

THE FAUN DANCE.

In gladsome grouping
The fauns come trooping,
 With frolic steps and fleet.
The short crisp grasses,
As each one passes,
 Rebound beneath his feet.

Now Pan goes trilling
A measure thrilling
 With wild ecstatic mirth.
The fauns leap after,
With mad, sweet laughter,
 Their footsteps kiss the earth.

The revel hushes
The shy brown thrushes ;
 They silent sit and peer.
With lithe limbs shining,
With arms entwining,
 The fauns leap there, leap here.

The brown feet twinkle,
While harebells tinkle
 In tune, with graceful nod.
The sun-flecks racing,
In antic chasing,
 Seem dancing on the sod.

Light zephyrs swaying
The boughs, are playing
 A soft Æolian air.
The owlet, rousing
From daytime drowsing,
 Looks down with sleepy Stare.

A cloud stoops o'er them;
Behind, before them
 The pattering rain-drops fall.
Then, helter-skelter,
They fly for shelter
 Beneath the oak-tree tall.

M. E. Gorham.

