

WHISPER!

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Whisper! by Frances Wynne

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FRANCES WYNNE

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BY

FRANCES WYNNE

LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD.

1890

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WHISPER!

You saucy south wind, setting all the budded beech
boughs swinging

Above the wood anemones that flutter, flushed and
white,

When far across the wide salt waves your quick way you
were winging,

Oh! tell me, tell me, did you pass my sweetheart's
ship last night?

Ah! let the daisies be,
South wind! and answer me:
Did you my sailor see?
Wind, whisper very low,
For none but you must know
I love my lover so.

You've come by many a gorsy hill, your breath has
sweetness in it,

You've ruffled up the high white clouds that fleck the
shining blue;

You've rushed and danced and whirled, so now perhaps
you'll spare a minute,

To tell me whether you have seen my lover brave and
true?

Wind, answer me, I pray.

I'm lonelier every day,

My love is far away;

And, sweet wind, whisper low,

For none but you must know

I love my lover so.

MEADOW-SWEET.

THE meadow-sweet was uplifting
Its plumelets of delicate hue,
The clouds were all dreamily drifting
Above in the blue,
On the day when I broke from my tether,
And fled from square and from street ;—
The day we went walking together
In the meadow, Sweet.

The meadow, sweet with its clover
And bright with its buttercups lay ;
The swallows kept eddying over,
All flashing and gay ;
I remember a fairylike feather
Sailed down your coming to greet,
The day we went walking together
In the meadow, Sweet.