

Painted Cups

† S it from these the fairies drink
† These painted cups of scarlet hue.
As nightly on the hills they lift
Their blossoms filled with dew ?

And do the dewdrops turn to wine
When gathered in a cup so fair,
Sweetened with honey which the sun
Through the long day has garnered there ?

Then let us also stoop and take
Refreshment for our weary day,
Deep draughts of cheerfulness and grace
To speed us on the upward way.

Our hill is often rough and steep,
And thorns are sharp from day to day.
But when we reach the top I think
We'll find a richer cup to drink,
Beside a thornless way.

