

A BIRTHDAY

To F. B. D.

THERE is a wind
Over the heath;
The flame-flowers flicker far;
The skies are lined,
Above, beneath,
With the trail of the pale white star.
I bring you myrtles, an orange-wreath
Plucked by my hands from the coppery heath
When the Lion ruled the bar.

The breeze is blind
Upon the heath;
The flame-flowers bloom and bloom;
The skies are kind
Above; beneath,
They look on a Christian tomb.
I bring you myrtles, an orange-wreath
That sprang to-day on the golden heath
Under the golden doom.

What shall I find
 Upon the heath
 Whither to-day I go?
Sure, I will bind
 A cypress wreath
 On your brows, I love you so.
And I will search above, beneath,
The starry buds of the windy heath
 For you, who lie below.

BRAY BERKS., 1909