LOVE'S GLEANING-TIDE.

Draw not away thy hands, my love,
With wind alone the branches move,
And though the leaves be scant above
The Autumn shall not shame us.

Say; Let the world wax cold and drear,
What is the worst of all the year
But life—and what can hurt us, dear—
Or death, and who shall blame us?

Ah, when the summer comes again
How shall we say, we sowed in vain!
The root was joy, the stem was pain,
The ear a nameless blending.

The root is dead and gone, my love,
The stem's a rod our truth to prove;
The ear is stored for nought to move
Till heaven and earth have ending.

WILLIAM MORRIS.