ALICE MEYNELL

SONG OF THE DAY TO THE NIGHT

THE POET SINGS TO HIS POET

From dawn to dusk, and from dusk to dawn,
We two are sundered always, sweet.
A few stars shake o’er the rocky lawn
And the cold sea-shore when we meet.
The twilight comes with thy shadowy feet.
We are not day and night, my Fair,
But one. It is an hour of hours.
And thoughts that are not otherwhere
Are thought here ’mid the blown sea-flowers,
This meeting and this dusk of ours.
Delight has taken Pain to her heart,
And there is dusk and stars for these.
Oh, linger, linger! They would not part;
And the wild wind comes from over-seas
With a new song to the olive trees.
And when we meet by the sounding pine
Sleep draws near to his dreamless brother.
And when thy sweet eyes answer mine,
Peace nestles close to her mournful mother,
And Hope and Weariness kiss each other.