

THE FAY.

Come to the radiant homes of the blest,  
Where meadows like fountain in light are drest,  
And the grottoes of verdure never decay,  
And the glow of the August dies not away.  
Come where the autumn winds never can sweep,  
And the streams of the woodland steep thee in sleep,  
Like a fond sister charming the eyes of a brother,  
Or a little lass lulled on the breast of her mother.  
Beautiful! beautiful! hasten to me!  
Colored with crimson thy wings shall be;  
Flowers that fade not thy forehead shall twine,  
Over thee sunlight that sets not shall shine.

The infant listened to the strain,  
Now here, now there, its thoughts were driven--  
    But the Fay and the Peri waited in vain,  
    The soul soared above such a sensual gain--  
The child rose to Heaven.

Asiatic Journal