

THE PLANTER'S DAUGHTER

Austin Clarke

When night stirred at sea
And the fire brought a crowd in,
They say that her beauty
Was music in mouth
And few in the candlelight
Thought her too proud,
For the house of the planter
Is known by the trees.

Men that had seen her
Drank deep and were silent
The women were speaking
Wherever she went –
As a bell that is rung
Or a wonder told shyly
And O she was the Sunday
In every week.