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## I USED TO WEAR A GOWN OF GREEN

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I used to wear a gown of green  
And sing a song to May,  
When apple blossoms starred the stream  
And Spring came up the way.

I used to run along with Love  
By lanes the world forgets,  
To find in an enchanted wood  
The first frail violets.

And ever 'mid the fairy blooms  
And murmur of the stream,  
We used to hear the pipes of Pan  
Call softly through our dream.

But now, in outcry vast, that tune  
Fades like some little star  
Lost in an anguished judgment day  
And scarlet flames of war.

What can it mean that Spring returns  
And purple violets bloom,  
Save that some gypsy flower may stray  
Beside his nameless tomb!

To pagan Earth her gown of green,  
Her elfin song to May—  
*With all my soul I must go on  
Into the scarlet day.*