "

" For his sake—perhaps. How can you do for him so well as I do purpose ? You cannot teach him how to tend the ewes at lambing time."

Amethyst raised her tearful face, " I can if sorrow is the way."

" My perfect jewel, I too can sorrow teach."

The Green Sheaf

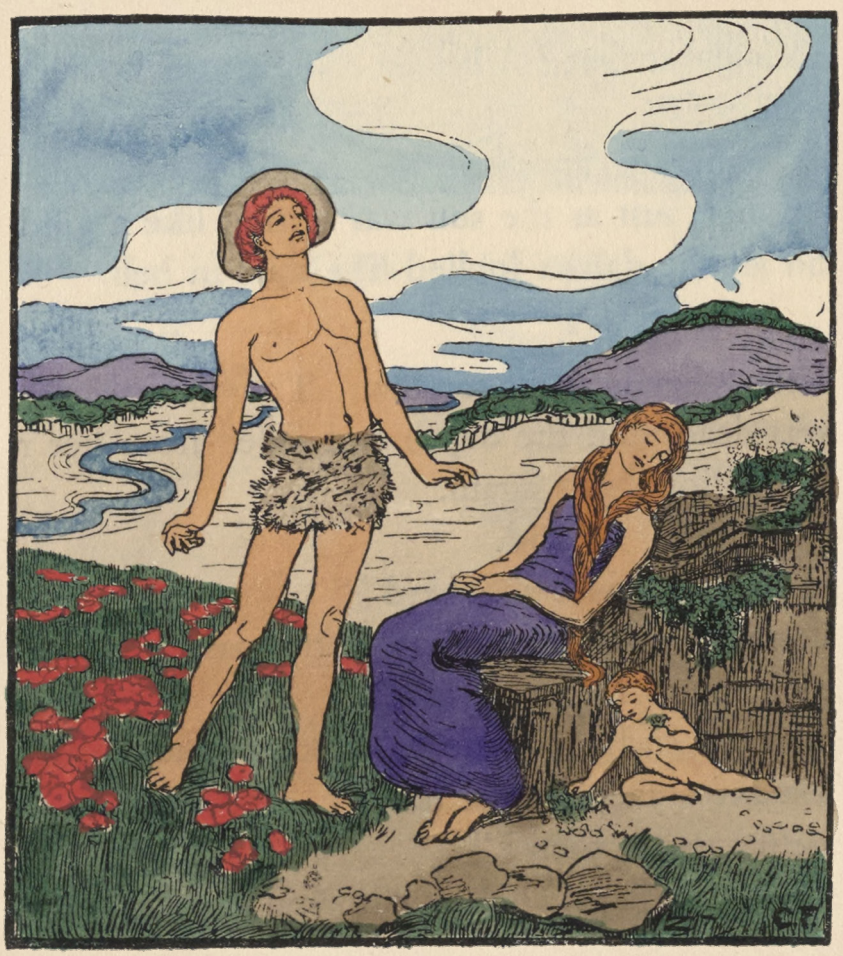
" Then let the child decide. Come here, my little Born-of-sorrow. Wouldst rather go and be a shepherd with Cornelion or stay with me as heretofore ? "

Born-of-sorrow looked up with anxious eyes from Amethyst to the well-built brawny shepherd, then back again to all he knew of love.

At last : " I want you both ! "

Then nymph and shepherd with a joyful throb took each a chubby hand and played once more upon the oaten pipe.

E. Harcourt Williams.



Mrs. Stirling—from an original Drawing by Dante Gabriel Rosetti.
Reproduced by Goodwin (Copyright Registered).

The Green Sheaf

CHARLES, do not you remember the caterpillar we put in a paper box, with some mulberry leaves for it to eat? It is gone—here is no caterpillar—there is something in the box; what is it? I do not know. It is a little ball of yellow stuff. Let us cut it open, perhaps we may find the caterpillar. No, here is nothing but a strange little grub, and it is dead, I believe, for it does not move. Pinch it gently by the tail.

Mrs. Barbauld.

The Green Sheaf

THE WATER-SPRITE.

Nixie, Nixie, in the stream
Why do you hide your face by day?
Are you asleep? And do you dream?
Or do you hide your face in play?

Nixie, Nixie, you may hide
But I can see you over there,
Though into shadowy pools you glide
There floats behind your long green hair.

Nixie, Nixie, sweet and clear
You laugh beneath the water's edge,
It ripples so, and I can hear
Your sighs among the river sedge.

Nixie, Nixie, if at night
I come when all the world's asleep,
Oh, will you hold my hand quite tight
And let me in your palace peep.

Nixie, Nixie, turn your head,
I want to see your laughing eyes;
"There are no Water Sprites," they said,
But I am a child and I am wise.

Alix Egerton.

The Green Sheaf

A DREAM OF ANGUS OGE.

By A. E.

THE day had been wet and wild, and the woods looked dim and drenched from the window where Con sat. All the day long his ever-restless feet were running to the door in a vain hope of sunshine. His sister Norah to quiet him had told him over and over again the tales which delighted him ; the delight of hearing which was second only to the delight of living them over himself, when as Cuculain he kept the ford which led to Ulla, his sole hero heart matching the hosts of Meave ; or as Fergus he wielded the sword of light the Druids made and gave to the champion, which in its sweep shore away the crests of the mountain ; or as Brian, the ill-fated child of Turenn, he went with his brothers in the ocean-sweeping boat further than ever Columbus travelled, winning one by one in dire conflict with kings and enchanters the treasures which would appease the implacable heart of Lu.

He had just died in a corner of the room from his many wounds when Norah came in declaring that all these famous heroes must go to bed. He protested in vain, but indeed he was sleepy, and before he had been carried half way to the room the little soft face drooped with half-closed eyes, while he drowsily rubbed his nose upon her shoulder in an effort to keep awake. For a while she flitted about him, looking, with her dark shadowy hair flickering in the dim, silver light, like one of the beautiful heroines of Gaelic romance, or one of the twilight race of the Sidhe. Before going she sat by his bed and sang to him some verses of a song, set to an old Celtic air whose low intonations were full of a half-soundless mystery :—

" Over the hill-tops the gay lights are peeping :
Down in the vale where the dim fleeces stray
Ceases the smoke from the hamlet upcreeping:
Come, thou, my shepherd, and lead me away.

" Who's the shepherd ? " said the boy, suddenly sitting up.

" Hush, alannah : I will tell you another time." She continued still more softly :

" Lord of the Wand, draw forth from the darkness
Warp of the silver and woof of the gold:
Leave the poor shade there bereft in its starkness :
Wrapped in the fleece we will enter the Fold.

The Green Sheaf

" There from the many-orbed heart where the Mother
Breaths forth the love on her darlings who roam,
We will send dreams to their land of another
Land of the Shining, their birthplace and home."

He would have asked a hundred questions, but she bent over him, enveloping him with a sudden nightfall of hair to give him his good-night kiss, and departed. Immediately the boy sat up again, all his sleepiness gone. The pure, gay, delicate spirit of childhood was darting at ideas dimly perceived in the delicious moonlight of romance which silvered his brain, where many airy and beautiful figures were moving: the Fianna with floating locks chasing the flying deer, and shapes more solemn, vast, and misty, guarding the avenues to unspeakable secrets ; but he steadily pursued his idea.

" I guess he's one of the people who take you away to faeryland. Wonder if he'd come to me ? Think it's easy going away." He had an intuitive perception of the frailty of the link binding childhood to earth in its dreams. (As a man Con will strive with what passionate intensity to regain that free gay motion in the upper airs.) " Think I'll try if he'll come " ; and he sang, with as near an approach as he could make to the glimmering cadences of his sister's voice :

" Come, thou, my shepherd, and lead me away."

He then lay back quite still and waited. He could not say whether hours or minutes had passed, or whether he had slept or not, until he was aware of a tall golden-bearded man standing by his bed. Wonderfully light was this figure, as if the sunlight ran through his limbs ; a spiritual beauty was on the face, and those strange eyes of bronze and gold with their subtle intense gaze made Con aware for the first time of the difference between inner and outer in himself.

" Come, Con, come away ! " the child seemed to hear uttered silently.

" You're the Shepherd," said Con, " I'll go." Then suddenly : " I won't come back and be old when they're all dead ? " a vivid remembrance of Ossian's fate flashing upon him.

A most beautiful laughter, which again to Con seemed half soundless, came in reply. His fears vanished : the golden-bearded man stretched a hand over him for a moment and he found himself out in the night, now clear and starlit. Together they moved on as if borne by the wind, past many woods and silver gleaming lakes, and mountains which shone like a range of opals below the purple skies. The Shepherd stood still for a moment by one of these hills, and there flew out riverlike a melody mingled with a tinkling as of innumerable elfin hammers, and there was a sound of many gay voices where an unseen people were holding festival, or enraptured hosts who were let loose for the awakening, the new day which was to dawn, for the delighted child felt that faeryland was come over again with its heroes and battles.

The Green Sheaf

"Our brothers rejoice," said the Shepherd of Con.

"Who are they?" asked the boy.

"They are the thoughts of our Father."

"May we go in?" Con asked, for he was fascinated by the melody, mystery and flashing lights.

"Not now. We are going to my home where I lived in the days past when there came to me many kings and queens of ancient Eire, many heroes and beautiful women, who longed for the druid wisdom we taught."

"And did you fight like Finn, and carry spears as tall as trees, and chase the deer through the woods, and have feasting and singing?"

"No, we, the Danaans, did none of those things; but those who were weary of battle, and to whom feast and song brought no pleasure, came to us and passed hence to a more wonderful land, a more immortal land than this."

As he spoke he paused before a great mound grown over with trees, and around it silver clear in the moonlight were immense stones piled, the remains of an original circle, and there was a dark, low, narrow entrance leading within. He took Con by the hand, and in an instant they were standing in a lofty, cross-shaped cave built roughly of huge stones.

"This was my palace. In days past many a one plucked here the purple flower of magic and the fruit of the tree of life."

"It is very dark," said the child disconsolately. He had expected something different.

"Nay, but look: you will see it is the palace of a god." And even as he spoke a light began to glow and to pervade the cave, and to obliterate the stone walls and the antique hieroglyphs engraven thereon, and to melt the earthen floor into itself like a fiery sun suddenly uprisen within the world, and there was everywhere a wandering ecstasy of sound: light and sound were one; light had a voice, and the music hung glittering in the air.

"Look, how the sun is dawning for us, ever dawning; in the earth, in our hearts, with ever youthful and triumphant voices. Your sun is but a smoky shadow, ours the ruddy and eternal glow; yours is far away, ours is heart and hearth and home; yours is a light without; ours a fire within in rock, in river, in plain, everywhere living, everywhere dawning; whence also it cometh that the mountains emit their wondrous rays."

As he spoke he seemed to breathe the brilliance of that mystical sunlight and to dilate and tower, so that the child looked up to a giant pillar of light having in his heart a sun of ruddy gold which shed its blinding rays about him, and over his head there was a waving of fiery plumage, and on his face an ecstasy of beauty and immortal youth.

The Green Sheaf

"I am Angus," Con heard; "men call me the Young. I am the sunlight in the heart, the moonlight in the mind. I am the light at the end of every dream, the voice for ever calling to come away. I am desire beyond joy or tears. Come with me; come with me: I will make you immortal; for my palace opens into the Gardens of the Sun, and there are the fire-fountains that quench the heart's desire in rapture." And in the child's dream he was in a palace high as the stars, with dazzling pillars jewelled like the dawn and all fashioned out of living and trembling opal. And upon their thrones sat the Danaan gods with their sceptres and diadems of rainbow light, and upon their faces infinite wisdom and imperishing youth. In the turmoil and growing chaos of his dream he heard a voice crying out, "You remember, Con, Con, Conaire Mor, you remember!" and in an instant he was torn from himself and had grown vaster and was with the Immortals, seated upon their thrones, they looking upon him as a brother, and he was flying away with them into the heart of the gold when he awoke, the spirit of childhood dazzled with the vision which is too lofty for princes.

Lewis Grant.

FRIENDS.

THOUGH many will rise up against us,
From the world that keeps lovers apart,
We shall yet have good friends, my beloved,
To urge the sweet will of the heart.
The sun and the moon will be with you,
Wheresoever your dwelling may be;
And the way of the winds ever blowing
In secret between you and me;
And the passionate moods that enfold me
In their life that can fail not nor tire,
Will flow through the hours of your exile,
Full of yearning and tender desire.
Though the world send its arrows against us,
We shall not be wholly apart,
For true lovers have friends, my beloved,
Who urge the sweet will of the heart.

Cecil French.

The Green Sheaf

A SONNET.

THEY say when folks are by the faeries charmed,
No more with thought of love their bosom thrills,
No more by grief they may be hurt or harmed,
Their mortal blood runs cold as mountain rills;
For Nature round their willing spirits weaves
Such subtle influences of sky and earth,
That this close bond of kinship quite bereaves
Their souls of the old bonds of human birth:
And as they dance through moonlight's floating floes,
Led by the faeries down some lonesome glen,
Oh! must they not with mere misgiving ache
To feel once more the friendliness of men,
And their hearts' hungry solitude to slake
With home's sweet cares, or sumptuous lovers' woes.

Lucilla.

The Green Sheaf

ALONE.

Alone and in the midst of men,
Alone 'mid hills and valleys fair;
Alone upon a ship at sea;
Alone—alone, and everywhere.

O many folk I see and know,
So kind they are I scarce can tell,
But now alone on land and sea,
In spite of all I'm left to dwell.

In cities large—in country lane,
Around the world—'tis all the same;
Across the sea from shore to shore,
Alone—alone, for evermore.

P. C. S.

The Green Sheaf

SONG FROM "PRINCESSE LOINTAINE,"

By Edmond Rostand.

It is in truth a common part
On fair or dark to set your heart,
  And sit and sigh your love throughout the day.
There is in love no strain or stress
With dark or fair at hand to bless,—
  But I—I love the Princess Faraway.

To hold your love long staunch and true
Is no such wondrous deed for you
  Whose lips may touch your loved one's silken dress,
Whose hand perchance has sometimes known
Her fingers linger in your own,—
  But I—I love the Faraway Princess.

But 'tis a thing apart to learn
To love without sweet love's return,
  To love for ever with no stint or stay,
To love in sorrow and in pain,
More purely, just because in vain,—
  And so—I love the Princess Faraway.

And 'tis a thing apart, Supreme,
To love when one can hardly dream,
  Invent, imagine all her loveliness,
Dreams are the glory of the earth—
Life without dreams, what is it worth ?
  And so—I love the Faraway Princess.

C. H.

The Green Sheaf

Now with a sigh of the day's labour ended,
The wearied earth rests 'gainst the all embracing sky,
And from its heights immeasurable, above the pale primrose of the West,
Where the blue day still lingers, the tender stars shine down,
While the breeze wandering o'er the flower-flecked meadow-land,
Closes the tired eyelids of the day.

Dorothy Ward.

The Green Sheaf

PRINCE SIDDARTHA.

I.

Once there was a young Prince in the East, the heir to a great throne; he lived in a gorgeous Palace, surrounded by all the delights of the senses; and the knowledge of the great ills of humanity—of old age, of sickness, and of death—was most carefully excluded from him. The fancy took him one day to see what lay beyond the high walls of his garden; so he sent for his attendants with his bearers, and had himself borne towards the city. He had not gone far, when he was astonished to see a bent, weak and toothless figure crouching by the roadside. He asked what ailed this creature, that he was come to such a pitiable and disgusting state. He was told that such was the effect time had on people, that his state must unavoidably come to all alike; and that it was called old age: that he himself, young and happy Prince though he was, must in time become such as that which now so startled and disgusted him. Thereupon he turned back towards the Palace, and, having arrived there, he locked himself into his own room that he might think over what he had seen and heard.

The Green Sheaf

II.

But some consoling thought must have occurred to him, for he threw off his depression, and again on the following day, gay and happy, had himself borne towards the city. And as he travelled thither, he came across a worn out, tottering man, who had dim eyes, and was quite blue in the face, then the Prince asked the nature of this new form of disgusting wretchedness; and they told him that the man he saw before him was overtaken with disease, that it might come to any man at any time; that even he, young and happy Prince tho' he now was, might fall a prey to it that very day, and become like the figure that then so appalled him. Then again he turned back towards the Palace, and he shut himself in his room and pondered over old age and over sickness.

III.

This time too, some consoling, thought must have come to him, for on the third day again he started for the third time towards that city. And anon he saw two men carrying something past him made of boards, and something covered, but evidently heavy upon the boards. And the Prince demanded what it was that they were carrying. And he was told that they were carrying a dead body. Then he came out of his equipage, and stepped up to the bearers and drew aside the covering. And he asked what it was made that man look so horrible, and lie so still. And he was told that never would that man speak or move again; that he could not see nor hear, nor have sense of anything at all upon the earth.

The Green Sheaf

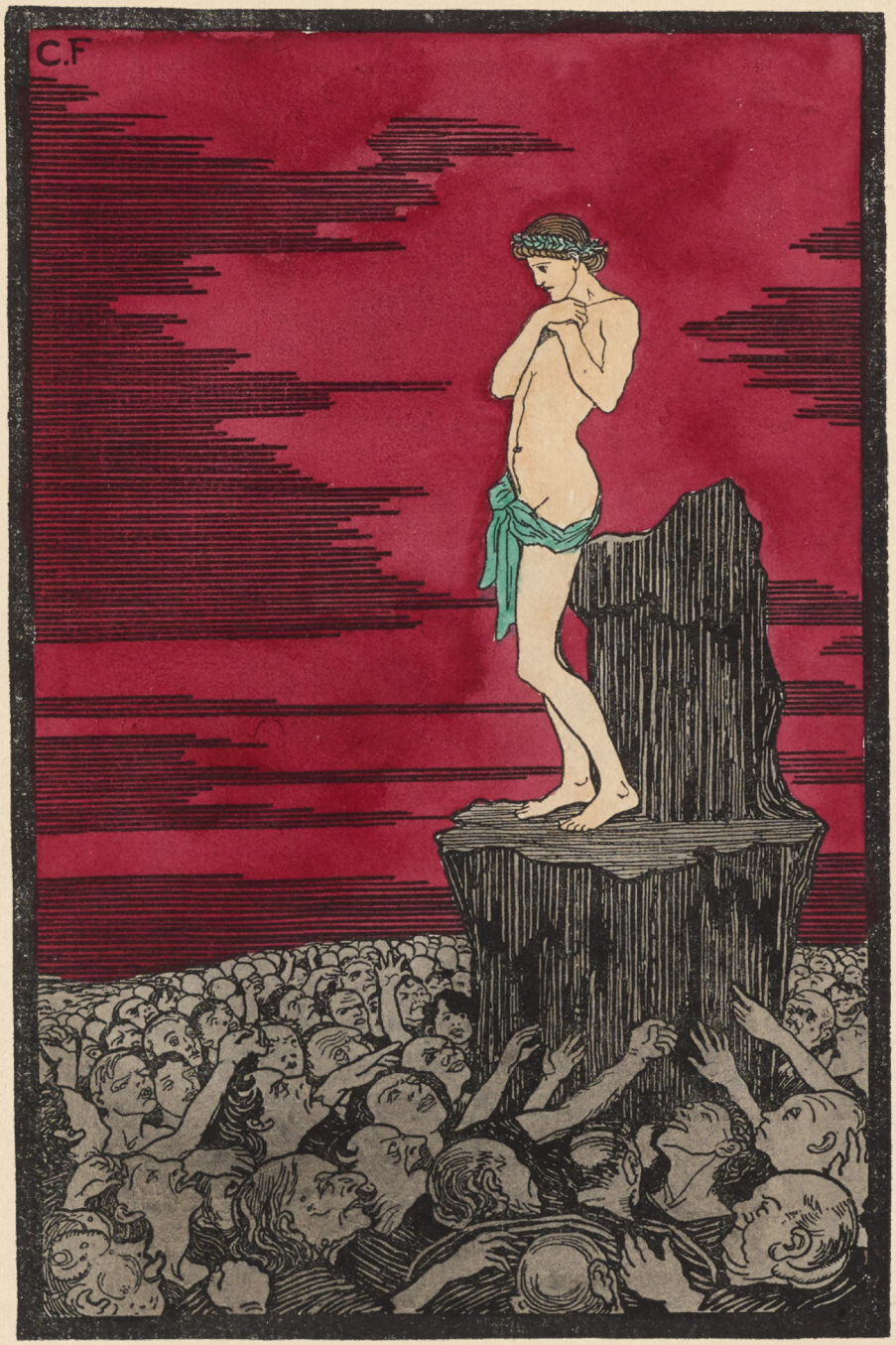
And the Prince asked, what would they do with him? And he was told that they would put him in a hole dug in the earth, as nothing could ever now come from him but stench and worms. The Prince asked whether one day it would be so with him. And he was told that he, young and happy Prince tho' he was, would one day be put in a hole dug in the earth, whence nothing could come of him but stench and worms. Then he said, "Back! I will be carried no further! I never will be carried upon men's shoulders again!"

IV.

And from that day this man set himself to destroy the foolish love and desire for a thing so evidently vain and meaningless as appeared to him the life of man upon the earth. He had his way fully; men accepted his teachings and worshipped him under the name of Buddha.

Laurence Irving.

The Green Sheaf



Cecil French.

THE DREAMER AND THE WORLD.

The Green Sheaf

CAEL AND CREDHE.

Translated from the Irish by Lady Gregory.

It was on the hill they called Finntulach, the White Hill, the Fianna gathered together the time they were going to fight the battle of Fintraighe. They often stopped on that hill for a while, and they had every sort of thing there for food, beautiful blackberries, haws of the hawthorn, nuts of the hazels of Cinntire, tender twigs of the bramble bush, springs of wholesome gentian, watercress in spring-time. And there would be brought to their cooking pots birds out of the oak woods, and squirrels from Berramain, and speckled eggs from the cliffs, and salmon out of Linnmhuine, and eels of the Sionnan, and woodcocks of Fidhrinne and otters from the hidden places of the Doile, and fish from the coasts of Buie and Beare, and dulse from the bays of Clire.

