ALICE MEYNELL

THE FOLD

Behold,
The time is now! Bring back, bring back
Thy flocks of fancies, wild of whim.
Oh lead them from the mountain-track—
Thy frolic thoughts untold.
Oh bring them in—the fields grow dim—
And let me be the fold.
Behold,
The time is now! Call in, O call
Thy posturing kisses gone astray
For scattered sweets. Gather them all
To shelter from the cold.
Throng them together, close and gay,
And let me be the fold!