

THE GLOW-WORM.



How pleasant is the green-wood's deep-matted shade
On a midsummer's eve, when the fresh rain is o'er;
When the yellow beams slope, and sparkle thro' the
glade,

And swiftly in the thin air the light swallows soar!

But sweeter, sweeter still, when the sun sinks to rest,
And twilight comes on, with the fairies so gay
Tripping through the forest-walk, where flow'rs,
unprest,

Bow not their tall heads beneath their frolic play.

To music's softest sounds they dance away the hour,
'Till moon-light steals down among the trembling
leaves,

And checquers all the ground, and guides them to the
bow'r,

The long haunted bow'r, where the nightingale grieves.

Then no more they dance, 'till her sad song is done,
But, silent as the night, to her mourning attend ;
And often as her dying notes their pity have won,
They vow all her sacred haunts from mortals to defend.

When, down among the mountains, sinks the ev'ning
star,

And the changing moon forsakes this shadowy sphere,
How cheerless would they be, tho' they fairies are,
If I, with my pale light, came not near!

Yet cheerless tho' they'd be, they're ungrateful to my
love!

For, often when the traveller is benighted on his
way,

And I glimmer in his path, and would guide him thro'
the grove,

They bind me in their magic spells to lead him far
astray;

And in the mire to leave him, till the stars are all
burnt out,

While, in strange-looking shapes, they frisk about the
ground,

And, afar in the woods, they raise a dismal shout,

'Till I shrink into my cell again for terror of the
sound!

But, see where all the tiny elves come dancing in a
ring,

With the merry, merry pipe, and the tabor, and the
horn,

And the timbrel so clear, and the lute with dulcet
string;

Then round about the oak they go 'till peeping of the
morn.

Down yonder glade two lovers steal, to shun the fairy-
queen,

Who frowns upon their plighted vows, and jealous is
of me,

That yester-eve I lighted them, along the dewy
green,

To seek the purple flow'r, whose juice from all her
spells can free.

And now, to punish me, she keeps afar her jocund band,
With the merry, merry pipe, and the tabor, and the
lute ;

If I creep near yonder oak she will wave her fairy wand,
And to me the dance will cease, and the music all be
mute.

O! had I but that purple flow'r whose leaves her
charms can foil,

And knew like fays to draw the juice, and throw it
on the wind,

I'd be her slave no longer, nor the traveller beguile,
And help all faithful lovers, nor fear the fairy kind !

But soon the *vapour of the woods* will wander afar,
And the fickle moon will fade, and the stars disappear,
Then, cheerless will they be, tho' they fairies are,
If I, with my pale light, come not near !