

**THE POET
IN MAY**

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The Poet in May by Evelyn Pyne

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EVELYN PYNE

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BY

EVELYN PYNE

AUTHOR OF "A DREAM OF THE GIRONDE"

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TO
MY SISTER.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A SINGER'S PRAYER	I
SAINT MERAN'S LIGHT	6
AT THE GATE OF DEATH	26
LOVE'S GARDEN	35
AN ANSWERED PRAYER	38
LEAVES FROM MARY MERIVALE'S DIARY ...	41
A PENITENT	52
DREAM-SEEKING	53
AT RICHBOROUGH CASTLE	54
MY LOVE	55
A WISH	57
A POET'S DEATH	58
IN MEMORIAM	65
A WITNESS	73
CLOUD-FARING	79
A MARKET-PLACE	86

	PAGE
A DREAM	92
A SOCIALIST'S NOTE-BOOK	100
A SUNFLOWER LEGEND	108
RIFTINGS	127
WHICH?	130
THE LORD'S PITY	132
A SOUL QUESTION	133
A DIALOGUE	134
AN EPISODE	141
A GARDEN	153
KISMET	155
A LOVE SONG	157
LOOKING BACK	158
LOVE'S QUESTION	159
TOO LATE	160
A FEARFUL ONE	161
A SONG	162
A COMFORTER	164
AN AWAKENING	165
TO MY SISTER	166

17

A SINGER'S PRAYER.

Why am I singing? Friend, I cannot say ;
Why does the dusk night fade into the day?
Why does sad April melt into glad May?

Why do the myriad rivers onward flow
Straight to the sea? If all these things you know,
Why need you ask? Because God wills it so.

I cannot tell you where my songs find rest ;
I cannot choose, or know, or love one best ;
I can but lie upon the fair earth's breast

And let the spirit waft me where it will,
A streamlet, or a river, down the hill
Of life, e'en to the end,—where all is still.

As many waters flow into one sea,
And myriad lives make one eternity,
So are these rippling songs I sing to thee.

B

I cannot gather all the streams in one,
I cannot tell you where their waters run,
I can but lie and dream beneath the sun,

And let my full heart pour itself away
In merest murmur on this summer day,
A July breath, although it comes in May.

Although the hedges, hawthorn-crowned, are sweet,
With faint primroses hiding their brown feet,
And violets nestling in each fair retreat ;

Although 'neath kisses of the o'er-mastering sun
A soft wind-coolness evermore doth run,
To whisper summer is not wholly won ;

Although the nightingale half hesitates
To warble her full song, and meditates
O'er the long winter, while she tunes and waits ;

Yet still the song, which, budding in my heart,
Lay quiescent till bareness should depart
From the fair earth-veil, plumes its wings to start,

And flies into the coolness of the air.
I ask not what fate may await it there—
Its wings are strong ; it soars beyond my care.