And as they were going out towards Finntraighe they saw one of their young men, Cael, grandson of Nemhnain, coming towards them. "Where is it you are coming from, Cael?" Finn asked him. "From the Brugh that is to the North," said he. "What were you asking there," said Finn. "I was asking to speak with Muirenn, daughter of Derg, that was nurse to myself." "For what cause," said Finn. "It was about a high marriage, and a sweetheart of the Sidhe that was showed to me in a dream, Credhe, daughter of the king of Ciarraighe Luachra." "Do you know this, Cael," said Finn, "that she is the greatest deceiver of all the women of Ireland, and there is hardly a good thing in Ireland but she has it coaxed away to her own house." "And do you know what it is she asks of every man that comes to ask for her?" said Cael. "I know it," said Finn; "she will let no one come unless he is able to make a poem setting out a report of her horns and her cups, her grand vessels and all her palaces." "I have all that ready," said Cael; "it was given to me by Muirenn, my nurse."

They gave up the battle then for that time, and they went on over hilly places and stony places till they came to Loch Cuire in the west of Ireland. And they came to the door of the hill of the Sidhe and knocked at it with the shafts of their long gold-socketted spears. And there came young girls having yellow hair to the windows of the sunny-houses, and Credhe herself, having three times fifty women with her, came out to speak with them. "It is to ask you in marriage we are come," said Finn then. "Who is it is looking for me?" said she. "It is Cael the brave, the hundred-killer, grandson of Nemhnain son of the King of Leinster in the East." "I have heard talk of him, but I have never seen him," said Credhe. "And has he any poem for me?" she said. "I have that," said Cael, and he rose up then, and he sang his poem.

The Green Sheaf

"A journey I have to make, and it is no easy journey, to the house of Credhe against the breast of the mountain, at the Paps of Dana ; it is there I must be going through hardships, through the length of seven days.

"It is pleasant her house is, with men and boys and women, with druids and people of music, with cup-bearer and doorkeeper, with horse-boy that does not leave his work, with distributor to share food ; and Credhe of the fair hair in command over them all. It would be delightful to me in her house, with coverings and with down, if she has but a mind to listen to me.

"A bowl she has with juice of berries in it for darkening her eyebrows ; crystal vats of fermenting grains; beautiful cups and vessels. Her house is of the colour of lime ; there are rushes for beds and many coverings of silk and many blue cloaks ; red gold, and bright drinking horns.

"Her sunny-house is beside Loch Cuire, it is made of silver and yellow gold ; its ridge is thatched without any fault, with the crimson wings of birds. The doorposts are green, the lintel is of silver taken in battle ; Crede's chair, to the left, is the delight of delights, covered with gold of Elga ; at the foot of her pleasant bed it is, the bed that was made of gold and precious stones by Tuile in the east. Another bed there is to the right, of gold and silver, made without any fault ; curtains it has with the appearance of the flower of the foxglove.

"The people of her house, it is they that have delight ; their cloaks are not faded white, they are not worn smooth ; their hair is fair and curling. Men in their wounds would sleep hearing the singing of the birds of the Sidhe on the eaves of her sunny-house.

"If I owe any thanks to Credhe, to whom the cuckoo calls, she will get better praise again than this ; if the love service I have done is pleasing to her, let her not delay, let her say 'your coming is pleasing to me.'

"A hundred feet there are in her house from one corner to another ; twenty feet fully measured is the width of her great door ; her roof is thatched with the wings of blue and yellow birds, the border of her well is of crystal and carbuncles. There is a vat there of the bronze of kings, the juice of pleasant malt is running from it ; over the vat is an apple tree with its heavy fruit. When Credhe's horn is filled from the vat four apples fall into it together."

The Green Sheaf

"She that owns all these things at low water and at flood, Credhe from the hill of the three paps, she is beyond all the women of Ireland by the length of a spearcast.

"Here is this song for her; it is no sudden bride-gift, no hurried asking. I bring it to Credhe of the beautiful shape that my coming may be very bright to her."

After that Credhe took him for her husband, and the wedding feast was made, and all the Fianna stopped there through seven days, at drinking and pleasure, and in want of no good thing.

The Green Sheaf

THE FAIRY DANCE.

Strange, how she heard the music calling
All the day long till night was falling,
Then away and away from the homes of men,
She sped through the depths of the haunted glen
To the far hill-top where the grass is worn,
By the dancers' feet, to a shaven lawn.
And there she danced, through the summer night,
With fairy folk in the blue moon-light,
Swaying and dancing the hours away
In the fairy ring on the Eve of May.

And none can forget who that music hear,
For its echoes ring in the listener's ear;
And whoever with fairy hands enlaced
Has but once through those mystic mazes paced
They may wander away the whole world o'er,
Yet echoing strains from the Fairy Shore
Come calling them back to the far green hill,
Where the good little people are dancing still;
And the moons may wax and the moons may wane,
That calling may never be heard in vain.
Oh, many the spirits of wandering maids
That are drawn back there in the evening shades,
For she who has taken the Fairies' dole
Will never know rest for her aching soul,
You may tell, from her walk and her eyes so still,
The girl who has danced on the Fairy Hill.

Alix Egerton.

The Green Sheaf

A MAY MADRIGAL.

MAY comes clad in gleaming gold,
The World grows young that was so old,
All so sweet, all so fair,
Birds are singing everywhere :
Come away !
Come sing and answer them again,
Answer Boys and Girls again,
And welcome in the May !

Mary guard the woods from teen,
Donning now their virgin green !
All be fair, all be sweet
Where in the woodlands lovers meet !
All who love true
Come and charm the woods with song,
Glad voices charm the woods with song,
And welcome Love in too !

John Todhunter.

The Green Sheaf

THE LAMENT OF A LYCEUM RAT.

"Yes," said the last rat, "they say that rats leave the sinking ship; so they do—another trait in common with humanity. Why? Because both men and rodents must live! For though the necessity for our existence does not seem obvious to men, it is so to a far higher power, and therefore we live and seek the means withal.

"I am the last rat left here. I had hoped to find shelter in the Lyceum to the end, but," he said abruptly, "I am starving." He leapt to the edge of the dress circle where I sat gloomily gazing at the deserted stage.

"Ravenous, I roamed over the house just before dawn. All I could find to gnaw was a fragment of hare's-foot and an old grease rag which some of you people had left on departing. I crept down again cold and weary, when suddenly the old familiar staircase seemed thronged with crowds of men and women and little children all hurrying away. I crouched in fear, but they did not touch me nor heed me in any way.

"Brave men in armour, priests, lovers, fair girls, witches, nuns, dancers—a whole rabble of beings from every page of history and romance—they rushed past me like the eddies of a strong tide, flowing rapidly away and out into the night. Then as they left me, scared and

The Green Sheaf

trembling, I raced across the stage that was filled with a light subdued but intensely clear, and once more I looked upon Hamlet, Shylock with sweet Portia, Mephistopheles with Margaret and the ill-fated Faust, The Vicar with the Squire and lovely Olivia, incomparable Beatrice and Benedick, the Martyr King with his Queen and Cromwell, Macbeth, Napoleon, the bloodthirsty Louis XI., the tortured Matthias, Robespierre, Richelieu, and countless others. And the old house glowed and breathed

The Green Sheaf

again in their gracious presence, but where as all that motley rout that had fled away bore in their eyes a look of expectancy, restlessly trying to read the future, these all seemed rapt and calm and full of peace.

"Suddenly the shapes all bowed down, swaying like trees before the autumn winds, and a tall form appeared before them—Dante! They made way, fell back and left him—left him standing alone. Then he spoke: 'May I not join you, O my comrades?' And he stretched out his hands toward them in greeting.

"But they bowed again and answered with mournful voices, 'No, Master, you have fresh fields to fight—fresh victories to gain. Here only memories can live, and like memories we must cling here until your magic hand shall beckon us to life again. You alone can call us back. Go, Master! Hope shall not leave you, but will lead you forth that you may give to the world yet another creation. Bid Dante live at your bidding, even as we lived; human that mankind may love; divine that souls may be lifted nearer to Heaven.'

"Then the Master turned and went, Courage and Hope beside him, though Sorrow fell weeping at his feet. . . . . This," said the last rat, "is the vision I saw last night. I leave my home and its dear memories, for even I must live my life." A ray of sunshine strayed in and he vanished seeking the darkness, while sadly I wandered out into the light.

Mary Brown.

The Green Sheaf

TIME.

AROUND the clock the hours run,
By the moon and by the sun.
Twenty-four, the day is done.

Around the clock the hours go,
Summer sun and winter snow.
Every secret time doth know.

P. C. S.

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

FAILURE is mine, but through the thrusting spears
I see the triumphs of the coming years.

Fate's ebb and flow has ever been our part,
But, ah, the stranded sea-wrack of the heart.

Ne'er shines so bright a triumph but shall keep
The shadow of its failure's shadowy sleep.

Cecil French.

The Green Sheaf

"JUVENILES."

It was in the Provinces.

Everybody in the restaurant was looking at them, and they were looking at everybody in the restaurant.

"'Jealousy is the essence of love,' or 'love is the essence of jealousy,' isn't it?" he said to her, running his fingers through his hair. "I read the part, too! Never mind; it runs all right, and the audience don't stop to analyse."

He was fat in the face, and carried off his forty years and his blue linen lay-down collar very well.

She was robed in black and fingered a string of coral beads, and she glanced furtively towards my table in displaying the curves of her ten-shillings-a-night throat; treating us all to a free rehearsal, as she sipped her expensive liqueur.

"I don't see the rationale of it, do you? Give me two drops of Ibsen in two large penn'orths of Pinero, and I am content."

They were puppets; clowns; and, as such, played to amuse the theatre-going public. What cared they about the improvement of public taste?

Actors are not the only mummers in this world, after all.

Bernhard Smith.

The Green Sheaf

WILL O' THE WISP.

THE cottage stood at the edge of a dreary swamp. Dark rushes grew at the margin, and shivered and trembled as the wind blew through them, seeking to bend them to the cold surface of the water. Heavy mists rose slowly from the swamp, mingling with the twilight, and wreathing themselves into strange, uncouth forms. And through the mists across the swamp moved a pale phantom flame. The child looked through the cottage window and watched it, and shivered as he looked. He hated the swamp and the pale light, and yet it held him with a strange fascination. Night after night, when his mother thought him sleeping, he crept from his bed and sat with his little pale face pressed against the tiny window. The light drew him, and he had to go. He knew what it was though his mother had never told him. The children had whispered it when he went to the School that lay in the bright village right away on the other side of the swamp. And ever since, he had watched night after night the pale light which he now knew was the soul of his little sister who had died unbaptized. He dared not tell his mother for she cried when the little nameless one was mentioned, but he thought the more. It was there to-night, clearer than usual, and the child sat watching. It must be so lonely, the little wandering soul. He sought for it often by day but never found it. If he could have spoken to it, if it could have told him that it knew he watched at the window he might have been happier. He wished he knew. He pushed back the lattice, and leaning his face on his hands stared out into the night. There down away on the swamp was the light. He could see it quite plainly in spite of the mists across the marshy ground.

The Green Sheaf

"Little baby," he whispered, "I am watching. Oh! do you hear! I am watching."

But the wind only moaned gently round him, bringing no answer to the little lonely figure.

"Baby!" he called again, and his voice broke with a sob.

"It's no use," he said softly, "she can't hear, I must go."

Slipping on his clothes he stole softly down the narrow stairs, and out at the door.

How lonely and dark it was. His lips trembled and the tears filled his eyes, but he went bravely forward. Now he seemed quite near the light, but as he moved it went away.

"Baby!" he called, "don't go, I am coming, baby!"

But still the light moved on.

"Baby, I won't hurt you, I only want to have you in my arms. You were so little, and it must be so lonely."

A little further he went, and stretched out his arms. A cry as the cry of a wounded curlew broke the stillness of the night. Then silence, deep, impenetrable, settled over the lonely marsh.

Leslie Moore.

The Green Sheaf

THE RIM OF THE SEA.

OVER the rim of the sea,
Where the sailor sun has set.
Over the rim of the sea,
Where the fisher casts his net.

Over the rim of the sea
The white bird's mournful cry
Over the rim of the sea
The blue waves roll and sigh.

P. C. S.

The Green Sheaf

THE MERMAID OF ZENNOR.

"Fisher hast thou seen the mermaid combing her hair, yellow as gold, by the noontide sun, at the edge of the water?"

"I have seen the fair mermaid: I have also heard her singing her songs plaintive as the waves."

— Breton Ballad.

Come! for the night and the wind are here,
And I am here:
Hard is your heart, but soft my arms,
And soft the sea,—
Come!

O human man, leave humanity
For these deeper depths:
Lean from the land, O human love,
And come to me,—
Come!

My bright hair burns, and the waves burn,
And my lips burn:
Strange is your heart, and strange the land,
And life is strange,—
Come!

Warm is the wind, and warmer the waves,
And my heart is warm:
Cold is your heart, my body cold,
And death is cold,—
Come!

L. C. Duncombe Jewell.

Written for the Psaltery,
10 Mîs Merh,
1903.

The Green Sheaf

A DEEP SEA YARN.

By John Masefield.

away north, in the old days, in Chester, there was a man who somehow never throve. Nothing he put his hand to ever prospered, and folk came to look upon him as an unchancy fellow, one of the better-dead and so forth.

Like enough he was just one of these weak give-aways, but, as his state worsened, his friends fell away, and he grew a sort of desperate, having none to lean against, and moped more than was good, and thought the black thoughts more than was purely Christian.

So one night when he was alone in his room, thinking of the rent due in two or three days and the money he couldn't scrape together, he says (being sore put to it) "I wish I could sell my soul to the Devil like that man the old books tell about."

Now just as he spoke the clock struck "Twelve," and, while it chimed, a queer sort of sparkle began to burn and glimmer all about the room, and the air, all at once, began to smell very foul of brimstone.

"Will these terms suit you?" asked a voice.

He started and looked at the table and saw that someone had just placed there a great parchment, red-written, the ink yet moist, which had wicked black figures at the head, at the foot and in the margins of it.

He picked it up, shuddering, reading it through by the bluey corpse-light still glimmering in the room, and being so sore-driven he answered "yes," though maybe he was stricken too fear-sick to say "no," to a cold quiet voice without visible body (just a pale glimmer of wild fire to it instead thereof), so he answered "yes" and looks around for a pen.

"Take and sign," says the voice again, "but first consider what it is you do. Do nothing rashly. Consider."

Which was said of course because an ill-deed done after taking thought is far worse and fouler than one of these hot-blooded, done-in-a-clock-tick sins which are merely the copper coin in the Black Account Book.

So this poor, tempted human error thinks awhile, then "yes" he says again, "I'll sign," and with that he gropes for the pen.

The Green Sheaf

"Take this and sign," says the voice, and at that he sees a ghostly finger (with a talon to it like a hawk's claw, and burning, as it were, in a thin reddish flame), which held a pen towards him.

"Blood from your left thumb and sign," says the voice.

So he pricks his left thumb and signs. "Blue Snakes," he says, "what sort of pen is this I write with?"

The voice just chuckled, "Why 'tis a thorn o' the tree where Judas hanged himself."

Now when our poor lamb heard that you may well think of the cold sweat was on him.

"Here," he gasps, "give me back that scroll" (for somehow, you see, the scroll vanished as soon as his name was on it) "I'll cancel that mark o' mine. Honour-bright I was but fooling."

"Here is your earnest money," replied the voice, "nine and twenty silver pennies. This day twenty years hence you will have your scroll. You will find your silver alright I think. Good morning."

Here that bluish marsh-light flickered and died out, leaving our poor dummel creature dithering in the dark ('tis thought he swooned) and as he went off, something ghostly, not of this world, whispered him a chilly sentence in his ear to hearten him. Later on ye'll hear more of it.

Now early next morning, towards second cock-crow, our friend came to himself and felt like one of the drowned. "What a dream I've had," he says. Then he wakes up and minds a bit clearer what sort of game he was at in the mid-watch, and when he sees those nine and twenty silver pennies and smelt a faint smell of brimstone I tell you he went as cold as a dead cod.

So he sits in his chair there, and thinks of things, remembering that he had sold his soul to the Black Fiend for twenty years of heart's-desire, and whatever fears he may have had in him as to what might chance at the end of those twenty years, like enough he found a warm clove of comfort in the thought that, after all, twenty years was a goodish stretch of time, and that throughout them he could eat, drink, merry-make, roll in gold, dress in silk, and be care-free, heart at ease, and jib-sheet to windward.

So for nineteen years and nine months he lived in great state, having his heart's desire in all things; but, when his twenty years were nearly run through, my grief, there was no sicker man in all the world than that poor lamb. So he throws up his house, his position, riches, everything, and away he goes to the port o' Liverpool, where he signs on as A.B., aboard a Black Ball packet, a tea clipper, bound to the China Seas.

(My heart, they were the ships, those Black Ball clippers—there are none such in blue waters nowadays.)

The Green Sheaf

They made a fine passage out, and when our poor lad had but a three days more, there they were in the Indian Ocean (lat. and long. just so-and-so) lying lazy, looking for a slant o' wind, in a belt o' blue calm.

Now it was our lad's wheel that forenoon, and it being dead calm, all he had to do was to take his plug like a sailor, and just think of things; the ship of course having no way on her.

So he stood there, hanging onto the spokes, groaning like a foul block, and weeping the scuppers full. Just twenty minutes or so before eight bells were made, up comes the old man for a turn on deck before he takes the sun.

He goes aft o' course, takes a squint aloft, and sees our poor lad blubbering like a martyrdom. "Hello, my man," he says, "Why, what's all this? Ain't you well? You'd best lay aft for a dose o' salts at four bells to-night."

"No, cap'n," comes his answer, "There's no salts nor Gregory Powder'll ever cure *my* sickness."

"Why, what's all this?" says the old man. "You must be powerful rocky if it's as bad as all that. But come now, tell a fellow, your cheek is all sunk, and you look as if you ain't slept well. What is it ails you, anyway? Have you anything on your mind?"

"Cap'n," he answers very solemn, "I *have*. I've sold my soul to the Devil."

"Blue snakes," cries the old man, "Why that's bad. That's powerful bad. I never thought them sort o' things ever happened outside a Penny Blood."

"But, cap'n," says our friend, "That's not the worst of it, cap'n. At this time three days hence the Devil will fetch me home."

"Heart-alive," groans the old man, "Here's a nice hurrah's nest to happen aboard my ship," (and he stumps up and down in a mighty flurry). "But come now," he goes on, "Did the Devil give you no chance—no saving-clause like? Just think calm for a moment."

"Yes, cap'n," says our friend, "Just when I made the deal, there come a cold whisper like, right in my ear. And," he says, speaking very quiet, so as not to let the mate hear, "IF I CAN GIVE THE DEVIL THREE JOBS TO DO WHICH HE CANNOT DO, why *then*, cap'n," he says, "I'm SAVED, and that deed of mine is reckoned ripped up and slung overboard."

Well, at this the old man grins like a mess-kid, "Why," he says, "You just leave things to me, my son. *I'll* fix the Devil for you. Aft there, one o' you lads, and relieve the wheel. Now, sonny, you run forrard, and have a good watch below. Be quite easy in your mind, *I'll* foul his hawse for him. Buy your soul, would he—the Black Dog? Well, we'll *see*."

So away forrard goes our friend, and the old man takes the sun, and chuckles in his chart room till the dog-watch.

The Green Sheaf

And so that day goes by, and the next, and the one after that, and the one after *that* was THE day.

Soon as eight bells was made in the morning watch the old man calls all hands aft.

"Men," he says, "I've got an all-hands job for you this forenoon. Bear a hand cheerly and you'll each get a tot of grog in the first dog this evening."

"Mr. Mate," he cries, "Get all hands onto the main-tops'l halliards and bowse the sail stiff up and down.

"Hoist the main taws'l stiff up-and-down? Ay, ay, sir," sings out the mate.

So they pass along the halliards, and take the turns off, and old John Chantyman pipes up.

"There's a Black Ball Clipper comin' down the river," and away that yard goes to the mast-head till the bunt-robands jam in the sheave.

"Belay there," says the mate, "Don't lose any." So they belay and one o' the boys coils down.

"Very well that," says the old man. "Now get my dinghey off o' the top o' the half-deck and let her drag alongside."

So they do that, too, and any sort o' notions they have o' the old man's brains they just keep among themselves; that being the healthier way aboard ship as may happen you'll have found.

"Very well that," says the old man. "Now forrard with you, to the chain-locker, and rouse out every inch o' chain you find there."

So forrard they go, and the chain is lighted up and flaked along the deck all clear for running.

"Now, Chips," says the old man to the carpenter, "just bend a spare anchor, an old sail full o' ballast (and any holystone you may have) on to the business end of that chain, and clear away them fo'c's'le rails so as we'll get a fair-lead, like, when we lets go."

"Ay, ay, sir," says Chips, and he makes it so.

"Now," says the old man, "get them tubs of slush from the galley. Pass that slush along there, doctor. Very well that. Now turn to, all hands, and slush away every link in that chain a good inch thick in grease. Slather it on like sailors, and don't go leaving no holidays on the studs."

So down goes all hands—mates and all—and a fine Bristol job they make of it, I tell you, when they were done, that chain would have rove through a jewel block, it was that slick.

"Very well that," cries the old man. "Now get below all hands! Chips, on to the fo'c's'le head with you and stand by! I'll keep the deck, Mr. Mate! Very well that."

The Green Sheaf

So all hands tumble down below; Chips takes a fill o' baccy to leeward of the capstan, and the old man walks the weather poop looking for a sign of hell-fire.

It was still dead calm—water all oily blue—with shark's fins astern cutting up black and pointed like the fingers on them things called sun-dials.

