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The Sevenfold Sacrament

By Alice Wesley Torr

I

In eddies of obsidian  
At my feet the river ran  
Between me and the poppy-prankt  
Isle, with tangled roots embanked,  
Where seven sister poplars stood  
Like the seven Spirits of God.

Soft as silence in mine ear,  
The drone and rustle of the weir  
Told in bass the treble tale  
Of the embowered nightingale.  
Higher, on the patient river,  
Velvet lights without a quiver  
Echoed through their hushèd rimes  
The garden's glow beneath the limes.  
Then the sombre village, crowned  
By the castellated ground  
Where, in cerements of sable,  
One square tower and one great gable