

*Songs of
the Sea
Children*

I know how the great and countless stars
Will come up out of the sea,
To keep their guard
By her still dooryard,
Lest the soul of Yvonne should stray
And be lost for ever there by the deep,
In the wonderful hills of sleep.

CXVI

Now comes the golden sunlight
Up the glad earth once more,
And every forest dweller
Comes to his open door.

And now the quiet rain-wind
Comes from the soft gray sea,
To haunt thy April lover
With lonely pangs for thee!

CXVII

In the blue mystery of the April woods,
Thy spirit now
Makes musical the rainbird's interludes,
And pink the peach-tree bough.

In the new birth of all things bright and fair,
'Tis only thou
Art very April, glory, light and air,
And joy and ardour now!

Aftersong

THESE are the joyous songs
The shy sea children sing,
When the moon goes down the west,
Soft as a pale moth wing;

When the gnat and the bumblebee
In the gauze of sleep are fast,
And a fairy summer dream
Is the only thing will last.