

The Green Sheaf

THE WATER-SPRITE.

NIXIE, Nixie, in the stream

Why do you hide your face by day?
Are you asleep? And do you dream?
Or do you hide your face in play?

Nixie, Nixie, you may hide

But I can see you over there,
Though into shadowy pools you glide
There floats behind your long green hair.

Nixie, Nixie, sweet and clear

You laugh beneath the water's edge,
It ripples so, and I can hear
Your sighs among the river sedge.

Nixie, Nixie, if at night

I come when all the world's asleep,
Oh, will you hold my hand quite tight
And let me in your palace peep.

Nixie, Nixie, turn your head,

I want to see your laughing eyes;
"There are no Water Sprites," they said,
But I am a child and I am wise.



Alix Egerton.