

The Green Sheaf



A SONNET.

THEY say when folks are by the faeries charmed,
No more with thought of love their bosom thrills,
No more by grief they may be hurt or harmed,
Their mortal blood runs cold as mountain rills ;
For Nature round their willing spirits weaves
Such subtle influences of sky and earth,
That this close bond of kinship quite bereaves
Their souls of the old bonds of human birth :
And as they dance through moonlight's floating floes,
Led by the faeries down some lonesome glen,
Oh ! must they not with mere misgiving ache
To feel once more the friendliness of men,
And their hearts' hungry solitude to slake
With home's sweet cares, or sumptuous lovers' woes.

Lucilla.