

THE TOWNSHIP WELL.

Where the rowan tree extends its shade
Over moss and heather-bell,
By a storm-dwarf willow bush decayed,
You may see the township well.

The bracken waves on the lone hillside,
And the myrtle scents the dell,
And the moorland stretches dark and wide,
From beside the township well.

The white sheep will answer cry for cry,
And the wheeling peesweeps yell,
And the honey bee will humming fly
All around the township well.

O, dearly the moorfowl loves yon field,
As the shepherd lad can tell,
Where she'll leave her nestling young concealed,
And drink from the township well.

That winding dyke and the cairns of stone,
Seem lying beneath a spell—
And the slanting path, with thyme o'ergrown,
That led to the township well.

I hardly speak when I pass that way,
For the voice sounds like a knell,
And the merry noontide sunbeams stay
Their sport at the township well.

There's an eerie stillness brooding there
When the evening breezes swell—
When the mist creeps down its rocky stair,
To mantle the township well.

I might go to lands beyond the sea
Or live in a hermit's cell—
But a loneliness too deep for me
I feel by the township well.

THOMAS SINTON.