

## WALPURGIS NIGHT.

BY MISS CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

We waited till the stroke of midnight, pealing  
From out the old church-tower,  
Came softly through the silent village stealing,  
And told the mystic hour.  
We hastened through the dewy gardens, finding  
The shadows all awake,  
Following on, in long procession winding  
Down to the dusky lake.  
Up rose the mists, in ghostly ranks advancing,  
To meet us on the shore ;  
And o'er the silver waters lightly dancing,  
Our boat away they bore,  
Far up the lake, where the soft moonlight lingers  
Upon the northern strand,  
And whispering larches, with their long green fingers,  
Beckon us towards the land.  
There on the strand we sat, and heard the singing  
Of Peris in the air ;  
The mermaid's laughter o'er the water ringing ;  
And Nixie in despair,  
Harping upon his harp in mournful wooing ;  
Faint through the rustling trees  
We caught the shouting of the Fauns, pursuing  
The timid Dryades.  
We heard the springs and rivers onward flowing,  
The rush of balmy showers ;  
The unknown sound of all the grasses growing,  
The budding of the flowers ;  
And soon the fragrant woods took up the story, —  
The whole wide earth began  
To welcome in with one grand hymn of glory  
The birthday of old Pan.  
A silence followed ; then arose a heyday  
Of wild and lawless mirth ;  
The riotous luxuriance of May Day,  
The carnival of earth :  
All Nature frolicked, till the gray dawn, blending  
With the moon's fading light,  
Proclaimed the morn ; all the mad revels ending  
Of weird Walpurgis Night.