

UNDER THE WILD WITCHERY
OF THE WINTER WOODS

Under the pallid woodland light,
I met a spirit rare ;
Her eyes were of the wilding night,
And cloudy dreams her hair.
She knew all woes, and all sad loves
Of earth's divine despair.

'Twas in the silvern, phosphor glow,
Beneath the wintry moon,
'Twixt haunted shade and fleecy snow,
And skeleton boughs atune ;
Where Winter's crone, in eerie tone,
Her wizened dreams did croon.

She led me to her elfin dell,
Of ancientness and dream ;
Where only music's silence fell
On floors of white moonbeam ;
And awful gods from their awful thrones,
Looked down on the years that teem-

And here she whispered wild, wild lore
Unto my wild, wild heart ;
Until this world to its false core,
Became as a dream apart ;—
With only the past and its hauntings vast,
And beauty and wondrous art.

And gave she, to me, of that magical cup,
That heavenly hippocrene.
Whereof none save the gods might sup,
And walk with the unseen ;
And know earth's mighty mystery
Heaven and hell between.

And showed me palaces and thrones,
And heights of lofty goals ;
Until earth's mighty ancient ones,
Drew round in flaming shoals,
And lighted a yearning in my heart,
Like mystic burning coals.