

**BROADLAND: AND
OTHER POEMS**

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Broadland: and other poems by G. F. Bradby

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G. F. BRADBY

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OTHER POEMS**

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AND OTHER POEMS

BY

G. F. BRADBY

LONDON

ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET

1904

PR
4161
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BROADLAND

MARSH MARIGOLDS (ON THE ANT)

SLATEY skies and a whistling wind
And a grim gray land,
April here, with a sullen mind
And a frozen hand!
Hardly a bird with the heart to sing,
Or a bud that dares to pry;
Only the plovers hovering
On the lonely marsh, with a heavy wing
And a sad, slow cry.

Suddenly, round the river bend,
On the homeward race,
Comes the smile of a welcome friend
With a radiant face;
Sprinkled thick in a shining mass,
Bright as a summer beam,
Marigolds in the meadow grass
Bid "God speed" to the ships that pass
On the wandering stream.