

FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN
MORÉAS

“*O petites fées*”



TINY fays with the long gold hair,
You sang, as I slept, with a tender grace ;
O tiny fays with the long gold hair,
In a spell-bound forest, a charmed place.

In a forest enchanted with spells untold
Compassionate gnomes as I slept the while
Offer'd me gently a sceptre of gold,
A sceptre of gold as I slept the while.

I know they are dreams and deceits of sleep
The sceptres of gold and the forest songs ;
Yet still like a credulous child I weep,
And my heart for the rest of the woodland longs :
And I care not now tho' I know the songs
Are only the dreams and deceits of sleep.

GABRIEL GILLET.