

[*The Spectator*]  
SENTINEL SONG  
BY ROBERT NICHOLS

AFTER the silence  
The twilight deepens,  
After the twilight  
The silence deepens.

And darkness and silence  
Over desert and mountain  
Distill on all creatures  
Thick dew, softest slumber.

"Ah, Twilight! Twilight,  
Hasten! I long for  
Deep sleep, complete darkness,  
Nothingness, silence."

Hush, heart have patience;  
He knows, Who the Day-Watch  
And Night-Watch ordaineth,  
How much or little  
The heart sustaineth.

Abide the vigil,  
Though seeming distant,  
Where sun most smiteth,  
Night is most sudden,  
Twilight is sweetest,  
Dark sleep deepest,  
Silence completest.

[*London Times*]  
THE CLOUD  
BY PERCY HASELDEN

A cloud that capped the fir-clad hill  
Changed fitfully to countless shapes,  
Now clustered like a bunch of  
grapes,  
Now like a face that threatened ill.

And once, when gilded by the sun,  
A palace rose with sparkling domes,  
Then vanished, and a troupe of  
gnomes

Danced on the tree-tops one by one.

And then an Alpine glacier,  
Intent to carve the world below,  
Loomed o'er the wood, and whirling  
snow  
Shrouded and slew each pointed fir.

[*Westminster Gazette*]  
EASTER HYMN IN THE  
FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MODE  
BY "NULLOS"

[These metres are based on those used  
in fifteenth-century Mystery Plays. The  
narrative style and Latin refrains are  
both typical of fifteenth-century hymns.]

In Lenten, when smal briddes syng  
And al thyng murie be,  
Thre holi wommen cam wepyng  
And spycis in ther handys bryng  
T' anoynt ther lordys buryyng—  
*Sed resurrexit hodie.*

An Aungell met hem atte doore—  
A taylor of mirthe tolde he:  
'Youre lorde lyeth her namore—  
'To Galile he goth bifore:  
'Reioyceth the, Mari, therfor—  
'*Quia surrexit hodie.*'

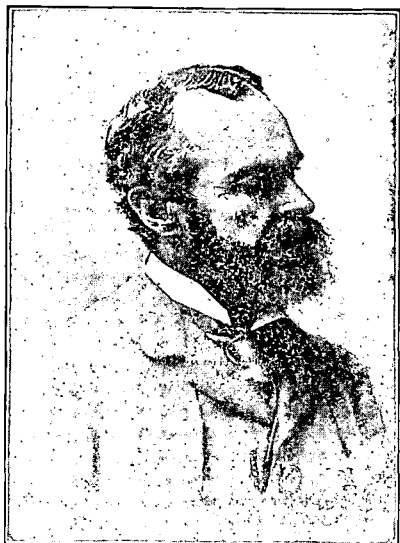
The holi wommen yon yfere  
Syngyng to Galile:  
Thei meten Johan and eke Peter  
Forth wendyng to the sepulchere:  
'Cristus is risn, he is not her,  
'*Quia surrexit hodie.*'

O who shal syng of manys blis,  
His merthe and iolte,  
To heren tydyng lyk to this?  
Syngeth, with angell mynstrellis,  
'Prays God to whom the glorie is—  
'*Christus surrexit hodie.*  
*Deo gratias. Alleluia.*

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