

# FARM GIRL

EVA PHILLIPS BOYD

The wind that blows my linen wet  
Must be a gale at sea!  
Yet none may know for what I fret  
In here at Crossroad Tree.

For when there's neither star nor sky,  
For whirl of eddying mist,  
In dreams I hear his laughter die  
Where shale and foam have kissed,

Until the singing day has swept  
The heavens clean once more,  
And I've forgotten why I wept,  
For joy that he's ashore!

Oh hard and sweet as apple boughs  
His strong brown arms and chest!  
Oh blest were I his son to rouse  
And suckle at my breast!

My mother's glad, when girds the rain,  
I'm not a sailor's wife,  
Nor knows I bear that hungry pain  
Without its joy in life.