

Be kindlier to her now that she is dead,
Let her charmed spirit visit this well-head
More often, for at eve in honey-time,
Drifting in silence from her ghostly clime,
She haunts the pool about the willows pale :
Be gentle, for my feeling art may fail,
I'll freshen sorrow and retell her tale.

She was a fragile daughter of the earth,
And touched with faery from her fatal birth ;
For many summers she was hardly shy,
Not clouded with her hovering destiny,
But only wild as any woodland thing,
That comes at even to a trodden spring ;
And scarce she seemed of any settled mood,
That lights the peaceful hills of maidenhood,
But shifted strangely on the whimsy air,
Not quiet nor contented anywhere.
She gathered sunshine in an earthen cruse,
And thought to keep it for her own sweet use ;
Or fluttered flowers from her window high,
And wept upon them when they would not fly ;
And when she found the brownish mignonette
Had blossomed where a little seed was set,