

OVERHEARD ON A SALT MARSH – HAROLD MONRO

- Goblin** Nymph, nymph, what are your beads?
- Nymph** Green glass, goblin. Why do you stare at them?
- Goblin** Give them me.
- Nymph** No.
- Goblin** Give them me. Give them me.
- Nymph** No.
- Goblin** Then I will howl all night in the reeds, lie in the mud and howl for them.
- Nymph** Goblin, why do you love them so?
- Goblin** They are better than stars or water, better than voices of winds that sing, better than any man's fair daughter, your green glass beads on a silver ring.
- Nymph** Hush, I stole them out of the moon.
- Goblin** Give me your beads, I want them.
- Nymph** No.
- Goblin** I will howl in a deep lagoon, for your green glass beads, I love them so. Give them me. Give them.
- Nymph** No.