Presently, towards six bells, he raises a black cloud far away to leeward, and sees the glimmer o' the lightning in it; only the flashes, somehow, weren't altogether canny. They were too red and came too quick.

"Now," says he to himself, "stand by."

Very soon that black cloud works up to wind'ard, right alongside, and there comes a red flash, and a strong sulphurous smell, and then a loud peal of thunder as the Devil steps aboard.

"Mornin', capt'n," says he.

"Mornin', Mr. Devil," says the old man, "and what in blazes will you be wantin' aboard *my* ship?"

"Why, cap'n," says the Devil, "I've come for the soul o' one o' your hands as per signed agreement; and, as my time's pretty full up in these wicked days, I hope you won't keep me waiting for him longer than need be."

"Well, Mr. Devil," says the old man, "the man you come for is down below, sleeping, just at this moment. It's a fair pity to call him up till it's right *time*. So supposin' *I* set you them three tasks. How would that be? Have you any objections?

"Why no," says the Devil, "fire away as soon as you like."

"Mr. Devil," says the old man, "ye see that main-tops'l yard?"

"Not being naturally blind," says the Devil.

"Quite so," says the old man. "Well, as I was going to say—suppose you lays on that main-tops'l yard and takes in three reefs single-handed."

"Ay, ay, sir," the Devil says, and he runs up the ratlines, into the top, up the topmast rigging and lays along the yard.

Well, when he finds the sail stiff up and down, he naturally hails the deck—

"Below there! On deck there! Lower away ya halliards!"

"Quite a pretty view up there, ain't it?" shouts the old man.

"Lower away ya halliards," the Devil yells.

"Not much," sings out the old man. "Nary a lower."

"Come up your sheets, then," cries the Devil. "This main-topsail's stiff up-and-down. How'm I to take in three reefs when the sail's stiff up-and-down?"

"Why," says the old man, "*you can't do it.* Come out o' that! Down from aloft you hoof-footed Port Mahon Sodger! That's one to me."

"Yes," says the Devil, when he got on deck again, "I don't deny it, cap'n. That's one to you."

"Now, Mr. Devil," says the old man, going towards the rail, "suppose you was to step into that little boat alongside there. Will you please?"

The Green Sheaf

"Ay, ay, sir," he says, and he slides down the forward fall, gets into the stern sheets, and sits down.

"Now, Mr. Devil," says the skipper, taking a little salt spoon from his vest pocket, "supposin' you bail all the water on *yon*' side the boat onto *this* side the boat, using *this spoon* as your dipper."

Well !——the Devil just looked at him.

"Say !" he says at length," which o' the New England States d'ye hail from anyway? "

"That don't cut any ice as far as I see," says the old man. "Not Jersey, anyway. That's two up, alright ; ain't it sonny ? "

"Yes," growls the Devil, as he climbs aboard. "That's two up. Two to you and one to play. Now, what's your next contraption ? "

"Mr. Devil," says the old man, looking very innocent, "you see, I've ranged my chain ready for letting go anchor. Now Chips is forrard there, and when I sing out, he'll let the anchor go, and, if I'm not greatly in error, it'll GO. Supposin' you stopper the chain with them big hands o' yourn and keep it from running out clear. Will you please ? "

So the Devil takes off his coat and rubs his hands together, and gets away forrard by the bitts, and stands by.

"All ready, cap'n," he says.

"All ready, Chips ? " asks the old man.

"All ready, sir," replies Chips.

"Then, stand by—— Let GO the anchor," and clink, clink, old Chips knocks out the pin, and away goes the spare anchor, and the sail full of ballast, and a few hundredweight of spare holystone into a five mile deep o' God's sea.

My heart the way the chain skipped.

Well—there was the Devil making a grab here and a grab there, and the slushy chain just slipping through his claws, and at whiles a bight of chain would spring clear and rap him in the eye. You'd understand *how* if you seen a ranged cable running. I tell you it's good to stand from under at them sort of times.

So at last the cable was nearly clean gone, and the Devil runs to the last big link (which was seized to the heel of the foremast), and he puts both his arms through it, and hangs on like grim death.

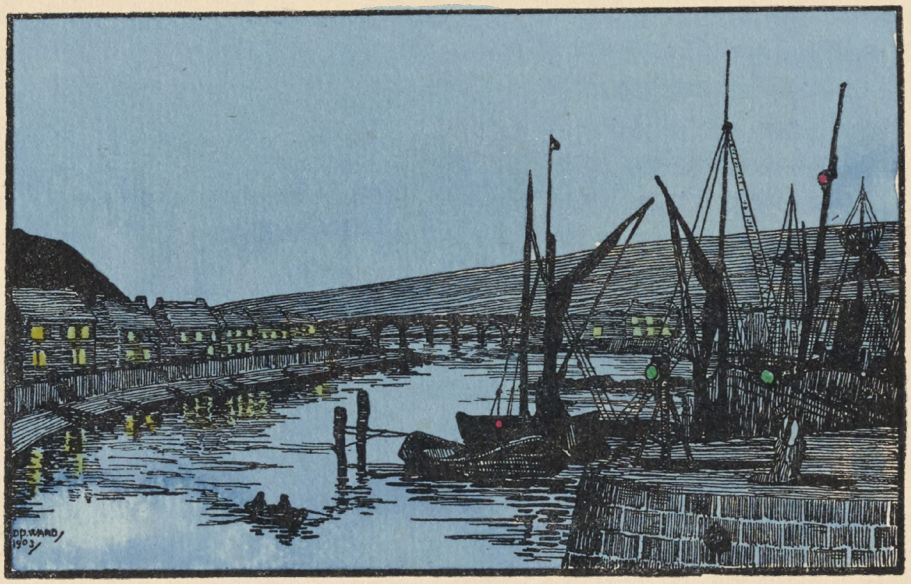
But, my heart, the chain gave such a YANK when it came-to, that the big link carried away, and oh, roll and go, out it goes through the hawsehole, in a shower of bright sparks, carrying the Devil with it.

'Tisn't any fault o' that old man if Mrs. Devil ain't a widow. You should aheard the piteous screech he give as he took the water.

As for the old man he just looks over the bows watching the bubbles burst, but the Devil never rose. Then he goes to the fo'c's'le scuttle and bangs thereon with a handspike.

"Rouse out, there, the Port Watch," he shouts, "an' get my dinghey inboard."

The Green Sheaf



THE TIDAL RIVER.

UNDER the bridge can you hear the water swirling ?
Can you feel it drift the boat along, as we rest upon our oars ?
Beyond the shadow of the piers, do you see the wavelets curling,
And the twinkling lights move backward, as we slip between the shores ?

Against the harbour lamps, do you see the ships loom sable,
As we thread our way between them to the green light on the quay ?
Can you hear their timbers creaking, as they strain upon the cable,
While the hurrying tide speeds past them on its mad race to the sea ?

Beneath the farther bank where the water shows no motion,
Can you see the dim reflection from every silver star ?
And from beyond the sandhills, in the darkness of the ocean,
Feel the throbbing of the waves as they break upon the bar ?

Dorothy Ward.

The Green Sheaf

"—— in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priest-like task,
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores."

Keats.

The Green Sheaf

COBUS ON DEATH.

(From *The Good Hope.* A Sea Play by H. HEIJERMANS.

Translated by Christopher St. John.)

Cobus.—It's a good job for Daan that he's unconscious. He's frightened of death.

Clementine.—Why, so is everyone, Cobus.

Cobus.—Everyone? I'm not so sure. If my turn came to-morrow, I should think to myself:—We must all come to it—all the water in the sea can't keep it away. God gives—God takes. You see how it is . . . now don't laugh . . . God takes us, and we take the fish. On the fifth day He created the beasts of the sea, and all the creeping things that abound in the waters . . . and he said "Be fruitful," and blessed 'em, and the evening and the morning were the fifth day. And on the sixth day He made man . . . Well, you may notice He said very much the same to man. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day. Why do you laugh? It's easy enough to laugh, but I tell you it all comes clear when you're out herring fishing. Sometimes I was quite afraid to split and clean the fish . . . When you take a herring's head and run your knife into him till the yellow oozes out—I tell you the fish looks at you with such an expression—well, you feel ashamed! Yet you split two casks full in an hour and cut off 1,400 heads. 1,400 heads! That means 2,800 eyes looking at you—just looking—always looking. How many fish haven't I killed! There were few so good at splitting a herring as I was! The fish were frightened, frightened, I tell you. They looked up at the clouds as if to say: "God blessed us as well as you." What do you make of that? I say, we take the fish, and God takes us. We must all die—beasts must die, and men must die . . . We must all come to it . . . but we can't all come to it together. That would be like turning a full cask into an empty one. I might be frightened if I stayed behind in the empty cask . . . but not if we all went together into the other cask. To be frightened is nothing . . . to be frightened only means you've stood on tiptoe and looked over the edge . . .

The Green Sheaf

A HYMN IN PRAISE OF NEPTUNE.

Of Neptune's empire let us sing,
At whose command the waves obey ;
To whom the rivers tribute pay,
Down the high mountain sliding ;
To whom the scaly nation yields
Homage for the crystal fields.
Wherein they dwell ;
And every sea-god pays a gem
Yearly out of his watery cell,
To deck great Neptune's diadem.

The Tritons dancing in a ring,
Before his palace gates do make
The water with their echoes quake,
Like the great thunder sounding :
The sea-nymphs chant their accents shrill,
And the Syrens taught to kill
With their sweet voice,
Make every echoing rock reply,
Unto their gentle murmuring noise,
The praise of Neptune's empery.

Thomas Campion.

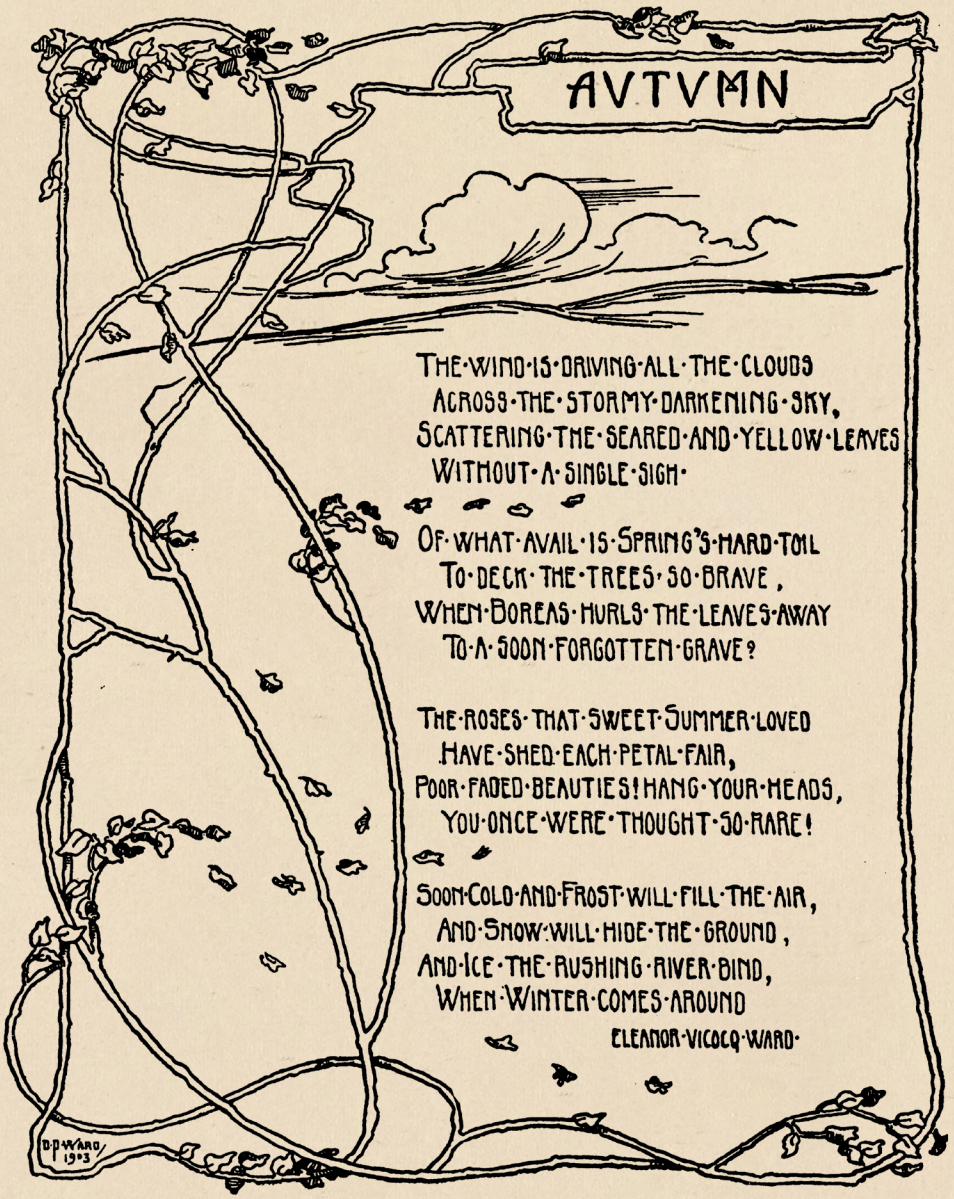
The Green Sheaf

THE WATERS OF THE MOON.

I DREAMED I came to an enchanted vale,
Where, shadowed by dim mountains of delight,
The never-resting opal waters gleamed ;
And as the moon hung like a blossom frail
And tremulous athwart the languid night,
I bathed in magic wells of crimson fire,
Whence coming forth with glowing limbs, I dreamed
I met a spirit shining as the dawn.
I looked on eyes filled with night's mystery,
On slumbering hair more soft than rainbow mist
Of wind-blown fountains on a flowering lawn,
Till the air trembled with the sweet desire
Of murmured laughing speech. Then star-lit eyes
Gleamed at my eyes, rapturous dream lips kissed
My lips and brought their hidden memory.
I knew how I had looked into those eyes,
Kissed those red lips, and loved that slumbering hair
Dim years ago, and while the immortal gaze
Yet held my gaze I strove to cry aloud.
But all things passed ; the radiant dreamland ways
Were lost in darkness, as a rising cloud
Fades into mist, and sleep became despair.
I have dreamed many dreams these many years,
But I have never met that shining one,
Whose brow was rapt beyond all hopes and fears,
Sweet as the moon and splendid as the sun.

Cecil French.

The Green Sheaf



The Green Sheaf

THE CALLING VOICE.

Come into the night, Beloved Heart, come into the night with me,
For there are many things to hear and many things to see,
And there are many wondrous things that I will show to thee.

Come into the night, Beloved Heart, and watch the fireflies shine,
And hear the nightingale proclaim his roundelay divine;
Thou would'st not pause nor hesitate, if but his voice were mine.

Oh, come with me across the brake and past the haunted mere
And thou shalt see the rushes bend their heads when we appear,
As hand in hand, unto the Land of Faery we draw near.

For I have seen the fairies dance about their magic ring,
And oh, my ear is haunted by the music that they sing,
As round and round, the fairy mound, with arms enlaced they swing.

The moon is rising at its full, upon the Faery Lea,
And oh, it is a wondrous sight that fairy dance to see;
I may not stay, but hie away, for they are calling me,
Come into the night, Beloved Heart, come into the night with me.

Alix Egerton.

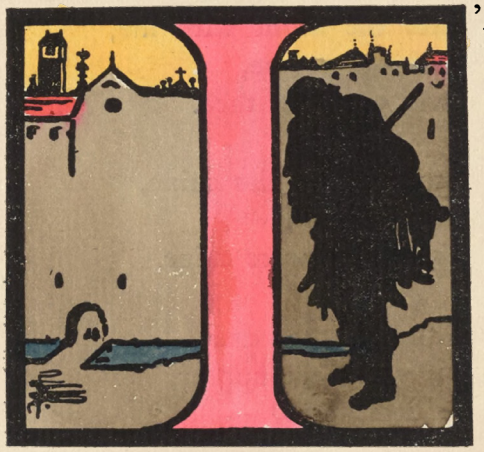
ECHO.

Echo, who hides behind the sheltering hills,
Sad Echo—always shy,
Sometimes she will not come at all,
At others, always nigh.

P. C. S.

The Green Sheaf

BLIND MAN'S VIGIL.



'M a tattered starving beggar fiddling down
the dirty streets,
Scraping tunes from squeaking catgut for
a plate of broken meats,
Scraping tunes and singing ballads : old
and blind and castaway,
And I know where all the gold is that
we won with L'Ollonay.

Oh the sunny beach of Muertos and the windy spit of sand,
Off o' which we came to anchor : where the shipmates went a land,
Where the blue laguna empties under trunks of rotting trees,
The home of gaudy humming birds and golden colibris.

We came to port at Muertos when the dipping sun was red,
And we moored her half a league to sea to west of Nigger Head,
And before the mist was on the key : before the day was done
We put ashore to Muertos with the gold that we had won.

We bore it through the marshes in a half score battered chests,
Sinking, staggering in the quagmire till the lush weed touched the breasts,
While the slithering feet were squelching in the rotting fallen fruits
And the slimy little leeches bit and sucked us through the boots.

The moon came white and ghostly as we laid the treasure down,
All the spoil of scuttled carracks : all the loot of ship and town
Copper charms and silver trinkets from the chests of perished crews
Gold doubloons and double moydores, louis d'ors and portagues.

The Green Sheaf

Clumsy yellow metal earrings from the Indians of Brazil,
Emerald ouches out of Rio : silver bars from Guiaquil,
Silver cups and golden flagons : censers wrought in polished bronze,
And the chased enamelled sword-hilts of the courtly Spanish dons.

We smoothed the place with mattocks and we took and blazed the tree
Which marks you where the gold is hid that none will ever see,
We rowed aboard the brig again and south away we steers
Through the tossing surf o' Muertos which is beating in my ears.

I'm the last alive as knows it : all the rest was took and swung
In the clanking chains at Wapping Stairs where thieves and such are hung ;
And I go starved and fiddling down the byeways in the rain
Knowing where the gold was hidden out of all the Spanish Main.

Well I've had a merry, merry life : I'm old and worn and blind,
And the sun-dried swinging shipmates' chains are clanking in my mind ;
And I see in dreams o' whiles the beach, the sun's disc dipping red,
And the tall brig under tops'ls swaying in past Nigger Head.

I'd be glad to step ashore there : glad to take a pick and go
To the lone blazed cocoa palm-tree in the place no others know,
And lift the gold and silver that has lain for twenty years
By the tossing surf o' Muertos that is thundering in my ears.

John Masefield.

The Green Sheaf

EOCENE.

I THOUGHT to be alone, but young Dawn stood
  Against the bed and lifted up my eyes.
Gorgeous and strong in gallant hardihood
  Sprinkled with dew he came to bid me rise.

His breath was full of rose leaves and his hair
  Was radiant like a rim of flowing gold,
Which garlanded that face surpassing fair,
  And round his brow circled in shining fold.

Come forth! he cried, I flew to summon Sleep
  That he should not retain thee in this way,
But fly to where the hanging bats may keep
  Council with owls, and until twilight stay.

The carpet green is spread, lad, get you up,
  In the sun's light, dew drops like diamonds gleam,
The opening daisy and the buttercup
  Are nodding by the bank along the stream.

And from the water rolls the filmy mist,
  The River casts her bridal robe away,
Ere raptured ripples all thy limbs have kissed,
  Put off thy garment, boy, for it is day! —

George Ives.

THE GREEN SHEAF SUPPLEMENT TO No. 7.

DEIRDRE

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

By A. E.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Concobar	....	....	Ardrie of Ulla.
Naisi			
Ainle, Ardan	....	....	Brothers of Naisi.
Fergus			
Buinne, Ilann	....	....	Sons of Fergus.
Cathvah	....	....	A Druid.
Deirdre			
Lavarcam	....	....	A Druidess.

Herdsman, Messenger.

DEIRDRE:

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The dun of Deirdre's captivity. Lavarcam, a Druidess, sits before the door in the open air. Deirdre comes out of the dun.*

DEIRDRE. Dear fostermother, how the spring is beginning! The music of the Father's harp is awakening the flowers. Now the winter's sleep is over, and the spring flows from the lips of the harp. Do you not feel the thrill in the wind—a joy answering the trembling strings? Dear fostermother, the spring and the music are in my heart!

LAVARCAM. The harp has but three notes; and, after sleep and laughter, the last sound is of weeping.

DEIRDRE. Why should there be any sorrow while I am with you? I am happy here. Last night in a dream I saw the blessed Shee upon the mountains, and they looked on me with eyes of love. *(An old herdsman enters who bows before Lavarcam.)*

HERDSMAN. Lady, the High King of Ulla is coming through the woods.

LAVARCAM. Deirdre, go to the grianan for a little. You shall tell me your dream again, my child.

DEIRDRE. Why am I always hidden from the King's sight?

LAVARCAM. It is the King's will you should see no one except these aged servants.

DEIRDRE. Am I indeed fearful to look upon, fostermother? I do not think so, or you would not love me.

LAVARCAM. It is the King's will.

DEIRDRE. Yet why must it be so, fostermother? Why must I hide away? Why must I never leave the valley?

LAVARCAM. It is the King's will. *(While she is speaking Concobar enters. He stands still and looks on Deirdre. Deirdre gazes on the King for a moment, and then covering her face with her hands, she flies into the dun. The herdsman goes out. Lavarcam sees and bows before the King.)*

CONCOBAR. Lady, is all well with you and your charge?

LAVARCAM. All is well.

CONCOBAR. Is there peace in Deirdre's heart?

LAVARCAM. She is happy, not knowing a greater happiness than to roam the woods or her dreams of the immortal ones can bring her.

CONCOBAR. Fate has not found her yet hidden in this valley.

LAVARCAM. Her happiness is to be here. But she asks why must she never leave the glen. Her heart quickens within her. Like a bird she listens to the spring, and soon the valley will be narrow as a cage.

