

## THE LEGEND OF THE SUGAR GROVE

No more the early fruit will blush  
To welcome thee in early morning;  
Thy favorite haunts with sorrow hush,  
And lose the art of quaint adorning;

The fawn, the plaything of thy glee,  
Will wander now to deeper hiding,  
And skipping on so brisk and free,  
Will wonder still where thou art biding.

Of thy quick hands we are bereft,  
Oft found the pliant rushes braiding;  
No maid like thee was half so deft,  
In all the different arts of plaiding.

The trail is long, and oft we feel  
Aweary on our home returning;  
But thou'rt not there to bake the meal,  
Or keep the venison from burning.

Then tarry, maid, in thy sweet rest,  
To welcome us, for we are coming;  
Already in some dusky breast  
An arrow speeds with certain humming.

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