

GIPSY TOM

To G. M. Marston

STAR by star
Gleams down there by the hill;
They follow, follow on to the bar
That lies by the foaming mill
Tom lies dead in the water chill,
With a wreath of bubbles about him still.

Drop by Drop
The swift mill-race runs by;
The yellow waves nor stay nor stop
By the man that was bound to die.
Tom lies cold by the old stone mill,
And ooze is the blood that warms him still.

Day by day
He lies asleep in the stream,
Cold night-dews shall melt away
The man that lies adream,
Tom in the moonlight we did kill,
And air is the wine that cheers him still.

One by one,
 The stars all flee away;
Overhead the romping sun
 Comes galloping over the day.
 But Tom has neither wish nor will,
 And water's the thing doth please him still.