CONCOBAR. I cannot open the cage. Less ominous the Red Swineherd at a feast than this beautiful child in Ulla. You know the word of the Druids at her birth.

LAVARCAM. Aye, through her would come the destruction of the Red Branch. But sad is my heart, thinking of her lonely youth.

CONCOBAR. The gods did not guide us how the ruin might be averted. The druids would have slain her, but I set myself against the wise ones, thinking in my heart that the chivalry of the Red Branch would be already gone if this child were slain. If we are to perish, it shall be nobly, and without any departure from the laws of our order. So I have hidden her away from men, hoping to stay the coming of fate.

LAVARCAM. King, your mercy will return to you, and if any of the Red Branch fall, you will not fall.

CONCOBAR. If her thoughts turned only to the Shee, her heart would grow cold to the light love that warriors give. The Birds of Angus cannot breathe or sing their maddening song in the chill air that enfolds the wise. For this, Druidess, I made thee her fosterer. Has she learned to know the beauty of the ever-living ones, after which the earth fades, and no voice can call us back?

LAVARCAM. The immortals have appeared to her in vision, and looked on her with eyes of love.

CONCOBAR. Her beauty is so great it would madden whole hosts, and turn them from remembrance of their duty. We must guard well the safety of the Red Branch. Druidess, you have seen with subtle eyes the shining life beyond this. But through the ancient traditions of Eri, which the bards have kept and woven into song, I have seen the shining law enter men's minds, and subdue the lawless into love of justice. A great tradition is shaping a heroic race; and the gods who fought at Moytura are descending and dwelling in the hearts of the Red Branch; and deeds will be done in our time as mighty as those wrought by the giants who battled at the dawn; and through the memory of our days and deeds, the gods will build themselves an eternal empire in the mind of the Gael. Wise woman, guard well this beauty which fills my heart with terror. I go now, and will doubly warn the spearmen at the passes, but will come hither again, and speak with thee of these things; and with Deirdre I would also speak.

LAVARCAM. King of Ulla, be at peace. It is not I who will break through the design of the gods. *(Concobar goes through the woods, after looking for a time at the door of the dun.)* But Deirdre is also one of the immortals. What the gods desire will utter itself through her heart. I will seek counsel from the gods. *(Deirdre comes slowly through the door.)*

DEIRDRE. Is he gone? I fear this stony king with his implacable eyes.

LAVARCAM. He is implacable only in his desire for justice.

DEIRDRE. No! No! There is a hunger in his eyes for I know not what.

THE GREEN SHEAF SUPPLEMENT TO No. 7.

LAVARCAM. He is the wisest king who ever sat on the chair of Macha.

DEIRDRE. He has placed a burden on my heart. Oh! fostermother, the harp of life is already trembling into sorrow!

LAVARCAM. Do not think of him. Tell me your dream, my child. *(Deirdre comes from the door of the dun and sits on a deerskin at Lavarcam's feet.)*

DEIRDRE. Tell me, do happy dreams bring happiness, and do our dreams of the Shee ever grow real to us as you are real to me? Do their eyes draw nigh to ours, and can the heart we dream of ever be a refuge for our hearts?

LAVARCAM. Tell me your dream.

DEIRDRE. Nay; but answer me, first of all, dear fostermother—you who are wise, and who have talked with the Shee.

LAVARCAM. Would it make you happy to have your dream real, my darling?

DEIRDRE. Oh, it would make me happy! *(She hides her face on Lavarcam's knees.)*

LAVARCAM. If I can make your dream real, I will, my beautiful fawn.

DEIRDRE. Dear fostermother, I think my dream is coming near to me. It is coming to me now.

LAVARCAM. Deirdre, tell me what hope has entered your heart?

DEIRDRE. In the night I saw in a dream the top of the mountain yonder, beyond the woods, and three hunters stood there in the dawn. The sun sent its breath upon their faces, but there was a light about them never kindled at the sun. They were surely hunters from some heavenly field, or the three gods whom Lu condemned to wander in mortal form, and they are come again to the world to seek some greater treasure.

LAVARCAM. Describe to me these immortal hunters. In Eire we know no gods who take such shape appearing unto men.

DEIRDRE. I cannot now make clear to thee my remembrance of two of the hunters; but the tallest of the three—oh, he stood like a flame against the flameless sky, and the whole sapphire of the heavens seemed to live in his fearless eyes! His hair was darker than the raven's wing; his face dazzling in its fairness. He pointed with his great flame-bright spear to the valley. His companions seemed in doubt, and pointed east and west. Then in my dream I came nigh him, and whispered in his ear, and pointed the way through the valley to our dun. I looked into his eyes, and he started like one who sees a vision; and I know, dear fostermother, he will come here; and he will love me. Oh, I would die if he did not love me!

LAVARCAM. Make haste, my child, and tell me, was there aught else memorable about this hero, and his companions?

DEIRDRE. Yes, I remember each had the likeness of a torch shedding rays of gold embroidered on the breast.

LAVARCAM. Deirdre, Deirdre, these are no phantoms, but living heroes! O wise King, the eyes of the spirit thou wouldst open have seen further than the eyes of the body thou wouldst blind! The druid vision has only revealed to this child her destiny.

DEIRDRE. Why do you talk so strangely, fostermother?

LAVARCAM. Concobar, I will not fight against the will of the immortals. I am not thy servant, but theirs. Let the Red Branch fall! If the gods scatter it, they have chosen to guide the people of Ulla in another path.

DEIRDRE. What has disturbed your mind, dear fostermother? What have I to do with the Red Branch? And why should the people of Ulla fall because of me?

LAVARCAM. O Deirdre! there were no warriors created could overcome the Red Branch. The gods have but smiled on this proud chivalry through thine eyes, and they are already melted. The waving of thy hand is more powerful to subdue than the silver rod of the king to sustain. Thy golden hair shall be the flame to burn up Ulla.

DEIRDRE. Oh, what do you mean by these fateful prophecies? You fill me with terror. Why should a dream so gentle and sweet portend sorrow?

LAVARCAM. Dear golden head, cast sorrow aside for a time. The Father has not yet struck the last chords on the harp of life. The chords of joy have but begun for thee.

DEIRDRE. You confuse my mind, dear fostermother, with your speech of joy and sorrow. It is not your wont. Indeed, I think my dream portends joy.

LAVARCAM. It is love, Deirdre, which is coming to thee. Love, which thou hast never known.

DEIRDRE. But I love thee, dearest and kindest of guardians.

LAVARCAM. Oh, in this love heaven and earth will be forgotten, and your own self unremembered, or dim and far off, as a home the spirit lives in no longer.

DEIRDRE. Tell me, will the hunter from the hills come to us? I think I could forget all for him.

LAVARCAM. He is not one of the Shee, but the proudest and bravest of the Red Branch, Naisi, son of Usna. Three lights of valour among the Ultonians are Naisi and his brothers.

DEIRDRE. Will he love me, fostermother, as you love me, and will he live with us here?

LAVARCAM. Nay, where he goes you must go, and he must fly afar to live with you. But I will leave you now for a little, child; I would divine the future. *(Lavarcam kisses Deirdre and goes within the dun. Deirdre walks to and fro before the door. Naisi enters. He sees Deirdre, who turns and looks at him, pressing her hands to her breast. Naisi bows before Deirdre.)*

NAISI. Goddess, or enchantress, thy face shone on me at dawn on the mountain. Thy lips called me hither, and I have come.

DEIRDRE. I called thee, dear Naisi.

NAISI. Oh, knowing my name, never before having spoken to me, thou must know my heart also.

DEIRDRE. Nay, I know not. Tell me what is in thy heart.

NAISI. O enchantress! thou art there. The image of thine eyes is there, and thy smiling lips; and the beating of my heart is muffled in a cloud of thy golden tresses.

DEIRDRE. Say on, dear Naisi.

NAISI. I have told thee all. Thou only art in my heart.

DEIRDRE. But I have never ere this spoken to any man. Tell me more.

NAISI. If thou hast never before spoken to any man, then indeed art thou one of the immortals, and my hope is vain. Hast thou only called me to thy world to extinguish my life hereafter in memories of thee?

DEIRDRE. What wouldst thou with me, dear Naisi?

NAISI. I would carry thee to my dun by the sea of Moyle, O beautiful woman, and set thee there on an ivory throne. The winter would not chill thee there, nor the summer burn thee, for I would enfold thee with my love, enchantress, if thou camest to my world. Many warriors are there of the clan Usna, and two brothers I have who are strong above any hosts, and they would all die with me for thy sake.

DEIRDRE (*taking the hands of Naisi*). I will go with thee where thou goest. (*Leaning her head on Naisi's shoulder.*) Oh, fostermother, too truly hast thou spoken! I know myself not. My spirit has gone from me to this other heart for ever.

NAISI. Dost thou forego thy shining world for me?

LAVARCAM (*coming out of the dun*). Naisi, this is the Deirdre of the prophecies.

NAISI. Deirdre!—Deirdre!—I remember in some old tale of my childhood that name. (*Fiercely.*) It was a lying prophecy. What has this golden head to do with the downfall of Ulla?

LAVARCAM. Thou art the light of the Ultonians, Naisi, but thou art not the star of knowledge. The druids spake truly. Through her, but not through her sin, will come the destruction of the Red Branch.

NAISI. I have counted death as nothing battling for the Red Branch; and I would not, even for Deirdre, war upon my comrades. But Deirdre I will not leave nor forget for a thousand prophecies made by druids in their dotage. If the Red Branch must fall, it will fall through treachery; but Deirdre I will love, and in my love is no dishonour, nor any broken pledge.

LAVARCAM. Remember, Naisi, the law of the king. It is death to thee to be here. Concobar is even now in the woods, and will come hither again.

DEIRDRE. Is it death to thee to love me, Naisi? Oh, fly quickly, and forget me. But first, before thou goest, bend down thy head—low—rest it on my bosom. Listen to the beating of my heart. That passionate tumult is for thee! There — I have kissed thee. I have sweet memories for everlasting. Go now, my beloved, quickly. I fear—I fear for thee this stony king.

NAISI. I do not fear the king, nor will I fly hence. It is due also to the chief of the Red Branch that I should stay and face him, having set my will against his.

LAVARCAM. You cannot remain now.

NAISI. It is due to the king.

LAVARCAM. You must go; both must go. Oh, do not cloud your heart with dreams of a false honour. It is not your death only, but Deirdre's, which will follow. Do you think the Red Branch would spare her, after your death, to extinguish another light of valour, and another who may wander here?

NAISI. I will go with Deirdre to Alba.

DEIRDRE. Through life, or to death, I will go with thee, Naisi.

(Voices of Ainle and Ardan are heard in the wood.)

ARDAN. I think Naisi went this way.

AINLE. He has been wrapt in a dream since the dawn. See! this is his footstep in the clay.

ARDAN. I heard voices.

AINLE *(entering with Ardan).* Here is our dream-led brother—

NAISI. Ainle and Ardan, this is Deirdre, your sister. I have broken through the command of the king, and fly with her to Alba, to avoid warfare with the Red Branch.

ARDAN. Our love to thee, beautiful sister.

AINLE. Dear maiden, thou art already in my heart with Naisi.

LAVARCAM. You cannot linger here. With Concobar the deed follows swiftly the counsel; to-night his spearmen will be on your track.

NAISI. Listen, Ainle and Ardan. Go you to Emain Macha. It may be, the Red Branch will make peace between the king and myself. You are guiltless in this flight.

AINLE. Having seen Deirdre, my heart is with you, brother, and I also am guilty.

ARDAN. I think, being here, we, too, have broken the command of the king. We will go with thee to Alba, dear brother and sister.

LAVARCAM. Oh, tarry not: tarry not! Make haste while there is yet time. The thoughts of the king are circling around Deirdre as wolves around the fold. Try not the passes of the valley—but over the hills. The passes are all filled with the spearmen of the king.

NAISI. We will carry thee over the mountain, Deirdre, and to-morrow will see us nigh to the isles of Alba.

DEIRDRE. Farewell, dear fostermother. I have passed the faery sea since dawn, and have found the Island of Joy. Oh, see! what bright birds are around us, with dazzling wings! Can you not hear their singing? Oh, bright birds, make music for ever around my love and me!

LAVARCAM. They are the Birds of Angus. Their singing brings love—and death.

DEIRDRE. Nay, death has come before love, dear fostermother, and all I was has vanished like a dewdrop in the sun. Oh, beloved, let us go. We are leaving death behind us in the valley. (*Deirdre and the brothers go through the wood. Lavarcam watches, and, when they are out of sight, sits by the door of the dun with her head bowed to her knees. After a little Concobar enters.*)

CONCOBAR. Where is Deirdre?

LAVARCAM *(not lifting her head).* Deirdre has left death behind her, and has entered into the kingdom of her youth.

CONCOBAR. Do not speak to me in portents. Lift up your head, Druidess. Where is Deirdre?

LAVARCAM *(looking up).* Deirdre is gone!

CONCOBAR. By the high gods, tell me whither; and who has dared to take her hence?

LAVARCAM. She has fled with Naisi, son of Usna, and is beyond your vengeance, king.

CONCOBAR. Woman, I swear by Balor, Tethra, and all the brood of demons, I will have such a vengeance a thousand years hereafter shall be frighted at the tale. If the Red Branch is to fall, it will sink at least in seas of the blood of the clan Usna.

LAVARCAM. O king, the doom of the Red Branch had already gone forth, when you suffered love for Deirdre to enter your heart.

(Scene closes.)

ACT II.

SCENE.—*In the dun by Loch Etive. Through the open door can be seen the lakes and wooded islands in a silver twilight. Deirdre stands at the door looking over the lake. Naisi is within binding a spear-head to the shaft.*

DEIRDRE. How still is the twilight! It is the sunset, not of one, but of many days—so still, so still, so living! The enchantment of Dana is upon the lakes and islands and woods, and the Great Father looks down through the deepening heavens.

NAISI. Thou art half of their world, beautiful woman, and it seems fair to me, gazing on thine eyes. But when thou art not beside me, the flashing of spears is more to be admired than a whole heavenful of stars.

DEIRDRE. O Naisi! still dost thou long for the Red Branch, and the peril of battles and death.

NAISI. Not for the Red Branch, nor the peril of battles, nor death, do I long. But—

DEIDRE. But what, Naisi? What memory of Eri hast thou hoarded in thy heart?

NAISI *(bending over his spear).* It is nothing, Deirdre.

DEIRDRE. It is a night of many days, Naisi. See, all the bright day had hidden is revealed! Look, there! A star! and another star! They could not see each other through the day, for the hot mists of the sun were about them. Three years of the sun have we passed in Alba, Naisi; and now, O star of my heart, truly do I see you, this night of many days.

NAISI. Though my breast lay clear as a crystal before thee, thou couldst see no change in my heart.

DEIRDRE. There is no change, beloved; but I see there one memory warring on thy peace.

NAISI. What is it then, wise woman?

DEIRDRE. O Naisi, I have looked within thy heart, and thou hast there imagined a king with scornful eyes thinking of thy flight.

NAISI. By the gods, but it is true! I would give this kingdom I have won in Alba to tell the proud monarch I fear him not.

DEIRDRE. O Naisi, that thought will draw thee back to Eri, and to I know not what peril and death beyond the seas.

NAISI. I will not war on the Red Branch. They were ever faithful comrades. Be at peace, Deirdre.

DEIRDRE. Oh, how vain it is to say to the heart, "Be at peace," when the heart will not rest! Sorrow is on me, beloved, and I know not wherefore. It has taken the strong and fast place of my heart, and sighs there hidden in my love for thee.

NAISI. Dear one, the songs of Ainle and the pleasant tales of Ardan will drive away thy sorrow.

DEIRDRE. Ainle and Ardan! Where are they? They linger long.

NAISI. They were watching a sail that set hitherward from the south.

DEIRDRE. A sail!

NAISI. A sail! What is there to startle thee in that? Have not a thousand galleys lain in Loch Etive since I built this dun by the sea?

DEIRDRE. I do not know, but my spirit died down in my heart as you spake. I think the wind that brings it blows from Eri, and it is it has brought sorrow to me.

NAISI. My beautiful one, it is but a fancy. It is some merchant comes hither to barter Tyrian cloths for the cunning work of our smiths. But glad would I be if he came from Eri, and I would feast him here for a night, and sit round a fire of turves, and hear of the deeds of the Red Branch.

DEIRDRE. Your heart for ever goes out to the Red Branch, Naisi. Were there any like unto thee, or Ainle, or Ardan?

NAISI. We were accounted most skilful, but no one was held to be braver than another. If there were one, it was great Fergus, who laid aside the silver rod which he held as Ardrie of Ulla; but he is in himself greater than any king.

DEIRDRE. And does one hero draw your heart back to Eri?

NAISI. A river of love, indeed, flows from my heart unto Fergus, for there is no one more noble. But there were many others, Conal, and the boy we called Cuculain, a dark, sad child, who was the darling of the Red Branch, and truly he seemed like one who would be a world-famous warrior. There were many held him to be a god in exile.

DEIRDRE. I think we, too, are in exile in this world. But tell me, who else among the Red Branch do you think of with love?

NAISI. There was the Ardrie, Concobar, whom no man knows, indeed, for he is unfathomable. But he is a wise king, though moody and passionate at times, for he was cursed in his youth for a sin against one of the Shee.

DEIRDRE. Oh, do not speak of him! My heart falls at the thought of him as into a grave; and I know I will die when we meet.

"Then in my dream I came nigh him."
***Deirdre*, Act I.**

THE GREEN SHEAF SUPPLEMENT TO No. 7.

"Do you not see them? the bright birds which sang at our flight! Look how they wheel about us as they sing!"

***Deirdre*, Act II.**

NAISI. I know one who will die before that, my fawn.

DEIRDRE. Naisi! You remember when we fled that night; as I lay by thy side—thou wert yet strange to me—I heard voices speaking out of the air. The great ones were invisible, yet their voices sounded solemnly. "Our brother and our sister do not remember," one said; and another spake: "They will serve the purpose all the same"; and there was more which I could not understand, but I knew we were to bring some great gift to the Gael. Yester-night, in a dream, I heard the voices again; and I cannot recall what they said, but as I woke from sleep my pillow was wet with tears falling softly, as out of another world; and I saw before me thy face, pale and still, Naisi, and the king, with his implacable eyes. Oh, pulse of my heart, I know the great gift we will give to the Gael will be a memory to pity and sigh over; and I shall be the priestess of tears. Naisi, promise me you will never go back to Ulla—swear to me, Naisi.

NAISI. I will, if——*(Here Ainle and Ardan enter).*

AINLE. Oh, great tidings, brother!

DEIRDRE. I feel fate is stealing on us with the footsteps of those we love. Before they speak, promise me, Naisi.

AINLE. What is it, dear sister? Naisi will promise thee anything, and if he does not, we will make him do it, all the same.

DEIRDRE. Oh, let me speak! Both Death and the Heart's Desire are speeding to win the race. Promise me, Naisi, you will never return to Ulla.

ARDAN. Naisi, it were well to hear what tale may come from Emain Macha. One of the Red Branch displays our banner on a galley from the south. I have sent a boat to bring this warrior to our door. It may be Concobar is dead.

DEIRDRE. Why should we return? Is not the Clan Usna greater here than ever in Eri?

AINLE. Dear sister, it is the land which gave us birth; which ever like a mother whispered to us, and its whisper is sweeter than the promise of beloved lips. Though we are kings here in Alba, we are exiles, and the heart is afar from its home.

(A distant shout is heard.)

NAISI. I hear a call like the voice of a man of Eri.

DEIRDRE. It is only a herdsman calling home his cattle. *(She puts her arms round Naisi's neck.)* Beloved, am I become so little to you that your heart is empty, and sighs for Eri?

NAISI. Deirdre, in my flight I have brought with me many whose desire is afar, while you are set as a star by my side. They have left their own land, and many a maiden sighs for the clansmen who never return. There is also the shadow of fear on my name, because I fled, and did not face the king. Shall I swear to keep my comrades in exile, and let the shame of fear rest on the chieftain of their clan?

DEIRDRE. Can they not go? Are we not enough for each other, for surely to me thou art hearth and home, and where thou art, there the dream ends, and beyond it there is no other dream.

(A voice is heard without, more clearly calling.)

AINLE. It is a familiar voice that calls! And I thought I heard thy name, Naisi.

ARDAN. It is the honey-sweet speech of a man of Eri.

DEIRDRE. It is one of our own clansmen. Naisi, will you not speak? The hour is passing, and soon there will be naught but a destiny.

FERGUS *(without).* Naisi! Naisi!

NAISI. A deep voice, like the roar of a storm god! It is Fergus who comes from Eri.

ARDAN. He comes as a friend. There is no treachery in the Red Branch.

AINLE. Let us meet him, and give him welcome! *(The brothers go to the door of the dun. Deirdre leans against the wall with terror in her eyes.)*

DEIRDRE *(in a low, broken voice).* Naisi! *(Naisi returns to her side, Ainle and Ardan go out. Deirdre rests one hand on Naisi's shoulders, and with the other points upwards.)* Do you not see them? The bright birds which sang at our flight! Look, how they wheel about us as they sing! What a heart-rending music! And their plumage, Naisi! It is all dabbled with crimson; and they shake a ruddy dew from their wings upon us! Your brow is stained with the drops. Let me clear away the stains. They pour over your face and hands. Oh! *(She hides her face on Naisi's breast.)*

NAISI. Poor frightened one, there are no birds! See, how clear are my hands! Look again on my face.

DEIRDRE *(looking up for an instant).* Oh! blind, staring eyes.

NAISI. Nay, they are filled with love, light of my heart. What has troubled your mind? Am I not beside you, and a thousand clansmen around our dun?

DEIRDRE. They go—and the music dies out. What was it Lavarcam said?—"Their singing brings love and death."

NAISI. What matters death, for love will find us among the Ever Living Ones? We are immortals, and it does not become us to grieve.

