

Burning among the roses pale ;
For the wells of joy must not run low,
Nor the springs of being fail.

*Here, here,
Down in the dew,
Far in the silvery dew,
Keep, keep!
Old in the dawn
Here. . . .*

Marjory Darrow's arms were lithe,
And strong the beat of the blood therein :
For love is a seraph dour and blind
Leading his mortal kin.

*Dear, dear,
Dearer than dawn,
Two with the scar of the dawn,
Sweep, sweep,
Through the drear of the dawn
Year on year.*

Marjory Darrow's eyes were wet,
And the world was light as the dust of spring ;
While far away in the aching hills
She heard the thrushes sing.

*Near, near,
Near is the dew,
Near is the cold of the dew.
Creep, creep,
Cold, for the dew
Is near, near!*

Marjory Darrow loved too well ;
But if death walked in the garden there
The blood-red poppies held their peace,
Nodding as if aware.

*Fear, fear,
Under the dawn!
Under the cold of the dew,
Sleep, sleep!
Far in the dawn
Fear no fear !*

Then sleep crept into the bones of the wind,
With always his one more field to roam ;
And like a hunter out of the hills
The scarlet sun went home.

*Sheer, sheer,
Sheer in the blue,
Far in the sweep of the blue,
Deep, deep!
Gone, thou art gone,
Dear. . . .*

NEW YORK CITY.

