

THE PRIMROSE COMBE

E. FEWSTER

Now the primrose lights the wood,
Flecks the banks with foam;
Ivory shadows stain the shaws,
Ivory pools the comb.

Now the voice of leaf and fern
Whispers clear and low,
"Fairies seek the primrose buds
When the young winds blow".

Here where valleys of delight
Watch the hill-kissed sky,
Here where waters waiting night
Heather-purple lie.

Here where sun-glad headlands lift
On the white sea-foam,
Primroses like dreams of dawn
Call the springtime home.