DEIRDRE. Naisi, there is some treachery in the coming of Fergus.

NAISI. I say to you, Deirdre, that treachery is not to be spoken of with Fergus. He was my fosterer, who taught me all a chieftain should feel, and I shall not now accuse him on the foolish fancy of a woman. *(He turns from Deirdre, and as he nears the door Fergus enters with hands laid affectionately on a shoulder of each of the brothers; Buinne and Ilann follow.)* Welcome, Fergus! Glad is my heart at your coming, whether you bring good tidings or ill!

FERGUS. I would not have crossed the sea of Moyle to bring thee ill tidings, Naisi. *(He sees Deirdre.)* My coming has affrighted thy lady, who shakes like the white wave trembling before its fall. I swear to thee, Deirdre, that the sons of Usna are dear to me as children to a father.

DEIRDRE. The Birds of Angus showed all fiery and crimson as you came!

BUINNE. If we are not welcome in this dun, let us return!

FERGUS. Be still, hasty boy.

ILANN. The lady Deirdre has received some omen or warning on our account. When the Shee declare their will, we should with due awe consider it.

ARDAN. Her mind has been troubled by a dream of some ill to Naisi.

NAISI. It was not by dreaming evils that the sons of Usna grew to be champions in Ulla. And I took thee to my heart, Deirdre, though the druids trembled to murmur thy name.

FERGUS. If we listened to dreamers and foretellers, the sword would never flash from its sheath. In truth, I have never found the Shee send omens to warriors, they rather bid them fly to herald our coming.

DEIRDRE. And what doom comes with thee now, that such omens fled before thee? I fear thy coming, warrior. I fear the Lights of Valour will be soon extinguished.

FERGUS. Thou shalt smile again, pale princess, when thou hast heard my tale. It is not to the sons of Usna I would bring sorrow. Naisi, thou art free to return to Ulla.

NAISI. Does the king, then, forego his vengeance?

DEIRDRE. The king will never forego his vengeance. I have looked on his face—the face of one who never changes his purpose.

FERGUS. He sends forgiveness and greetings.

DEIRDRE. O Naisi, he sends honied words by the mouth of Fergus, but the pent-up death broods in his own heart.

BUINNE. We were tempest-beaten, indeed, on the sea of Moyle—but the storm of this girl's speech is more fearful to face.

FERGUS. Your tongue is too swift, Buinne. I say to you, Deirdre, that if all the kings of Eri brooded ill to Naisi, they dare not break through my protection.

NAISI. It is true indeed, Fergus, though I have never asked any protection save my own sword. It is a chill welcome you give to Fergus and his sons, Deirdre. Ainle, tell them within to make ready the feasting hall.

(Ainle goes into an inner room.)

DEIRDRE. I pray thy pardon, warrior. Thy love for Naisi I do not doubt. But in this holy place there is peace, and the doom that Cathvah the druid cried cannot fall. And oh, I feel, too, there is One here among us who pushes us silently from the place of life; and we are drifting away—away—from the world on a tide which goes down into the darkness!

ARDAN. The darkness is in your mind alone, poor sister. Great is our joy to hear the message of Fergus.

NAISI. It is not like the king to change his will. Fergus, what has wrought upon his mind?

FERGUS. He took counsel with the druids and Lavarcam, and thereafter spake at Emain Macha, that for no woman in the world should the sons of Usna be apart from the Red Branch. And so we all spake joyfully: and I have come with the king's message of peace, for he knew that for none else wouldst thou return.

NAISI. Surely, I will go with thee, Fergus. I long for the shining eyes of friends, and the fellowship of the Red Branch, and to see my own country by the sea of Moyle. I weary of this barbarous people in Alba.

DEIRDRE. O children of Usna, there is death in your going! Naisi, will you not stay the storm-bird of sorrow? I forehear the falling of tears that cease not, and in generations unborn the sorrow of it all that will never be stilled!

NAISI. Deirdre! Deirdre! It is not right for you, beautiful woman, to come with tears between a thousand exiles and their own land! Many battles have I fought, knowing well there would be death and weeping after. If I feared to trust to the word of great kings and warriors, it is not with tears I would be remembered. What would the bards sing of Naisi—without trust! afraid of the outstretched hand! frightened by a woman's fears! By the gods, before the clan Usna were so shamed I would shed my blood here with my own hand.

DEIRDRE. O stay—stay your anger! Have pity on me, Naisi. Your words, like hot lightnings, sear my heart. Never again will I seek to stay thee. But speak to me with love once more, Naisi. Do not bend your brows on me with anger; for, oh! but a little time remains for us to love!

FERGUS. Nay, Deirdre, there are many years. Thou shalt yet smile back on this hour in thy old years, thinking of the love and laughter between.

AINLE *(entering)*. The feast is ready for our guests.

ARDAN. The bards shall sing of Eri to-night. Let the harpers sound their gayest music. Oh, to be back once more in royal Emain!

NAISI. Come, Deirdre, forget thy fears. Come, Fergus, I long to hear from thy lips of the Red Branch and Ulla.

FERGUS. It is geasa with me not to refuse a feast offered by one of the Red Branch. *(Fergus, Buinne, Ilann, and the sons of Usna go into the inner room. Deirdre remains silently standing for a time, as if stunned. The sound of laughter and music floats in. She goes to the door of the dun, looking out again over the lakes and islands.)*

DEIRDRE. Farewell, O home of happy memories. Though thou art bleak to Naisi, to me thou art bright. I shall never see thee more, save as shadows we wander here, weeping over what has gone. Farewell, O gentle people, who made music for me on the hills. The Father has struck the last chord on the Harp of Life; and the music I shall hear hereafter will be only sorrow. O Mother Dana, who breathed up love through the dim earth to my heart, be with me where I am going. Soon shall I lie close to thee for comfort, where many a broken heart has lain, and many a weeping head.

(Music of harps and laughter again floats in.)

VOICES. Deirdre! Deirdre! Deirdre!

(Deirdre leaves the door of the dun, and the scene closes as she flings herself on a couch burying her face in her arms.)

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The house of the Red Branch at Emain Macha. There is a door covered with curtains, through which the blue light of evening can be seen. Concobar sits at a table on which is a chessboard, with figures arranged. Lavarcam stands before the table.*

CONCOBAR. The air is dense with omens, but all is uncertain. Cathvah, for all his druid art, is uncertain, and cannot foresee the future; and in my dreams, too, I again see Macha, who died at my feet, and she passes by me with a secret exultant smile. O Druidess, is the sin of my boyhood to be

avenged by this woman, who comes back to Eri in a cloud of prophecy?

LAVARCAM. The great beauty has passed from Deirdre in her wanderings from place to place, and from island to island. Many a time has she slept on the bare earth ere Naisi won a kingdom for himself in Alba. Surely, the prophecy has already been fulfilled, for blood has been shed for Deirdre, and the Red Branch divided on her account. To Naisi the Red Branch are as brothers. Thou hast naught to fear.

CONCOBAR. Well, I have put aside my fears, and taken thy counsel, Druidess. For the sake of the Red Branch I have forgiven the sons of Usna. Now, I will call together the warriors of Ulla, for it is my purpose to bring the five provinces under the sway of the Red Branch, and there shall be but one kingdom in Eri between the seas.

(A distant shouting of many voices is heard. Lavarcam starts, clasping her hands.)

Why dost thou start, Druidess? Was it not foretold from of old that the gods would rule over one people in Eri? I sometimes think the warrior soul of Lu shines through the boy Cuculain, who after me shall guide the Red Branch; aye, and with him are many of the old company who fought at Moytura, come back to renew the everlasting battle. Is not this the Isle of Destiny, and the hour at hand?

(The clamour is again renewed.)

What is this clamour as if men hailed a king? *(Calls.)* Is there one without there? *(Ilann enters.)* Ah! returned from Alba with the fugitives!

ILANN. King, we have fulfilled our charge. The sons of Usna are with us in Emain Macha. Whither is it your pleasure they should be led?

CONCOBAR. They shall be lodged here in the House of the Red Branch. *(Ilann is about to withdraw.)* Yet, wait, what mean all these cries as of astonished men?

ILANN. The lady Deirdre has come with us, and her beauty is a wonder to the gazers in the streets, for she moves among them like one of the Shee, whiter than ivory, with long hair of gold, and her eyes, like the blue flame of twilight, make mystery in their hearts.

CONCOBAR *(starting up)*. This is no fading beauty who returns! You hear, Druidess!

ILANN. Ardrie of Ulla, whoever has fabled to thee that the beauty of Deirdre is past has lied. She is sorrowful, indeed, but her sadness only bows the heart to more adoration than her joy, and pity for her seems sweeter than the dream of love. Fading! Yes, her yesterday fades behind her every morning, and every changing mood seems only an unveiling to bring her nearer to the golden spirit within. But how could I describe Deirdre? In a little while she will be here, and you shall see her with your own eyes. *(Ilann bows and goes out.)*

CONCOBAR. I will, indeed, see her with my own eyes. I will not, on the report of a boy, speak words that shall make the Red Branch to drip with blood. I will see with my own eyes. *(He goes to the door.)* But I swear to thee, Druidess, if thou hast plotted deceit a second time with Naisi, that all Eri may fall asunder, but I will be avenged. *(He holds the curtain aside with one hand and looks out. As he gazes, his face grows sterner, and he lifts his spear above his head in menace. Lavarcam looks on with terror, and as he drops the curtain and looks back on her, she lets her face sink in her hands.)*

CONCOBAR *(scornfully)*. A druid makes prophecies, and a druidess schemes to bring them to pass! Well have you all worked together! A fading beauty was to return, and the Lights of Valour to shine again in the Red Branch! And I, the Ardrie of Ulla and the head of the Red Branch, to pass by the broken law and the after deceit! I, whose sole thought was of the building up of a people, to be set aside! The high gods may judge me hereafter, but to-night shall see the broken law set straight, and vengeance on the traitors to Ulla.

LAVARCAM. It was all my doing! They are innocent! I loved Deirdre, O king! let your anger be on me alone.

CONCOBAR. Oh, tongue of falsehood! Who can believe you! The fate of Ulla was in your charge, and you let it go forth at the instant wish of a man and a girl's desire. The fate of Ulla was too distant, and you must bring it nigher—the torch to the pile! Breakers of the law, and makers of lies, you shall all perish together! *(Concobar leaves the room. Lavarcam remains, her whole being shaken with sobs. After a pause, Naisi enters with Deirdre. Ainle, Ardan, Ilann, and Buinne follow. During the dialogue which ensues, Naisi is inattentive, and is curiously examining the chess-board.)*

DEIRDRE. We are entering a house of death! Who is it that weeps so? I, too, would weep, but the children of Usna are too proud to let tears be seen in the eyes of their women. *(She sees Lavarcam, who raises her head from the table.)* O fostermother, for whom do you sorrow? Ah! it is for us. You still love me, dear fostermother; but you, who are wise—could you not have warned the Lights of Valour? Was it kind to keep silence, and only meet us here with tears?

LAVARCAM. O Deirdre, my child! my darling! I have let love and longing blind my eyes. I left the mountain home of the gods for Emain Macha, and to plot for your return. I—I deceived the king. I told him your loveliness was passed, and the time of the prophecy gone by. I thought when you came all would be well. I thought wildly, for love had made a blindness in my heart; and now the king has discovered the deceit; and, oh! he has gone away in wrath, and soon his terrible hand will fall!

DEIRDRE. It was not love made you all blind, but the high gods have deserted us, and the demons draw us into a trap. They have lured us from Alba, and they hover here above us in red clouds—cloud upon cloud—and await the sacrifice.

LAVARCAM. Oh, it is not yet too late! Where is Fergus? The king dare not war on Fergus. Fergus is our only hope.

DEIRDRE. Fergus has bartered his honour for a feast. He remained with Baruch, that he might boast he never refused the wine cup. He feasts with Baruch, and the Lights of Valour who put their trust in him—must die.

BUINNE. Fergus never bartered his honour. I do protest, girl, against your speech. The name of Fergus alone would protect you throughout all Eri; how much more here, where he is champion in

Ulla. Come, brother, we are none of us needed here. *(Buinne leaves the room.)*

DEIRDRE. Father and son alike desert us! O foster-mother, is this the end of all? Is there no way out? Is there no way out?

ILANN. I will not desert you, Deirdre, while I can still thrust a spear. But you fear overmuch without a cause.

LAVARCAM. Bar up the door, and close the windows. I will send a swift messenger for Fergus. If you hold the dun until Fergus comes, all will yet be well. *(Lavarcam hurries out.)*

DEIRDRE *(going to Naisi)*. Naisi, do you not hear? Let the door be barred! Ainle and Ardan, are you still all blind? Oh! must I close them with my own hand? *(Deirdre goes to the window, and lays her hand on the bars. Naisi follows her.)*

NAISI. Deirdre, in your girlhood you have not known of the ways of the Red Branch. This thing you fear is unheard of in Ulla. The king may be wrathful; but the word, once passed, is inviolate. If he whispered treachery to one of the Red Branch he would not be Ardrie to-morrow. Nay, leave the window unbarred, or they will say the sons of Usna have returned timid as birds! Come; we are enough protection for thee. See, here is the chess-board of Concobar, with which he is wont to divine, playing a lonely game with fate. The pieces are set. We will finish the game, and so pass the time until the feast is ready. *(He sits down.)* The golden pieces are yours, and the silver mine.

AINLE *(looking at the board)*. You have given Deirdre the weaker side.

NAISI. Deirdre always plays with more cunning skill.

DEIRDRE. O fearless one, if he who set the game played with fate, the victory is already fixed, and no skill may avail.

NAISI. We will see if Concobar has favourable omens. It is geasa for him always to play with silver pieces. I will follow his game. It is your move. Dear one, will you not smile? Surely, against Concobar you will play well.

DEIRDRE. It is too late. See, everywhere my king is threatened!

ARDAN. Nay, your game is not lost. If you move your king back all will be well.

MESSENGER *(at the door)*. I bear a message from the Ardrie to the sons of Usna.

NAISI. Speak out thy message, man. Why does thy voice tremble? Who art thou? I do not know thee. Thou art not one of the Red Branch. Concobar is not wont to send messages to kings by such as thou.

MESSENGER. The Red Branch are far from Emain Macha—but it matters not. The king has commanded me to speak thus to the sons of Usna. You have broken the law of Ulla when you stole away the daughter of Felim. You have broken the law of the Red Branch when you sent lying messages through Lavarcam plotting to return. The king commands that the daughter of Felim be given up, and——

AINLE. Are we to listen to this?

ARDAN. My spear will fly of itself if he does not depart.

NAISI. Nay, brother; he is only a slave. *(To the Messenger.)* Return to Concobar, and tell him that to-morrow the Red Branch will choose another chief. There; why dost thou wait? Begone! *(To Deirdre.)* Oh, wise woman, truly did you see the rottenness in this king!

DEIRDRE. Why did you not take my counsel, Naisi? For now it is too late—too late.

NAISI. There is naught to fear. One of us could hold this dun against a thousand of Concobar's household slaves. When Fergus comes to-morrow, there will be another king in Emain Macha.

ILANN. It is true, Deirdre. One of us is enough for Concobar's household slaves. I will keep watch at the door, while you play at peace with Naisi. *(Ilann lifts the curtain of the door and goes outside. The play at chess begins again. Ainle and Ardan look on.)*

AINLE. Naisi, you play wildly. See, your queen will be taken. *(A disturbance without, and the clash of arms.)*

ILANN *(without)*. Keep back! Do you dare?

NAISI. Ah! the slaves come on, driven by the false Ardrie! When the game is finished, we will sweep them back, and slay them in the Royal House, before Concobar's eyes. Play! You forget to move, Deirdre. *(The clash of arms is renewed.)*

ILANN *(without)*. Oh! I am wounded. Ainle! Ardan! To the door! *(Ainle and Ardan rush out. The clash of arms renewed.)*

DEIRDRE. Naisi, I cannot. I cannot. The end of all has come. Oh, Naisi! *(She flings her arms across the table, scattering the pieces over the board.)*

NAISI. If the end has come, we should meet it with calm. It is not with sighing and tears the Clan Usna should depart. You have not played this game as it ought to be played.

DEIRDRE. Your pride is moulded and set like a pillar of bronze. O warrior, I was no mate for you. I am only a woman, who has given her life into your hands; and you chide me for my love.

NAISI *(caressing her head with his hands)*. Poor timid dove, I had forgotten thy weakness. I did not mean to wound thee, my heart. Oh, many will shed hotter tears than these for thy sorrow! They will perish swiftly who made Naisi's queen to weep! *(He snatches up a spear, and rushes out. There are cries, and then a silence.)*

LAVARCAM *(entering hurriedly)*. Bear Deirdre swiftly away through the night. *(She stops and looks around.)* Where are the sons of Usna? Oh! I stepped over many dead bodies at the door. Surely the Lights of Valour were not so soon overcome! Oh, my darling! come away with me out of this terrible house.

DEIRDRE *(slowly)*. What did you say of the Lights of Valour? That—they—were dead—? *(Naisi, Ainle, and Ardan re-enter. Deirdre clings to Naisi.)*

NAISI. My gentle one, do not look so pale, or wound me with those terror-stricken eyes. Those base slaves are all fled! Truly, Concobar is a mighty king, without the Red Branch!

LAVARCAM. Oh, do not linger here. Bear Deirdre away while there is time. You can escape through the city in the silence of the night. The king has called for his druids: soon the magic of Cathvah will enfold you, and your strength will be all withered away.

NAISI. I will not leave Emain Macha until the head of this false king is apart from his shoulders. A spear

can pass as swiftly through his druid as through one of his slaves. Oh, Cathvah, the old mumbler of spells and of false prophecies, who caused Deirdre to be taken from her mother's breast! Truly, I owe a deep debt to Cathvah, and I will repay it.

LAVARCAM. If you love Deirdre, do not let pride and wrath stay your flight. You have but an instant to fly. You can return with Fergus and a host of warriors in the dawn. You do not know the power of Cathvah. Surely, if you do not depart, Deirdre will fall into the king's hands, and it were better she had died in her mother's womb.

DEIRDRE. Naisi, let us leave this house of death. *(The sound of footsteps without.)*

LAVARCAM. It is too late. *(Ainle and Ardan start to the door, but are stayed at the sound of Cathvah's voice. Deirdre clings to Naisi.)*

CATHVAH *(chanting without.)*

Let the Faed Fia fall;
Mananaun Mac Lir.
Take back the day
Amid days unremembered.
Over the warring mind
Let thy Faed Fia fall,
Mananaun Mac Lir.

NAISI. Why dost thou weep, Deirdre, and cling to me so? The sea is calm. To-morrow we will rest safely at Emain Macha, with the great Ardrie, who has forgiven all.

LAVARCAM. The darkness is upon his mind. Oh, poor Deirdre.

CATHVAH *(without).*

Let thy waves rise,
Mananaun Mac Lir.
Let the earth fail
Beneath their feet.
Let thy waves flow over them,
Mananaun:
Lord of ocean.

NAISI. Our galley is sinking—and no land in sight! I did not think the end would come so soon. O pale love, take courage. Is death so bitter to thee? We shall go down in each other's arms; our hearts shall beat out their love together; and the last of life we shall know will be our kisses on each other's lips. *(Ainle and Ardan stagger outside. There is a sound of blows and a low cry.)* Ainle and Ardan have sunk in the waters! We are alone. Still weeping! My bird, my bird, soon we shall fly together to the bright kingdom in the West, to Hy Brazil, amid the opal seas.

DEIRDRE. Naisi, Naisi, shake off the magic dream. It is here in Emain Macha we are. There are no waters. The spell of the druid and his terrible chant have made a mist about your eyes.

NAISI. Her mind is wandering. She is distraught with terror of the king. There, rest your head on my heart. Hush! hush! The waters are flowing upward swiftly. Soon, when all is over, you will laugh at your terror. The great Ardrie will sorrow over our death.

DEIRDRE. I cannot speak. Lavarcam, can you not break the enchantment?

LAVARCAM. My limbs are fixed here by the spell.

NAISI. There was music a while ago. The swans of Lir, with their slow, sweet, faery singing. There never was a sadder tale than theirs. They must roam for ages, driven on the Sea of Moyle, while we shall go hand in hand through the country of immortal youth. And there is Mananaun, the dark blue king, who looks at us with a smile of welcome. Ildathach is lit up with its shining mountains, and the golden phantoms are leaping there in the dawn. There is a path made for us! Come, Deirdre, the god has made for us an island on the sea. *(Naisi goes through the door, and falls back smitten by a spear-thrust.)* The druid Cathvah! The king! O Deirdre! *(He dies. Deirdre bends over the body, taking the hands in hers.)*

LAVARCAM. O gentle heart, thy wounds will be more bitter than his. Speak but a word. That silent sorrow will kill thee and me. My darling, it was fate, and I was not to blame. Come, it will comfort thee to weep beside my breast. Leave the dead for vengeance, for heavy is the vengeance that shall fall on this ruthless king.

DEIRDRE. I do not fear Concobar any more. My spirit is sinking away from the world. I could not stay after Naisi. After the Lights of Valour had vanished, how could I remain? The earth has grown dim and old, fostermother. The gods have gone far away, and the lights from the mountains, and the Lions of the Flaming Heart are still. O fostermother, when they heap the cairn over him, let me be beside him in the narrow grave. I will still be with the noble one. *(Deirdre lays her head on Naisi's body. Concobar enters, standing in the doorway. Lavarcam takes Deirdre's hand and drops it.)*

LAVARCAM. Did you come to torture her with your presence? Was not the death of Naisi cruelty enough? But now she is past your power to wound.

CONCOBAR. The death of Naisi was only the fulfilling of the law. Ulla could not hold together if its ancient laws were set aside.

