

## THE GRAY SLEEP

BY NORAH RICHARDSON

(R.I.P.—Midshipman, H.M.S. Hawke)

Shuddering lift of a steel-gray sea,  
Bite of the Northern gale,  
Shriek of the gulls that wheel and flee  
From the long dark smoke-wreaths'  
trail,  
Where the lean gray watch-dogs pant  
as they glide  
On the lonely waste of the great gray  
tide.

Lonelier depths that the gray sands fill  
In the deep beneath the deep,  
Shadowy pools where the tides are still  
And some of the watch-dogs sleep—  
There's a sting to-day in the Cotswold  
air;  
Is n't it cold, lad, under there?

You, with a hand on your watch-dog's  
chain

Ah! but so short a while;  
Gallant body and eager brain  
And the lure of youth in your smile—  
(Dear small laddie I held from harm  
Safe and warm in the crook of my arm).

*Lone lie the watch-dogs, lone and far,  
Sundered the sands they press—  
But under the waves where the watch-dogs  
are*

*There is no loneliness.  
Proud do we sleep in that vasty bed,  
Companied still by the glorious dead.*

*Silent and proud we dream and wait  
Till the long last watch is through—  
Stoker and admiral, midddy and mate,  
And a Marshal of England, too—  
More than content with such to be  
Under the waves of the gray North Sea.*

*More than content, though our rest be  
stark;*

*For ever about our dreams,  
Radiant-warm, like a rose in the dark,  
The honor of England gleams—  
And neither waters nor death can chill  
The warmth of the love that holds us still.*

*Dear hearts that love us, we gave our gift,  
But the greatest gifts we hold—  
Till the last while fog from the waves shall  
lift,*

*And the last gray dawn turn gold,  
And the last red sun in the far west dip,  
Honor and love and comradeship.*

The Poetry Review

## I SAW CHILDREN PLAYING

BY DORA SIGERSON

I saw children playing, dancing in a  
ring,  
Till a voice came calling, calling one  
away;  
With sad backward glances she went  
loitering,  
Hoping they would miss her and so  
cease to play. . . .

So as I went chatting through the city's  
hum,  
With my old companions laughing  
on the way,  
Came a voice low calling, calling me to  
come  
To my lonely sleeping, leaving work  
and play.

With sad, mournful glances do I look  
to see  
If a heart should loving pause and  
turn aside  
From the happy circles and then come  
to me,  
Sighing, 'Do not leave us—still  
with us abide.'

No! they still are playing, chatting in  
a ring,  
Eager voices seeking other games to  
know.  
Lone, I go protesting—hear them  
laugh and sing,  
Feeling not my absence, heeding  
not my woe.