

THE COMING OF LUGH

Sprang crimson flowers, waving in the breeze,
Touching each other with a faery sound,
Like silver bells. Then those inside the dun
Felt laughter in their hearts and subtle joy
And gladness they had never felt before,
So that they wished the sound would never cease,
And they might die a-listening! Then he played
The music of the sorrow of the world,
And grief and tears possessed the souls of all.
They leaned their heads upon their hands, and
wept,
And all the weight and burden of their lives
Fell on them till they prayed for death's surcease.
Outside, they heard a lonesome wind make moan
And where the grass and twinkling flow'rs had been
They saw a dark and leaden sea whose waves
Made woesome sound, like mourners clapping
hands
While all the stars grew dim.

The harper paused
And then he played the music of sweet peace,
And o'er the earth there fell what seemed like snow
That settled flake by flake, and on the grass
Turned into crystal dews. Thus flake by flake
The quiet of the Land of Silver Fleece
Settled upon the minds of all men there,
And sorrow they forgot; they closed their eyes
And each slept in his seat. Then Lugh laid by
The magic harp and stole from out the dun
With noiseless feet. The magic snow still dropt
And on his shoulders shone like silver scales;