LAVARCAM. Do you think to bind men together when you have broken their hearts? O fool, who would conquer Eri! I see the Red Branch scattered, and all Eri rent asunder, and thy memory a curse after many thousand years. The gods have overthrown thy dominion, proud king, with the last sigh from this dead child; and of the pity for her they will build up an eternal kingdom in the spirit of man. *(An uproar without and the clash of arms.)*

VOICES. Fergus! Fergus! Fergus!

LAVARCAM. The avenger has come! So perishes the Red Branch. *(She hurries out wildly.)*

CONCOBAR *(slowly, after a pause).* I have two divided kingdoms, and one is in my own heart. Thus do I pay homage to thee, O Queen, who will rule, being dead. *(He bends over the body of Deirdre and kisses her hand.)*

FERGUS *(without.)* Where is the traitor Ardrie? *(Concobar starts up, lifting his spear. Fergus appears at the doorway, and the scene closes.)*

FARNCOMBE & SON, PRINTERS, 76 SOUTHBRIDGE ROAD, CROYDON.

The Green Sheaf

The Old Book.

The Green Sheaf

THE WOOD NYMPH.

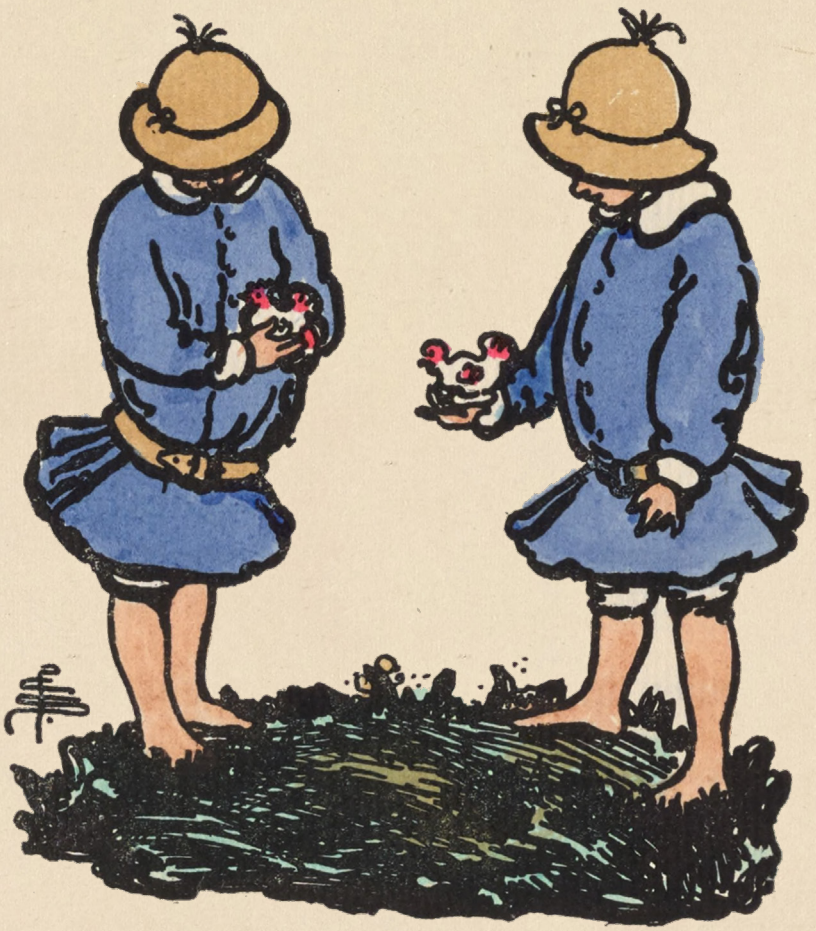
The Green Sheaf

THE WOOD OF LARAGH.

I HAVE found quiet in the hushed twilight of the wood
And the healing of all trouble in the murmuring leaves.
Let me wander till the dusk has hidden away the world
And all I have known, till the silence and the green solitude
And the murmur of the leaves have entered at my heart.
Some day, when dusk has fallen upon me in a world
Grown full of trouble, I may remember, though far apart,
That there is quiet in the hushed twilight of the wood
And the healing of all trouble in the murmuring leaves.

Cecil French.

The Green Sheaf



THE CLAY CHICKENS.

The Green Sheaf

THE CLAY CHICKENS.

Once upon a time there was an old cheese maker who had in his care two orphans, and they all lived in a quiet green valley high up in the mountains.

Their home was a chalet which stood at the edge of the pine trees. It was roughly but strongly built of wood, and stained with a rich brown pickle to keep out the wet.

The orphans, two chubby little boys, were called Philip and Peter. Philip, the elder by a year, was swarthy like the pines and dark haired, while five-year-old Peter was as fair as the sun.

One day came toiling up the mountain path that led to the snow beyond, a traveller—with an enormous white hat. Seeing the old cheese maker busily churning under the shade of the jutting roof he asked of him a drink of milk. Whereupon the old peasant went inside, and presently reappeared with some goat's milk in a clay bowl, red-glazed and gaily coloured.

The boys who had been playing by the stream that ran down the valley, came up and eyed—half timidly—half gleefully—the stranger who sat astride the wood stack that was growing high towards the roof with winter fuel—his wonderful hat thrown carelessly on the ground. He was looking sad and weary as he glanced up, but broke into loud laughter at the sight of the barefooted babes in their blue coats and quaint skull-fitting caps of straw and black velvet with woollen tufts atop. Children of nature, they were quick to recognise a kindred spirit, and before long the maker of cheeses left his churning to hold his aching sides and crow at the unwonted sights he saw.

When evening came the stranger put on his big white hat and swung down the mountain ; but many were the days he came again, and the boys looked

The Green Sheaf

for his coming with great delight, and he also to finding them. He taught them games of skill, and how they might waylay the nimble trout. He served them as a staff for walking, and as a steed for riding. The fine days he beguiled with play,—the wet with song and story.

Now it so happened, that in spite of all his joy, the stranger was a lonely man with neither kith nor kindred, and he thought as the autumn drew nigh, that he would like to take one of the boys to be his son, but such was his love he could not choose between them. So it befell that on the last day that he came to see them, ere he went southwards for the winter, he brought with him two clay money boxes made in the shape of chickens. They were brown in colour with a blue rosette on the breast and a slit for money in the side. Each side was also decorated with a design in colour, while the tail was a masterpiece of the modeller's art—though little like a tail! He gave one to Philip and one to Peter who received them with great glee and much lavishing of affection. Then the man with the hat drew out two silver coins and dropt one into each. For—thought he—as they use this gift, so shall I be able to judge of their worth.

Whereupon he said farewell to the cheese maker who likewise had a coin—reluctantly accepted—to slip into the little disused hand-churn that hung beside the stove and served to keep his frugal store. Then kissing Philip and Peter who could scarce retain their tears, albeit he promised to come again with the spring, he went his way.

* * * *

The snows drew back to their proper and appointed limits on the high mountains, the fields brought forth their jewels, and the spring came.

Sure enough, too, the man with the white hat came bounding up the mountain and caught the boys in a long embrace as they stood watching for him by the stream—now turbid and grey with snow water. When he had shaken the old peasant by the hand, and drained his bowl of goat's milk, he sat on the log stack, small after the winter's burning, and called Philip and Peter to him.

The Green Sheaf

"Now, Philip, where is your clay chicken?"

Philip, full of a deep mystery, skuttled away and presently returned with a bundle tied up in a yellow handkerchief spotted with red roses. His baby fingers fumbled with the knots until suddenly the clay chicken was discovered shattered in pieces.

The stranger's eye grew stern. "Why have you done this? Were you so greedy to get the money?"

"Oh, no! darling Man-with-the-hat. I wanted to give you this—I bought it of the pedlar yesterday." The words almost fell over each other with gasps and spasms of mingled excitement and smiles. He thereupon produced from the innermost recesses of his garment, a clay cow that stood serenely smiling on a terra-cotta base that matched her adorning spots.

The stranger turned hurriedly to Peter.

"And yours?"

Peter, the faintest suspicion of self-righteousness gleaming in his eye, displayed his chicken intact and in perfect condition. The stranger's face fell. He has kept it thus—he feared—because he is selfish and would hoard it.

"Oh, Mr. Man-with-the-hat, I wanted to buy you a cow like Philip—(surely a slip)—but I could not break the chicken because it was so beautiful, and because you giv'd it me!"

What need is there of more? So glad was the stranger with these answers, that he took the two fatherless ones to be his sons, and lest the cheese maker might be lonely, he took him also to be his servant, and they all lived happily ever after.

E. Harcourt Williams.

The Green Sheaf

THE GRAY COAT.

(A Dream.)

FROM my childhood I have been used to dream of fighting. The clash of swords, the booming of big guns, the rhythmical tramping of feet, the trumpet, the drum, the master voice of command, the precise movements of many men, the pageant of uniforms, ragged or grand, the grumbling of veterans, war songs full of triumph and sadness—this confused mass of sight and sound is often the background from which emerge dreams I remember and dreams I forget.

The other night I was in a large cobbled market-place of what seemed a Flemish town. Together with some other young officers, I was rollicking in the Square, the object of our merriment being a large and high scaffold in the centre. We were making wagers about the victims who were walking up a kind of gang-plank to place their necks under the knife. I remember thinking we were making too much noise, when a little man in a gray overcoat began to look at me hard —to my great discomfort. Feeling those eyes upon me, I ceased to enjoy myself, and I was hardly surprised when someone clapped me on the shoulder, and told me roughly that it was my turn. "One rash word has done it," said the little man in the gray overcoat . . . . It was Napoleon.

No guards forced you to walk up the steep gang-plank. It was a question of honour. I had to go, and all I cared about was that I should walk with dignity and should not move my head about when the time came to place it for the knife to fall. I felt it depended on me entirely whether the knife made a clean cut or not . . . . and I kept very still, for when you are sure that in a minute you will feel nothing, it is easy to bear anything . . . . I heard a musical whizz in the air . . . . my head was severed clean and fine . . . . and now for the first time rage and resentment filled my heart. *I was not dead.*

I stumbled up. The people round seemed very angry that I was not quicker in making room for the next man. The top of my neck, where my head had been, throbbed and burned like the worst gathering you ever had on your finger. The place was red and raw, but it bled black and it bled slowly. In agony and anguish, I begged that I might be allowed to go down from the scaffold. But

The Green Sheaf

they told me not to be impatient and forced me to stay and watch the others . . . . I confess that I now felt some pride at the stillness with which I had met the knife . . . . for none of these were still. Their legs twitched, and curled up like burning feathers as they lay down to place their heads, and they see-sawed backwards and forwards to such an extent, that the knife made wounds in their backs, or chopped bits off their hair . . . .

This horrible sight and my own great pain made me walk but feebly when I was dismissed from the scaffold . . . . The crowd roared with laughter as I came down, and I heard some of them say that I looked funny without my head . . . . I found refuge in a large empty room with a floor so smooth and so highly polished, that every picture of its majestic desolation could be seen twice.

There was one bed in the room . . . . I lay down on the floor near it, hoping that on the icy surface I might find some relief. The man in the bed stretched out a hand to me, I gripped it and begged him to tell me when I should be allowed to die . . . . He answered that only one man knew that . . . . Across the floor stepped that god in the frowsy gray overcoat. I prayed him that I might die, and that first I might be allowed to write to my mother, for I did not want her to think worse of me than I deserved.

Napoleon nodded assent with a kind of peremptory irritation . . . . but there was nothing small or mean in his impatience.

I followed him into another room, spacious, and furnished with great splendour. A black servant handed me a quill and I sat down and wrote, nervous because Napoleon had his eye on me, but determined to be honest . . . . and not to cry out . . . . By this time my headless neck was giving me such torture, that a cry would have been no great treachery. And I wrote to my dear mother (who had long been dead) that I had paid the utmost penalty for one rash word, but that I had kept my head still under the knife, and I hoped she would not think too badly of me . . . . There was no mercy in Napoleon's eyes when I had done, but there was just a fleeting thrill of pride . . . . and because it that minute he praised me silently for having kept my head still . . . . I felt that I had served him, though I was young . . . . and in great happiness I began to float upon the viewless wind.

Christopher St. John.

The Green Sheaf

KYN VYTTYN (Before Morning.)

Go back, sweet slip of cambric to my own,
And bid her wait for day :
The night is wet, the windy stars are flown,
The taller trees beside the river moan,
The dawn can be but gray.

Cambric and tears : rain on a soul a-fire :
Dew in the tulip's heart :
The trampled lane is ankle-deep in mire,
Yet orchard birds, in undesponding quire,
Sing lauds for those who part.

Go back to her, the light is spreading fast,
Tell her my lips are dumb :
Clouds veil the sun ; but say that at the last
Each storm-torn sail and every shaken mast
To some safe port must come.

L. C. Duncombe-Jewell.

4 Mîs Mê, 1903.

A DREAM.

I stood beside my couch, and saw my soul
Radiant, unfettered, beautiful and bright,
Rise from the flesh, and softly steal away
Into the lonely silence of the night.
One glance it cast upon the senseless clay,
In those impassioned eyes I saw the gleam
Of bitter hatred and divine regret ;
And cold with fear I woke from out my dream.

Victor Bridges.

The Green Sheaf

THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

To thee we turn, O Land of sunny dream,
Kind refuge from a world attuned to grey
With toilsome travail—pleasures reft of play
Where souls go masked and are not what they seem;
But like expectant children at thy door
We stand, and open with love's golden key,
Nor fear to face the manifold mystery
Of fancy's realm and read its hidden lore.

Our web of life is woven up with sleep,
Wherefrom but echoes few and faint we bring,
But treasures of our waking dreams we keep
To fill a world-wide space that crowns us king;
Life filches joys—but yet we will not grieve
If we have still our Land of Make-Believe.

Francis Annesley.

DAWN.

Oh come, the woman cried, Oh come with me,
To where the wind-clouds lift the purple sea;
Down from the hills the dawn drives mist away,
And through the forest shoots the glint of day.

P. C. S.

The Green Sheaf

THE KNIGHT-ERRANT.

A KNIGHT comes riding out of the west,
(De Montfort, De Montfort.)
His armour is bright as steel can be
He carries his pennon waving free,
His device for all the world to see.
(De Montfort, to the rescue.)

"Loyale quand même et loyale toujours"
(De Montfort, De Montfort.)
Three pheons sable upon his shield,
A mailëd arm on an argent field,
A bloody dagger the hand doth wield.
(De Montfort, to the rescue.)

The title he bears is, The Silent Knight,
(De Montfort, De Montfort.)
He won his spurs after long delay,
In the street was he knighted in open day,
By the Lady he loves as she passed that way.
(De Montfort, to the rescue.)

The bravest are those who conquer fear
(De Montfort, De Montfort.)
His quests are many, his victories few,
A coward at heart yet his heart is true,
Can more be said for the bravest of you?
(De Montfort, to the rescue.)

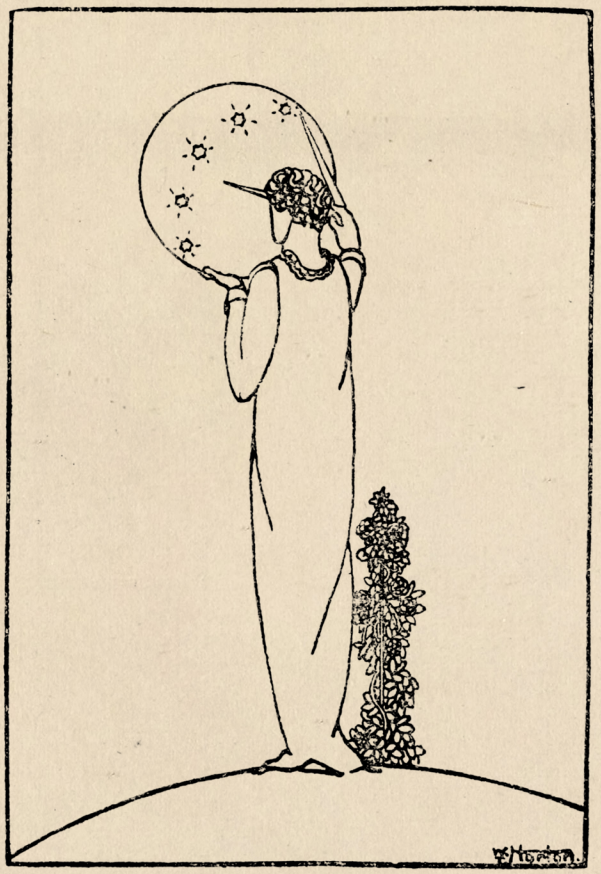
And he rides in the Enchanted Land
(De Montfort, De Montfort.)
He dreams by night and he dreams by day,
And at times he sings on his lonely way
Of the Lady he loves for ever and aye.
(De Montfort, to the rescue.)

Alix Egerton.

The Green Sheaf

THE SILENT KNIGHT.

The Green Sheaf

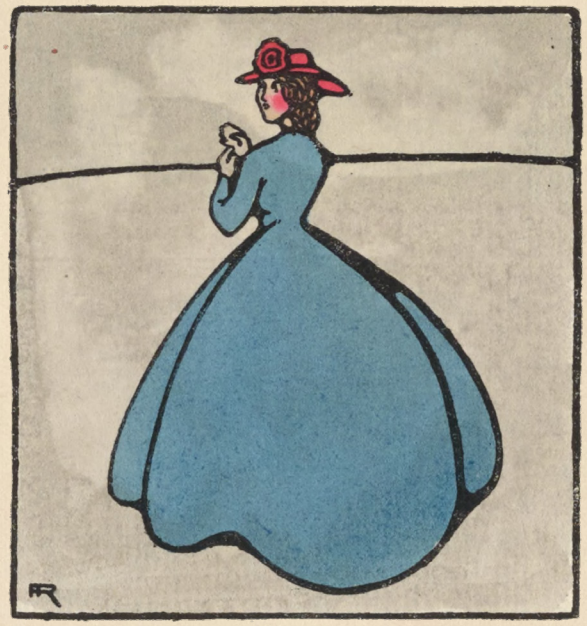


THE DEFINITE.

"To see the world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour."

William Blake.

The Green Sheaf



BELINDA.

Belinda's gloves are new,
So's her hat;
What of that?
Her frock is too.

When her bills are due,
I don't care;
Shan't be there,
Not I, would you?

Reginald ***Rigby.***

The Green Sheaf

FROM EAST TO WEST.

Written by Frederick J. Waugh. *Illustration by Cecil French.*

Dawn.

THE Day rises out of the East,
The Night sinks away in the West,
Between them the hovering Dawn
Is New Rose and the first welcome Guest.

Day.

The Night is far down in the West,
The Night is far down in the East,
Between the Night hovers the Day
Filled with life, joy and hope all increased.

Dusk.

The Night follows out of the East,
The Day passes into the West,
Between them there hovers the Dusk
As the Sunset, Old Rose, fades to rest.

Night.

The Day is alive in the East,
The Day is alive in the West,
Between the Day hovers the Night
Where the Dreamers in Dreamland are Blest.

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.

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.

The Green Sheaf

But the terraced walks and soft green lawns
Would her eyes pass by,
To there, where the rolling forest-land
Stretched out and away on either hand
To the plain which lay like a purple band
'Gainst the sunset sky.

She sat by the window looking west
At the twilight hour,
She held her knees in a long embrace
The shadows slanting across her face
Of the window-bars of this prison-place
In the castle tower.

In the closing dusk her eyes looked dark
As the purple sloe,
While a golden circlet bound her hair
Back from her brow, which was wondrous fair,
In the shadowed depths of her eyelids, there
Did she hide her woe.

Her lips were scarlet and spake no word
Of her heart's distress;
And her neck was hung with chains of gold,
With gems of beauty and worth untold,
Half hidden in many a silken fold
Of her flowing dress.

So still she sat in the carven chair
In the growing gloom,
The lines of the arras never stirred
No sound of movement was ever heard,
Not a sigh or even a whispered word
In that silent room.

Some said her lover had played her false,
But their words were vain;
The deathless grief was, alas, her lot,
The longest pain in this life begot,
Pity her, love her, but blame her not,
My Lady of Pain.

Alix Egerton.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE GREEN SHEAF, No. 9.

A DREAM

BY

JOHN TODHUNTER.

AN UNCANNY DREAM.

In the Land of Dreams there are as many regions as the dreamer has personalities, submerged beneath that which he looks upon as his own. In his waking hours these personalities may apparently be fused into one. In his dreams he finds himself at the mercy of the one dominant for the time, which he then seems to inhabit; and each has its own world, or region, for the scene of its adventures—a region unknown by day, but remembered in dreams. One may for years fitfully inhabit many different personalities in turn; and when a dream begins there may be a moment of doubt and bewilderment, and the question is asked: "Who am I, and where am I?" But after a while the region grows familiar, and with it the personality; and the dream-memory pieces together the sections of the serial story of which this is the scene. I have had many of these serial dreams, some coming to a climax, and then ceasing; others abortive, withering away like a plant too weak to flower. Here is one which tormented me for years.

I was in the studio of an Italian artist in Rome, where, after he had shown me some studies of his own, my eye fell upon a large picture, veiled by a curtain, which stood on an easel in one corner. On my asking to be allowed to see it, he looked at me for a moment, and I caught a slightly cynical expression in his eyes and on his lips as he drew back the curtain. It was an Italian picture of the late fifteenth century, in an elaborate frame of the same period: a Crucifixion, with the Magdalen kneeling, or rather crouching, at the foot of the cross, and the Virgin and St. John standing at either side. It was painted in the hard style, and somewhat crude colour, of a Ferrarese of the school of Mantegna, and much in the manner of Cosimo Tura; and there was something grotesque in the naive representation of suffering in the faces of Christ, the Virgin, and St. John; that of the Magdalen was not seen. As I looked, the picture seemed to flicker, the figures became indistinct, and the curtain was hastily drawn.

