

SLEEP IN THE HILLS

To Ragna Temp

THERE is peace on the hills to gather,
 There a sad, proud soul may sleep;
Gold gorse and green purple heather
 Hold the tears that the salt winds weep,
And we will lie down together.

There is sleep and silence and sorrow,
 For the hills are bare and alone;
There is nought to mark morrow from morrow;
 There is nought that the hills have known
That we may not love and borrow.

There is space for a sad mind's dreaming
 Of the things that are and have been;
There is only the gulls' wide screaming,
 There is only a sense of green.
There is seeming, and only seeming.

There shall be no word spoken
 Betwixt my lover and me;
We shall enter silence unbroken;
 Save for the call of the sea,
There will be nor sign nor token.

And so we will lie together,
 Calm in a space of green,
And there will be southern weather,
 Soft winds, and a sky serene,
Gold gorse and bright purple heather.

Only the day shall find us
 Asleep, in a dream of love,
The sorrowful way behind us,
 And the cloudless sky above.
And no man shall know or mind us.

There is sleep on the hills to gather,
 My lover, for you and for me,
And we will lie down together
 In call of the hungry sea.
We will lie amidst gorse and heather.