

A CHORD OF COLOUR

My Lady clad herself in grey, That caught and clung about her throat; Then all the long grey winter day On me a living splendour smote; And why grey palmers holy are, And why grey minsters great in story, And grey skies ring the morning star, And grey hairs are a crown of glory.

My Lady clad herself in green, Like meadows where the wind-waves pass; Then round my spirit spread, I ween, A splendour of forgotten grass. Then all that dropped of stem or sod, Hoarded as emeralds might be, I bowed to every bush, and trod Amid the live grass fearfully.

My Lady clad herself in blue, Then on me, like the seer long gone, The likeness of a sapphire grew, The throne of him that sat thereon. Then knew I why the Fashioner Splashed reckless blue on sky and sea; And ere 'twas good enough for her, He tried it on Eternity.

Beneath the gnarled old Knowledge-tree Sat, like an owl, the evil sage: 'The World's a bubble,' solemnly He read, and turned a second page. 'A bubble, then, old crow,' I cried, 'God keep you in your weary wit! 'A bubble--have you ever spied 'The colours I have seen on it?'