Afterwards, I saw the picture many times, in many dreams; in studios, on the walls of old Italian palaces, in exhibitions in England; sometimes as a vague vision, sometimes more distinctly; but always flickering in a tantalizing way when I looked closely at the faces. I came to hate and dread it more and more; yet it had a terrible fascination for me, and I was always trying to get possession of it. Sometimes it was given me, sometimes I bought it, sometimes it came to me, I cannot tell how; but it never remained long with me. It would disappear when my back was turned, or if I attempted to show it to anyone—to reappear unexpectedly in some new place.

In one dream I was in the central hall of a great house of glass, like the Crystal Palace. Off one of the aisles a double staircase, hung with scarlet cloth trimmed with fur, led up to a landing from which a picture gallery opened. In one of the rooms I found the picture, which I was not then expecting to see, among a collection of modern paintings. I had now come to dread the sight of it, with unutterable horror and loathing; for each time I saw it, while the fascination increased, the faces of the figures became more and more horrible in their expression of mocking malignity; until at last the thing seemed to live with an evil

life—a vile and blasphemous caricature of the tragedy of Redemption, in which the parts were played by devils. The Magdalen's face was still unseen; but I felt that the last horror was yet to come—if she should look round? The secret of the picture's fascination was in the thought of that; if *she* should turn and gaze at me from the foot of the cross, where she crouched with her glittering, flickering hair! With this mysterious fascination upon me, I went back to the first room, where I had seen a clerk at a table, with a priced catalogue. I spoke to him, described the picture, asked him the price, and was ready to offer anything to secure it. He seemed surprised, assured me there was no such picture in the exhibition; and I hurried back with him to the room in which I had seen it. It was gone; and in its absence I felt an ecstatic sense of relief—escape.

At last, in a subsequent dream, I found myself rushing over the sea on the back of a huge sea monster, and suddenly I saw, sitting face to face with me, a young man with a handsome dark Italian face, looking at me with lustrous amber-brown eyes out of the shadow of a huge black hat with upturned brim. His dark-brown hair fell in crisp curls to his shoulders, and he wore a rather shabby jerkin and breeches of black velvet, and long brown leather boots coming up to his knees. He looked at me with a mocking smile on his lips, which made his dark moustache curl slightly upward at the ends. He was, I knew, the painter of the picture; and without a word passing between us, I understood the reason of his presence. He took a piece of white paste from his pocket, rubbed it between his palms, worked it with his fingers like wax, and with a tiny steel modelling-tool fashioned it into a kind of medallion, with a face—a beautiful woman's face—in profile upon it. This he set in an antique gold ring, which he put on my finger.

Then the scene changed. I was in a gloomy pine-forest, which I knew to be the Pineta of Ravenna. I knew also that the ring would lead me to the picture. The moon was somewhere, but not visible, and I was oppressed by the gloom of the forest. I forced my way through a dense underwood of bushes and young pines, and at last came to the mouth of a cavern, absolutely dark, and full of sulphurous vapour. Into this I plunged, and after struggling on for a fearful time, half smothered by the fumes, I saw a gleam of light in the distance, and at length came out upon the shore of the Adriatic, and felt the cool night air once more. Upon a patch of smooth grass at the edge of the sandy beach, over which tiny waves were lazily rippling, I saw a little chapel with a gabled belfry, dark against the sky, where the moon shone through light clouds. I was drawn by some hideous fascination to this chapel, which stood north and south, not east and west. The door was at the southern end, and was locked and bolted. I felt that if I were to touch the bolts with the ring, the door would open, and I should be delivered into the power of the picture. My hand moved of itself to touch them; but I made a last despairing effort, tore off the ring, and flung it away.

I then woke, with these verses vivid in my memory, and at once wrote them down, with the date of the dream: "Night of Aug. 29th, 1895."

I knew that if I dreamed it to the end
That dream were death—I knew that if I saw
The face that faltered as I did contend
With swimming vapours in the cavern's maw,
That sight were——

The Green Sheaf

THE sky is very black; the rain pours down. Well, never mind it; we will sit by the fire, and read, and tell stories, and look at pictures. Where is Billy, and Harry, and little Betsey? Now tell me who can spell best. Good boy! There is a clever fellow! Now you shall all have some cake.

Mrs. Barbauld.

The Green Sheaf

THE BOAT OF DREAMS.

Once there were two happy children. They were very happy, for they had no care.

All day they played on the sands of a bright river that came out of the blue sky to the east and flowed into the sky of the west, where evening turned it to a river of gold.

And often as they played the children talked of a wonderful boat that would some day come to take them down this bright river. It would not be like other boats, but, as the river was a dream river, so the boat would be a boat of dreams, with a sail of light, and they would only have to sit in the magic boat and be borne along and along by the fair blue tide that came out of the sweet meadows of morning.

Always they talked of the wonderful River Boat, and always they waited for it as they played, free from care, on the bright sands.

And lo, one day, a day of dreams, when a haze lay upon the water and all the fields were still, they suddenly saw their River Boat coming. And they watched without speaking, fearing it might pass them by.

Nearer and nearer it came, and it did not pass, but came quite to the shore, all so gently and silently, as they had dreamed.

And the two happy children stepped on board the River Boat and sat side by side, saying no word, but wonderfully happy (being free from care) because their boat of dreams had come for them at last.

And the sail of the magic River Boat was filled with light, and they were borne away. Side by side, in happy silence, they were borne down the bright river. In their boat of dreams the happy children of fancy sailed on and still on, to a fair land that lies through the gates of evening, where all our dreams become realities, and all our realities dreams.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

The Green Sheaf

"The wren! the wren!
The king of all birds,
St. Stephen's Day was caught in the furze,
So up with the kettle and down with the pan,
Your honour is a decent man."

The Green Sheaf

THE DAWN SONG BY GERALD OF BORNELH.

Englished by F. York Powell.

Loquitur Vigilator—

O King of Glory! Pure and very Light!
Lord, if it please Thee, God of power and might!
On this my Friend Thy faithful aid bestow
Whom since night fell I have not seen till now:
And soon it will be Dawn.

Fair Friend, whether thou sleep or wake this night,
Sleep no more now, but wake thyself outright;
For in the East I see the Day-star show
That leads the Morn up—well its place I know:
And soon it will be Dawn.

Fair Friend, in this my song to thee I cry,
Sleep no more now, I hear the Bird sing high
That comes thro' the dark Wood to seek the Day,
And I fear lest the Foe should thee betray:
For soon it will be Dawn.

Fair Friend, rise up and to the window hie
And look forth on the Stars that leave the Sky,
And thou shalt know it is the truth I say;
If thou do not, it is thy Loss alway:
For soon it will be Dawn.

Fair Friend, since that hour I took leave of thee
I have not slept nor stirred from off my knee,
But prayed alway to God, S. Mary's Son
To give me back my true companion:
And soon it will be Dawn.

Fair Friend, upon the stairs thy charge to me
Was that all sleep I should eschew and flee
And keep good Watch until the Night was done:
But now my Song and Service pass for none:
And soon it will be Dawn.

Respondit Amator—

Fair sweet Friend, I am in such pleasant stay,
As I could wish there were no Dawn or Day—
For the most gentle Dame that e'er was born
Holds me within her arms, wherefore I scorn
The jealous Foe and Dawn.

The Green Sheaf

THE GARDEN.

A STORY was told to me in Shetland, and this is how it ran :—

Once in Unst there lived a great sea-captain ; he had travelled east and west, he had travelled in the scented south, and his discoveries were many and his fame great.

He was growing old, and his friends begged him to spend his old age amongst them in peace, leaving such work as his to the young ; but he answered that he had yet another voyage to make before rest time came, and he manned his ship and sailed away for the polar lands.

"For what do you adventure, captain ?" asked the crew; "to find some fresh sea-passage, new frost-bound islands ; or for seal and white bear skins ?"

"For neither fame nor gain," he answered. "For those I have journeyed enough, and the end of all is a pleasureless, vain fulfilment. To-day I work for no end ; I sail for the sailing's sake ; and I keep my course for the seaman's lode-star, the point that draws the compass and guides my destiny."

And as he spoke the sky darted pennons of fiery glory, and the wave-crests caught and gave back the broken splendour of them.

The days passed and grew to weeks and the ship kept its course ; the ice-cutter ploughed through a white world, and night and day merged into a divine twilight. Seals cried mournful warning to each other across a noiseless dividing space ; further still, and bears, scarcely distinguishable against the snowy landscape, were the only signs of active life. In time even these gave way to utter blankness and iciness, and the frail ship lay between a heaven of tattered fire and an earth of frost.

The crew grew frightened, and would have mutinied, but they had lost their bearings and dared not sail except under the captain's guidance. As for him, he stood motionless at the ship's head, silent and self-absorbed, and heeded not their murmurings.

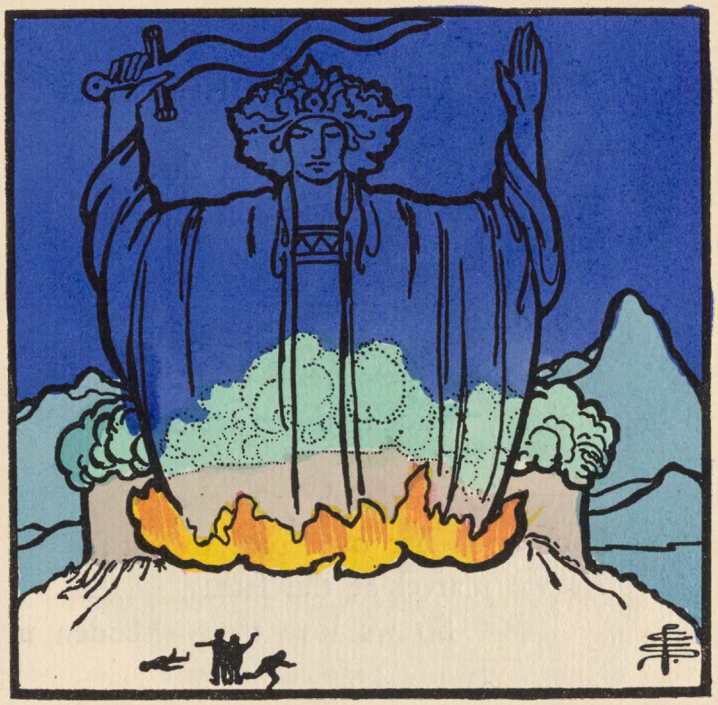
* * * * * *

There was something magnetic in the air ; the heavens changed from dusky red to purple : the snow shone blue and unearthly. It grew warmer, and faint sweet odours crept on the breeze. They found themselves land-locked before and on either hand.

The captain gave orders that anchor should be cast, that he might land.

He went alone, first singling out three men, who if he had not returned in twelve days were to follow a line of light discernible ahead, where, he said, they would find him.

The Green Sheaf



The days passed, and there was no sign of his return, and with trembling and misgiving the men set out.

For three days they followed the gleam, and on the fourth day came upon the dead body of their master. Strangely enough, it showed no marks of death by frost, but was slightly charred.

They were about to raise it, when suddenly before them, raised as in mirage, appeared a figure of awful beauty, with upraised flaming sword. Behind this loveliness there seemed to be a gate, set in a white wall overtopped by luxuriant vegetation. It was but a momentary vision, then the blinding light faded, and the men in speechless terror fled.

They reached the ship nearly dead, and weighing anchor all returned home ; how, they knew not, a wind impelled them.

It was in answer to an expressed desire on my part to see the white countries of the north that the sailor told me this tale ; and as a warning to all who would vain-gloriously search for the magnetic north.

Inaccessible in the present scheme of things, but ever growing within that whiter walled Garden, there stands, said he, the Tree of Life, guiding the world until the Great Time comes when we may see it and be immortal.

G. J.

The Green Sheaf

LINES TO THE EVENING STAR.

MAIDEN, there is pent in thee
Wealth of mirth and melody
That full oft amazes me.

Th' flavour of the rarest wine
Hath the tiniest geste of thine;
Maiden, maiden, there are Nine

Muses in thee tightly packed,
Each with her own part to act;
As we marvel at the fact,
So we love thee—Maiden mine.

RONDELET.

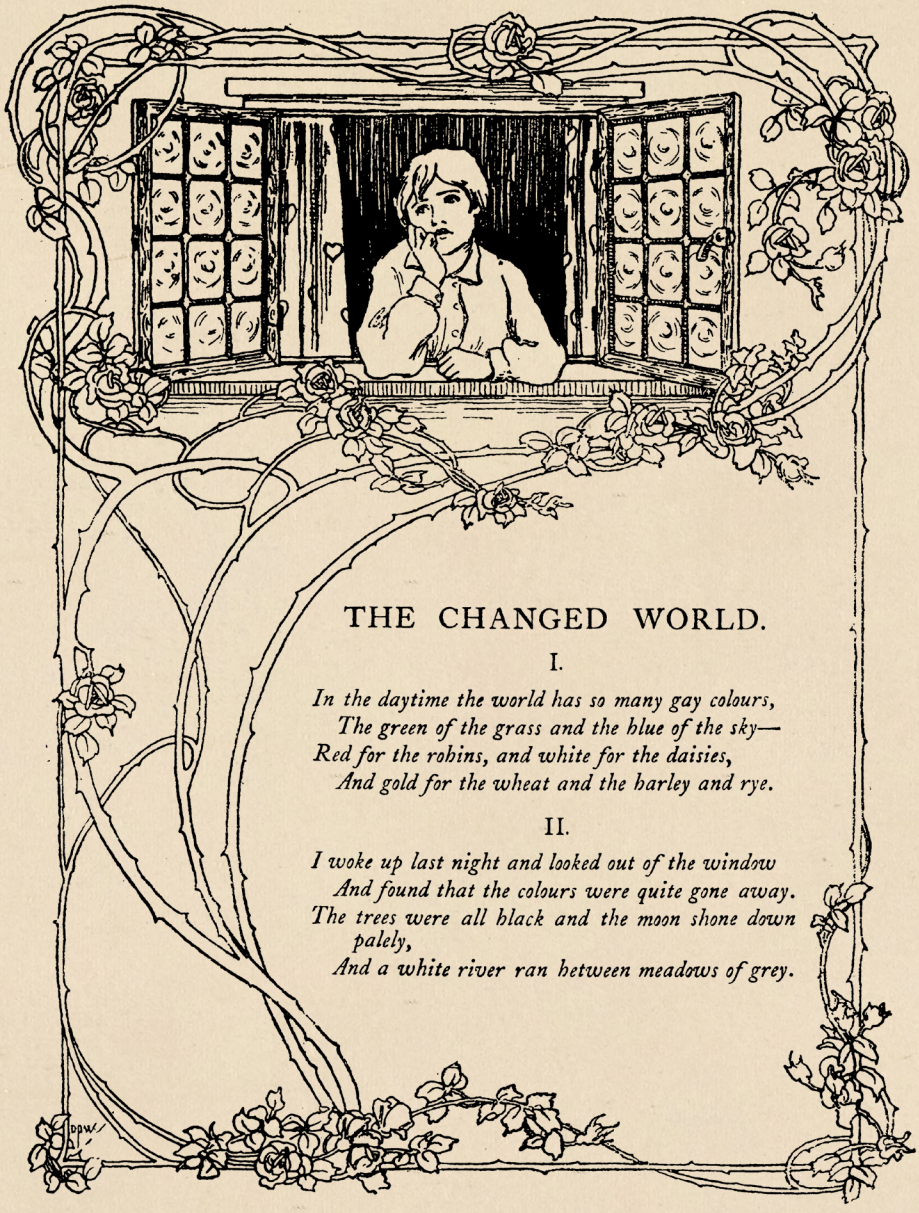
Think, Love, of me.
Far from thy side to-night;
Think, Love, of me.
So shall I absent see
Pictured upon the night
In thy face Heaven's light.
Think, Love, of me.

Ernest Radford.

The Green Sheaf

THE FOUNTAIN OF FAITHFUL LOVERS.

The Green Sheaf



THE CHANGED WORLD.

I.

In the daytime the world has so many gay colours,
The green of the grass and the blue of the sky—
Red for the robins, and white for the daisies,
And gold for the wheat and the barley and rye.

II.

I woke up last night and looked out of the window
And found that the colours were quite gone away.
The trees were all black and the moon shone down palely,
And a white river ran between meadows of grey.

Dorothy Ward.

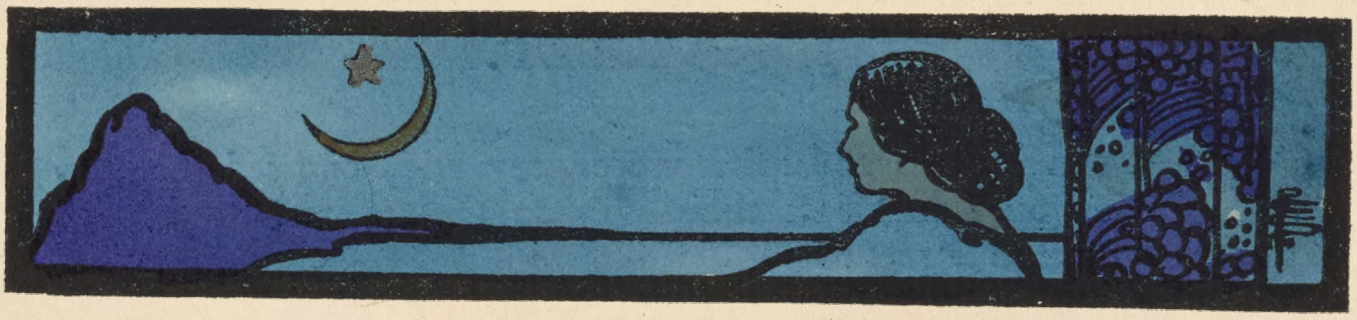
The Green Sheaf

THE VIOLET.

ONE night,
When breezes and mists were grey with one sad memory
(The stars had lost their way to their posts)
I stood upon the street:
I felt as I were older than a star.
I watched the people passing by.
Phantoms were they not?
Were they not part of the ashen air?
I thought they were more glad to disappear than to exist:
They were no more distinct than their shadows on the ground.
Some tempting odour as from a happy dale
Made them bend forward with hurrying step.
I watched them for many an hour:
Suddenly a girl's shape caught my eyes:
"Thou art my lover lost," I cried.
How well I remembered her slightly turned face,
Like a flower in rapture with God's bliss!
'Twas her old manner to show her ankles small,
Her dress flapping like her own heart.
Her tassels of hair hung as of yore,
Like whispering grasses on the sky-road.
I rushed forth: "My O Yen, my beloved!"
O Yen San was my old lover lost,
I knew not how long ago,—
Surely it was in another happier world!
Alas, she vanished.
In vain I ran after her.
Only a bunch of violets was left behind:
The soul of the flower was O Yen's soul.
O Violet, dear one, fed by gossamer and shower,
In the bosom of light and wind!
'Twas many a year ago I bade thee farewell,
Leaving the path of beauty and love,
To wander toward the city and dust.
Tell me, Violet, does O Yen love me no more?
Pray, open thy soul of Spring and smile,
Let me dream awhile upon my sweet past!
Lo, my soul smitten by noise and storm,
Is like a dead leaf on the stream to the Unseen.

Yone Noguchi.

The Green Sheaf



CUP AND BALL.

Between passing of night and birth of morn,
When the pale stars close their eyes,
Each moment new beauty and magic are born
For souls whom the Gods make wise.

The light of the moon is the only light,
Yet her cold ray reaches far,
And the watcher who wakes through the lonely night
May welcome the morning star:

Who shines when her sisters are sleeping all,
—Ere the crescent moon climbs up—
Poised aloft in the heavens like a golden ball
Thrown out of a golden cup.

While ever and ever the moon mounts higher,
With the morning star above,
To the East leaps a glow and a glory of fire,
As leaps to a cold heart Love.

Let us keep our vigil together soon,
Whilst the stars are sleeping all
Save one only, with whom and the crescent moon
The Gods play at cup and ball.

Mary Grace Walker.

The Green Sheaf

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE.

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Everie nighte and alle,
Fire, and sleete, and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
Everie nighte and alle,
To Whinny-muir thou comest at last,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Everie nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on,
And Christe receive thy saule.

The Green Sheaf

If hosen and shoon thou gavest nane
Everie nighte and alle,
The whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane,
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou mayst passe,
Everie nighte and alle,
To Brigg o'Dread thou comest at last,
And Christe receive thy saule.

* * * * * *

From Brigg o'Dread when thou mayst passe,
Everie nighte and alle,
To Purgatory Fire thou comest at last,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meate or drinke,
Everie nighte and alle,
The fire shall never make thee shrinke,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat or drinke thou gavest nane,
Everie nighte and alle,
The fire will burne thee to the bare bane,
And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae night,
Everie nighte and alle,
Fire, and sleete, and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

The Green Sheaf

MEMORY.

The roses are born and the roses die,
But they live again as do you and I,
In the heart and the dreams of Memory.
Husheen, husheen.

Memory keeps the flow'rs that are given,
The vows that are made, the sins that are shriven,
Hers are the tears of the hearts that are riven.
Husheen, husheen.

The Sorrow of Sorrows is in her eyes,
And she is as wise as a God is wise
With the limitless wisdom of centuries.
Husheen, husheen.

Her robe is as blue as a summer night,
All scattered with stars so softly bright,
While to sleep in her arms is a dear delight.
Husheen, husheen.

Down to her knees flows her dusky hair,
Hide but your face in the darkness there,
You will hear whispers of many a prayer.
Husheen, husheen.

Alix Egerton.

The Green Sheaf

The Pine Tree speaks—

High rooted above beasts and men,
I speak: none answers me again.

Too lonely and too proud my state:
I wait: what is that I wait?

Too near me hangs the cloudy vault:
I wait the lightning's first assault.

The Green Sheaf

A SONG OF THE NIGHT.

The wind is softly sighing round the house,
  Tapping with gentle finger on the pane,
The scuttering footsteps of a tiny mouse
  Rise in the distance and depart again.

