

FIELDWAY COPPICE.



ld gold, post-vernal in perpetual purity  
Of the earth-passion, sheds a manifold  
Glamour: ripe, rounded, rich, the light's  
unrolled

In Fieldway Coppice. Royal in security,  
Imperial love, divine in hot maturity,  
Bursts through the clouds, the seas, the  
mother-mould.

O Earth, inheritrix of sun-born gold,  
Too rich, too ripe for man is this thy surety.

It is too much, this light! It is too sure  
To gaze upon! Too many gold-waves  
hurtle  
Against man's blinded eyes: too royally  
spirtle

The sun-spears on his brain; thy golden lure  
O Mother-Earth, refrain: leave but thy  
myrtle;

That shall suffice; this passion is too pure!