

# The Green Sheaf

## THE FAIRY DANCE.

STRANGE, how she heard the music calling  
All the day long till night was falling,  
Then away and away from the homes of men,  
She sped through the depths of the haunted glen  
To the far hill-top where the grass is worn,  
By the dancers' feet, to a shaven lawn.  
And there she danced, through the summer night,  
With fairy folk in the blue moon-light,  
Swaying and dancing the hours away  
In the fairy ring on the Eve of May.

And none can forget who that music hear,  
For its echoes ring in the listener's ear ;  
And whoever with fairy hands enlaced  
Has but once through those mystic mazes paced  
They may wander away the whole world o'er,  
Yet echoing strains from the Fairy Shore  
Come calling them back to the far green hill,  
Where the good little people are dancing still ;  
And the moons may wax and the moons may wane,  
That calling may never be heard in vain.  
Oh, many the spirits of wandering maids  
That are drawn back there in the evening shades,  
For she who has taken the Fairies' dole  
Will never know rest for her aching soul,  
You may tell, from her walk and her eyes so still,  
The girl who has danced on the Fairy Hill.

*Alix Egerton.*

