

## COCK-CROW

BY VERA GOODWIN

In the dimness of the morning when  
silver light is taking  
The Garden trees, and night stirs like  
a frightened fawn,  
It seemed the world might hear no  
more from sleeping unto waking  
But a cock crowing twice in the gray  
of the dawn.

In the hoar twilight of morning when  
deep shadows are driven  
From the Garden pathways, and dew  
shines on the lawn,  
It seemed as if there came a voice that  
cried to be forgiven  
With bitter weeping out in the gray  
of the dawn.

In the windless hush of morning Who  
is it that has spoken?  
Why does the Garden wait, with night-  
clouds half withdrawn?  
It seemed that One, Thorn-Crowned,  
arose to mend a heart long  
broken  
With Comfortable Words in the gray  
of the dawn.

The New Witness

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## DEATH IN BATTLE

BY CLIVE HAMILTON

Open the gates for me,  
Open the gates of the peaceful castle,  
rosy in the West,  
In the sweet dim Isle of Apples over  
the wide sea's breast,  
Open the gates for me!

Sorely pressed have I been  
And driven and hurt beyond bearing  
this summer day,  
But the heat and the pain together  
suddenly fell away.  
All's cool and green.

But a moment ago,  
Among men cursing in fight and  
toiling, blinded I fought,  
But the labor passed on a sudden even  
as a passing thought,  
And now — alone!

Ah, to be ever alone,  
In flowery valleys among the moun-  
tains where never foot has trod.  
In the dewy upland places, in the  
garden of God,  
This would atone!

I shall not see  
The brutal, crowded faces around me,  
that in their toil have grown  
Into the faces of devils — yes, even as  
my own —  
When I find thee,

Oh, Country of Dreams!  
Beyond the tide of the ocean, hidden  
and sunk away,  
Out of the sound of battles, near to  
the end of day,  
Full of dim woods and streams.

The Revei

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## SHAKESPEARE DAY: WARWICKSHIRE

BY A. H. L.

Thou fairest corner of the earth  
Where dancing spring,  
Tiptoe on winter's track of dearth,  
Her arms afling,  
Scatters broadcast treasures of light  
And leaves her trail  
A rainbow splendor flashing bright  
O'er hill and dale:  
What wonder that thy greatest son  
Drew from thy breast  
The magic power that made him one  
Among the blest  
Immortal choir! Or that he,  
Where all might reign,  
Is set King above all to be  
And to remain!

The Spectator