

Pierrot Alone

poems by John Drinkwater

Pierrot

Pierrot alone.

Pierrette among the apple boughs,
Come down and take a Pierrot's kiss,
The moon is white upon your brows,
Pierrette among the apple boughs,
Your lips are cold, and I would set
A rose upon your lips Pierrette,
A rosy kiss, Pierrette, Pierrette.

And then Pierrette

I've left my apple boughs Pierrot
A shadow now is on my face
But still my lips are cold and O
No rose is on my lips Pierrot
You laugh and then you pass away among the
scented leaves of May
And on my face the shadows stay

And then a story to forget

The petals fall upon the grass
And I am crying in the dark
The clouds above the white moon pass
My tears are falling on the grass
Pierrot I heard your vows
And left my scented apple boughs
And sorrows dark are on my brows.

The Vagabond

I know the pools where the grayling rise,
I know the trees where the filberts fall,
I know the woods where the red fox lies,
The twisted elms where the brown owls call.
And I've seldom a shilling to call my own,
And there's never a girl I'd marry,
I thank the Lord I'm a rolling stone
With never a care to carry.

I talk to the stars as they come and go
On every night from July to June,
I'm free of the speech of the winds that blow,
And I know what weather will sing what tune.
I sow no seed and I pay no rent,
And I thank no man for his bounties,
But I've a treasure that's never spent,
I'm lord of a dozen counties.

Moonlit Apples

At the top of the house the apples are laid in rows,
And the skylight lets the moonlight in, and those
Apples are deep-sea apples of green. There goes
A cloud on the moon in the autumn night.

A mouse in the wainscot scratches, and scratches, and then
There is no sound at the top of the house of men
Or mice; and the cloud is blown, and the moon again
Dapples the apples with deep-sea light.

They are lying in rows there, under the gloomy beams;
On the sagging floor; they gather the silver streams
Out of the moon, those moonlit apples of dreams,
And quiet is the steep stair under.

In the corridors under there is nothing but sleep.
And stiller than ever on orchard boughs they keep
Tryst with the moon, and deep is the silence, deep
On moon-washed apples of wonder.