The Silver Wheat



When I was young I wandered free, like wind across the meadow, Astray among the silver wheat without a path to follow. And wildly sang the summer bird, and gaily danced the flower. And roving sunlight wove its dream of joys that last forever.

Then on a day of golden dawn, in sweet surprise of morning, I met the one that I must love, and all my world was turning, I heard the cry of curlew-sea, the kestrel-sky still called me, But I was with my new-found love, and all her ways enthralled me.

I feared the rise of harvest moon, with star-frost in its shadow, When men would reap the silver wheat and the the fields lie fallow, For owl would mourn the barren tree, and fox would haunt the valley, And autumn wind might take from me the one I loved so truly. I made a crown of garland leaves, the gold within them burning, And gave it to my own true love, in token of my longing, Let sun-warmed summer pass away, let mountain stream go wander, Like reapers we would happy stay and harvest joy together.