

THE BALLAD OF

A sunny finger down the glade
Was curled about a tree.

Oh! many little spirits pruned
To mischief of their moods
Beset his way, and minced and mimed
And muttered in their hoods;
For many little spirits climbed
And beckoned in the woods.

A throng of elfin-shadows spread
Their nets from side to side;
And all the Spirits of the Dead
Muffled their arms about his head,
And clogged him in his stride.

Till dark was folded down on dark,
And he was lost to light,
Fast-weary and perplexed—but hark!
What other creature of remark
Was wandering in the night?