

BALLADE

Whene'er I feel oppressed by bitter pain,
Or sorrow sears my soul with burning brand,
Or mournful memories throng in dolorous train,
I find it joy to turn unto that strand,
That mellow realm, that wave-laved, languorous land
Where fairies flit beneath the fluttering tree
Ah yes, 'tis joy to join that joyful band
Within the radiant realm of Fantasy.

Once there, I wander o'er the rolling plain
Knee-deep in cool, green grass, or on the sand
Sun-warmed, I lie and muse upon the main,
The shimmering, silver sea that smiling bland
Encircles all the isle as to command
Me there to dwell for aye from sorrows free,
In flowery wreathes, to lead the saraband
Within the radiant realm of Fantasy.

There grow the pine and cedar dark, there rain
The sparkling showers of fragrant flowers when fanned
By softest winds; each blossoming tree is fain
To shed her glory at her lord's demand.
There gently glide the gleaming streams, there stand
The lofty hills in robes of snow, in glee,
The foam-white water falls on every hand
Within the radiant realm of Fantasy.

ENVOI

Ah flee with me this cold world's reprimand,
Ah seek with me the blossom-whitened lea,
Ah steal with me where nought but joy is planned
Within the radiant realm of Fantasy.

H. F. S., '27.