A bird turns in its nest beneath the eaves
  And twitters as it falls again to sleep;
Two roses kiss beneath the sheltering leaves,
  An owl floats overhead with noiseless sweep.

A grasshopper chirps in the field below,
  A moth goes fluttering round your bedroom wall,
Night's silence and her voices come and go,
  Her mystery and magic, on you fall.

All this you hear, but yet, alas, no more,
Although my heart is beating at your door.

Alix Egerton.

The Green Sheaf

EVENING.

Evening with breezes that revive my memories ;
Evening, my refuge where my sighing eyes hurry to meet with the stars !
All the leaves and flowers drop their tired brows in Evening's purple breath.
Lo ! Adams and Eves turn their footsteps toward their homes.
I alone wait for the Moon's ascent, longing to see my own shadow—
My one wooer in the whole world.

Yone Noguchi.

MUGEN.

(without words.)

I gathered the carnations and roses—an April day—
(O, flowers and Spring !)
I trod the road to the nightingale's nest,
And I met a poet underneath the shade—
(O, Spring and Poet !)
I offered him the flowers, and poetry I begged him to speak :
The flowers he smelled, to the sky sent his golden eyes,
And to me he smiled—
(O smile vaporing around my soul !)
In purple forgetfulness I lost me,—in bliss.
Smile ? Nay, Spring ! Nay, Universe ! Nay, Poetry !
By and by, the poet and I trod with the moon
(O Poet, I and the moon !)
Along the road of the zephyr,
Away, we three.

Yone Noguchi.

The Green Sheaf

THE TOWN.

O DEARY me how idle is
This great and weary town.
For people talk and never do
As they go up and down.

P. C. S.

The Green Sheaf

AITHNE.

Let me rest here where silence crowns old days,
Laying invisible kingdoms at our feet.
I have grown strange to my own self of late;
The colour of life, all sounds, all light and air,
Have wrought a swift enchantment of unrest,
Filling my heart with fire more fierce than war;
So that it yearns for twilight and dim space,
The flowing of sleepy rivers by grey shores
Where wanderers lose both hope and memory,
For thoughts like flowers wait beneath the moon,
Stirred by the breath of every passing mood,
Until the darkness like a great black rose
Shall fold its petals round their quietness.

DERMID.

See how the snows lie white kissed by the moon,
Clothing the earth in Druid fantasies.
The trees forget that it was ever day:
Each glittering bough is overlaid with frost;
While a light wind blows through the mist-hung plains,
As though the breath of Beauty filled the world
And all men's hearts with hidden sweet desire.
Above, no smallest wave or ripple of cloud
Disturbs the deep, where, out of fathomless calm,
Untroubled stars look on the troubled world,
As though the eyes of Beauty watched afar
To fill vain hearts with noble images.

Cecil French.

The Green Sheaf

THE NAMELESS ONES.

THROUGH the stately Mansions of Endeavour
Blow the winds, the tameless winds, of wild desire;
And the Mansions in their fashion change for ever,
Replying to the sighing of the winds of wild desire.

All around the Mansions of Endeavour
Flow the waters, clear and strong, of wild desire;
And dreams out of their streams are born for ever,
The daughters of the waters, clear and strong, of wild desire.

Deep below the Mansions of Endeavour
Glow the flames, the passionate flames of wild desire;
And the building-stones, like opals, change for ever
Their hues, while slow they fuze within the flames of wild desire.

For the Nameless Ones come building and destroying,
In the winds, and rushing waters, and fierce flames of wild desire;
Their passion moulds that music ever changing, never cloying,
Which is life in all the worlds, in man's heart a wild desire.

John Todhunter.

The Green Sheaf

AROUND the earth is spread the sea,
Full of wonders for you and me;
Across the waves the tall ships go,
But they know not the treasures that hide below.

Dorothy P. Ward.

The Green Sheaf

CHARLES AT THE SEASIDE.

"PRAY, Fisherman, what is this great water?" "It is the sea; did you never hear of the sea?" "What! Is this great water, the same sea that is in our map at home?" "Yes, it is." "Well, this is very strange! We are come to the sea that is in our map. I can lay my finger over it." "Yes; it is little in the map; the towns are little, and the rivers are little."

"Pray, Fisherman, is there anything on the other side of this sea?" "Yes; fields, and towns, and people. Will you go and see them?" "I should like to go very well; but how must we do to get over, for there is no bridge here?" "Do you not see those great wooden boxes that swim upon the water?" "They are bigger than all Papa's house. There are tall poles in the middle, as high as a tree." "Those are masts. See how they are spreading the sails." "They are like wings. These wooden boxes are like houses with wings." "Yes, and I will tell you what, little boy! they are made on purpose to go over the sea; and the wind blows them along faster than a horse can trot." "What do they call them?" "They call them ships." "What have those men in the ships got on?" "They have jackets and trousers on, and checked shirts. They are sailors. I think we must make you a sailor; and then instead of breeches you must have a pair of trousers. Do you see that sailor, how he climbs up the ropes? He is very nimble. He runs up like a monkey. Now he is at the top of the mast. How little he looks! But we must get in. Come, make haste; they will not stay for us."

Mrs. Barbauld.

The Green Sheaf

"Pray, Fisherman, what is this great water?"

The Green Sheaf

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

My Galley rocks close in to shore, and waits for me, and waits for me
To spring aboard and seize the helm and set the purple pennon free
And put her head straight out to sea ;
But long she waits, for woe is me,
I toil below a foreign deck, and strain, and labour day by day
Pulling the oar unceasingly, as back and forth in rhythmic sway,
Chanting in monotone, we swing
And time the oar-strokes as we sing.
Another toils in front of me, behind I hear another sigh
And catch his breath as if in pain, each time we hear the sea-bird's cry.
Chained to our posts we cannot rise
To watch where the horizon lies ;
Nor can we tell to what strange port the ship is bound, we never know
What merchandize we bear on board, or on what empty quest we go.
Too large for me the heavy oar
My grasping hands are stiff and sore,
But yet thro' all the ceaseless noise of creaking wood, and straining cords,
Of flapping sails, and shouts and cries, and pattering feet upon the boards,
I hold a silence round my heart,
Where, at my toil, I dream apart
Of Tir-nan-oge and Avalon and the Far Islands in the West,
I see those golden shores, and watch each tiny wave with silver crest
That turns and falls upon the sand,
I see the swelling green upland—
Hereafter dawns a glorious day when I no longer slave shall be,
But set my purple pennon free,
And sail away across the sea ;
For this I wait in stubborn hope, and labour on unceasingly,
For this my galley hugs the shore, and waits for me—and waits for me.

Alix Egerton.

A HORROR OF THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

I was staying for the first time at the country house of an old friend, whom I had not seen for years. It was late in the evening, and we were sitting in the smoking-room having a last pipe together before we went to bed. The room was panelled with dark wood, and the furniture was old. I felt sleepy as my friend talked, and gave him but short answers. Gradually I became conscious of an unpleasant feeling of vague discomfort, for which I could not account. This grew upon me more and more, till my sleepiness fell off me, and I began to wish that my friend would propose our going to bed. A feeling of fear, which seemed in some mysterious way to grow into a sense of something uncanny in the room itself, was, in fact, gradually mastering me.

As I was trying to find some excuse for escaping, there was a knock at the door, and my friend's butler came in with spirits and tumblers. He was an oldish man, who had been long in the family. We spoke to him, and my friend asked him to sit down and have a glass of spirits and water with us, which he did. After a little more talk we got up, intending to go to bed. The smoking-room was on the first floor, at one end of a long drawing-room, into which it opened by a door, a second door leading to a landing. We all went out on to this landing, where the candles were; but as I was turning to the great oak staircase, my friend suggested that we should go and say good-night to his aunt. I agreed, and we went back into the smoking-room, and through the long drawing-room, which I could see by the moonlight, the blinds being up in three or four tall windows, though the moon itself was not visible. As we passed these windows I could see the gardens, and a misty meadow beyond, against which the small, black, clipped trees of the terrace showed hard and distinct. The furniture was of the beginning of the nineteenth century—a harp, a large old-fashioned piano, chairs with flowered tapestry seats, and a light carpet with large flowers. There was a white marble mantelpiece, and the walls were painted in dark reddish-brown distemper, which seemed a little faded. A few water-colours were hung at wide intervals upon the walls.

Passing through this room close under the windows, and through a door opposite to that by which we had entered, we came into a boudoir, just like the smoking-room in shape and size, but furnished in the same old-fashioned style as the drawing-room, and lit by two large windows, in one of which the blinds were up. There were two candles burning on a little table, and a fire in the grate, in front of which sat a pleasant-looking old lady with grey hair, in a lace cap and purplish satin dress. A maid with a baby in her arms was sitting at the side of the room opposite the door by which we had come in. I was introduced to the old lady, sat down beside her, and we began talking, our faces to the fire, our backs to the candles.

I had totally forgotten my feeling of discomfort, and was interested in our conversation, when I noticed that the light in the room had become dim. The glow died out of the fire, leaving it dull; and when I looked round the candle flames had dwindled to the blue. I stood up, and saw my friend and the butler standing together at the door, holding it ajar, and craning their heads round it to look into the drawing-room, whence a bright light proceeded and fell flatly about their feet. I ran up to them. "What is it?" I asked; but they motioned me back. "You had better not look!" said my friend, in a curious, tuneless voice, tense with suppressed irritation. "Oh, nonsense!" said I, "I want to see!" Pushing past them, I went into the drawing-room; and there, a few paces in front of me, I saw a spare old gentleman in a dress of the time of George II., pale blue coat, pale yellow breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes, and ruffled wrists. He stood in a pantaloon-like attitude, in his right hand a thin, polished, brown walking-stick, which seemed to me of about the fineness of the thin end of a billiard cue. I could see nothing of his face; but the end of his nose, which must have been long, was just visible beyond the profile of his cheek. He stood in the midst of an oval of light on the floor, very like that gleam which I have since noticed thrown by a tricycle lamp upon a dark road, but sharper in its outlines.

He walked slowly along to the wall, his footsteps making no sound; and as he drew near the side of the room, I observed that wherever the oval of light passed across the floor, or mounted up the wall, the decoration changed to an earlier style. The wall within the light now appeared a pale green, with panels of pale tinted landscape, bordered by *rococo* scroll work. In the centre, at the bottom of a panel, I could see the figure of a nymph reclining among reeds. The old gentleman stood before this panel, raised his stick, and rapped the centre of the tuft of reeds with such irritable violence that the stick snapped, and about eight inches of it fell on the floor; but all this without making the slightest noise. Immediately afterwards the light went out, and the decoration fell back into the flat red tint of the distemper. But I had kept my eyes fixed on the exact spot upon which the old gentleman had rapped, and, running forward to the wall, I clapped my hand on the place, which now showed like a grease spot, a little darker than the rest of the wall. "There, there!" I cried out; "if you break into the wall to-morrow you are sure to find something."

I turned excitedly towards my friend, who I thought had followed me; but I saw that he was still standing with the butler half behind the door. Between me and them I could see no one; only, on the floor between me and them, flitting silently about, were two small ovals of light. I knew that these marked the soundless footsteps of the old gentleman, now become invisible.

A horror, such as I had felt in the smoking-room, now suddenly again fell upon me; but in far greater force. How I got back, past those gleaming footprints as they moved silently about—back to the boudoir—I don't know. I only remember that I found myself standing by the fire, near the old lady, who had risen to her feet. I kept looking round at the window, wondering whether it would

be possible to escape through it; but I judged the height, at least twenty feet from the ground, too great for such a venture.

My friend and the butler were still at the door; and again I saw the great flat light, now brighter than ever, at their feet. They were as terror-stricken as I was myself. "What shall we do?" I heard someone say; and after a minute of silence my friend and the old lady began reciting with earnest but shaken voices some versicles of the Litany.

For a moment I thought perhaps their prayers might avail us, for the light seemed to ebb from the doorway; but at the end of the second verse I was completely panic-stricken as I heard the words, "Good Lord, deliver us!" slowly and distinctly repeated in a grating, mocking, old man's voice, which came from the other room; and, with this venomous echo still in my ears, I woke.

F. York-Powell.

Published by *The Green Sheaf* at 3, Park Mansions Arcade, S.W.

Reproduced by kind permission of Oliver Elton, Esq. *From a Drawing by* JOHN B. YEATS.

Mieux vaut tard que jamais

Frederick York Powell Ch Ch

25 J 1900

SUPPLEMENT TO THE GREEN SHEAF, No. 13.

FREDERICK YORK-POWELL

A REMINISCENCE

BY

JOHN TODHUNTER.

I HAVE given York-Powell's remarkable dream as nearly as possible in his own words, just as I took it down some years ago from his dictation.

By his death Oxford has lost one of its most distinguished scholars; and his host of friends a friend whose loss leaves the world a narrower pinfold than it seemed while he lived and laughed in it; for his laugh was like the laugh of a Viking—a courage-kindling laugh. It expanded your soul; and though like Hamlet you be might be "bounded in a nutshell," it made you feel yourself for a moment "a king of infinite space."

Never surely was there such an unconventional Don of Christchurch, such an unusual Regius Professor of History. He was not of the ordinary Oxford pattern; but a man of vigorous personality, who looked at everything from his own standpoint, cared little for traditional standards, and went his own way. He was no mere book-man, though he knew his books well; no mere specialist, though well skilled in his own special subject. He was interested in life all round, and was an encyclopædia of minute knowledge of the most varied kind—a man who might have passed with honours an examination on things in general.

He had a very large circle of friends in all ranks of life, and of all shades of religious and political opinion; and he was himself a most faithful and helpful friend, always ready to give and receive freely. He had his narrownesses and prejudices, no doubt; but he had something of that large sympathy which enabled Goethe to get at what was best in those whom he met. And from books, as from men, he could rapidly assimilate what was of most vital interest to himself. He would spend half an hour in your study, prowl round your shelves, and while talking skim through the pages of a book here and there, and know more about it when he put it back than a slower-brained man would by reading it from cover to cover. His memory was quick to seize and slow to forget, because his interest was always intense in what interested him, and most things did.

As men of all classes may expect to meet in heaven, so did they sometimes actually meet in York-Powell's rooms at Oxford. Once a friend, calling to see him, found him in animated conversation with an intellectual chimney-sweep, a socialist, and a great crony of his. On another occasion, as a distinguished art-critic told me, he came to dinner, found York-Powell had forgotten the appointment, and had to entertain a Dean and an Anarchist until their host arrived late and formally introduced them.

As a Professor of History, York-Powell looked upon his materials as Browning upon his "square old yellow book," as:

> " . . . . pure crude fact,
> Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard,
> And brains high-blooded ticked; "

and went straight through the theories of the historic web-spinner to the contemporary documents, which he handled with sympathetic imagination when he wrote anything himself, which he too seldom did; and his interest in literature, art, handicrafts, and sports—such as yachting, boxing, fencing—was no less intense than in that record of the lives of nations and the deeds of men of action which we call History.

He was a man vividly alive to the last; and his influence on the younger men who came in contact with him at the University and elsewhere was, above all else, an inspiriting one. He did not believe much in the intellectual activities of the modern woman; but he was always ready to help the girls as well as the boys in their studies. He not merely gave all who asked for it information; he kindled a thirst for knowledge in those capable of thirsting It was good to have known him.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

The Green Sheaf

ARCADIAN SONGS.

Phyllis.

"Away, away, to a far off land,
Where wood nymphs dance in a merry band,
Where the glorious golden sunshine spreads,
And the leafy shade is o'er our heads,
Where the velvet grass beneath our feet
With budding flowers is all made sweet,
And, sheltered from the sun's hot rays,
The cooling fountain softly plays,
While the air with thrilling birds is rife,
That chant the joys of country life."

Corydon.

"Leave far behind the smoke-grimed street,
The endless tramp of weary feet,
The toiling traffic of the town,
That's ever moving up and down,
The buildings tall on every side,
The shipping on the river wide,
The jostling of the impatient crowd,
And roar of voices long and loud.
Come, speed away my Phyllis fair
Arcadia's peaceful joys to share."

Eleanor Vicocq Ward.

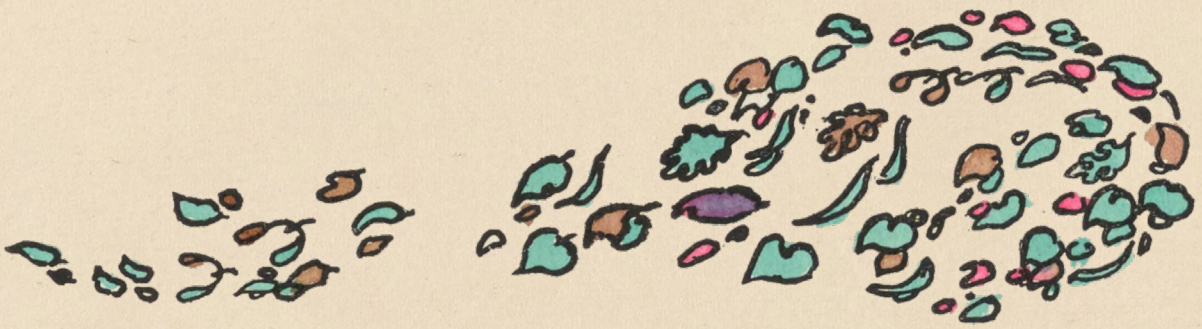
The Green Sheaf

THE WIND.

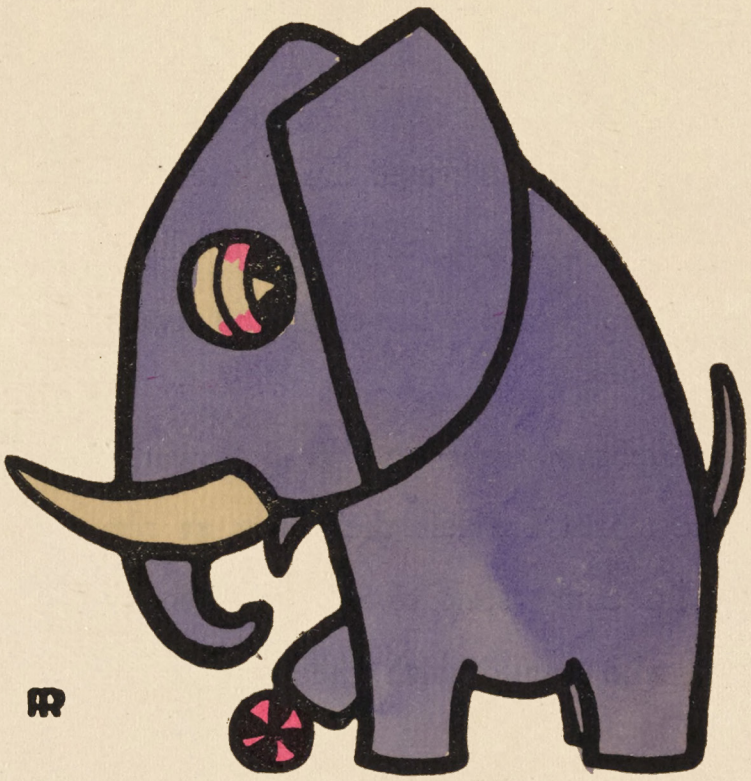
THOUGH east winds whirl and cloudland lowers
And wild wild waves are white with spray,
Oh who could seek to shun the showers,
Oh who would wish the wind away ?

After the rain we'll find fresh flowers,
The storm has left the leaves at play ;
Oh who could seek to shun the showers,
Oh who would wish the wind away ?

Evelyn Garnaut Smalley.



The Green Sheaf



Alfred's aunt,
Mostly slant;
Playing at ball
That is all!

Reginald Rigby.

AFTERWARD

In 1907, *The Occult Review* published an article by Lady Archibald Campbell titled "Faerie Ireland," which drew upon contemporary eye-witness accounts in order to argue for the existence of a continued faerie presence in the liminal spaces of rural Ireland.

The article cites an uncanny experience shared by *Green Sheaf* alumni Pamela Colman Smith and Lady Alix Egerton, who were traveling the Irish countryside together.

"A few years now have passed since Lady Alix Egerton and Miss Coleman Smith visited this gentle glen. A fair wind blew that afternoon, and before they reached the little ford, a certain group of stones mid-stream, they heard a sound - a coming wave of music. Was it the wind? They maintain it was not wind nor sound of wind, but a journeying music which met them, now fast, now slow, a burden that had no beginning nor yet an end. They reached the ford, and on the rock mid-stream sat down. Presently the rock began to stir, it breathed as if in sleep; it seemed too palpitate as if alive. They both felt this; they touched it. It was cold; though cold to touch, directly they raised their hands, a hot air struck their palms. Then slowly, silently the near rock moved aside, and left a reft where hitherto there had been none, then slowly, silently, moved back again to its place. Keeping the centre of the wind, though lost in part, they heard the clear definite beat of a march played upon stringed instruments - hards, violins, reed-pipes, strike of cymbals, beat of drums, with much singing, calling of voices, and the clash of arms. The music was loud, so loud as to be almost demeaning, louder than the fretful gusts, and independent of the wind's direction, as from a vast advancing throne, who, all unseen, had now surrounded them. Upon the right hand on the diamond river, on the hillside, riders galloped on white horses, and their cloaks, blue, green, and grey, streamed in the wind, as in bounding stride their horses rose from earth, commanding earth and air. Across the broken ground upon the left marched ranks on foot. Close by, and looking down on them, Lady Alix saw a tall man wrapped in a blue cloak; he leaned on a cross-hilted sword. Nearer, still huddled together, were three old men like sages; a young man talked with them; his hair was red, his dress was blue; and as they faded out a queenly woman crossed the little river, arrayed in blue, wearing a crown of prehistoric shape."

Pixie could hear the music; she did her best to bring it to those of us that could not.

Aladdin Collar,
Founder, the American Eldritch Society
for the Preservation of Hearsay and Rumor
July 17th, 2020