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HE tender green of willows by a

In springtime, or the impressionable pools

That duplicate the streaks of yellow sky, At sunset, give me food for many a dream,

Instruct me more than cunning of the schools,

Bidding me kindly live, and calmly die. -Richard Burton

Holgar Dansk.

WILL return, when on the southern headland

The battle signal flares upon the night-I will return as ye have dreamed, my

I will return to fight the final fight!

The centuries be heavy on my spirit, But through my slumber I have heard your prayer;

I will awake upon the day of danger And lead ye unto triumph from despair.

I sleep remembering, slumber unforgetting;

Like days the generations dawn and

I wait in darkness underneath the castle; And no man knows wherein my bones are laid.

Through my long dream I listen to the voices,

The centuries that whisper through my sleep;

I hear the laughter and the sounds of sorrow.

I hear the bugles and I hear ye weep.

I hear the tread of nations, and the pass-

Of ships out in the sunlight of the Gate,

I hear the sentries' steps upon the ramparts,

I hear the seagulls crying-and I wait. -R. V. RISLEY in The Criterion.