

# The Pine Lady

O have you seen the Pine Lady –  
Or heard her how she sings!  
Have you heard her play  
Your soul away

On a harp with moonbeam strings?  
In a palace all of the night-black pine  
She hides like a queen all day,  
Till a moonbeam knocks  
On her secret tree,  
And she opens her door  
With a silver key  
While the village clocks  
Are striking bed  
Nine times sleepily.

O come and hear the Pine Lady,  
Up in the haunted wood!  
The stars are rising, the moths are flitting,  
The owls are calling,  
The dew is falling;  
And, high in the boughs  
Of her haunted house  
The Moon and she are sitting.

Out on the moor the nightjar drones  
Rough-throated love,  
The beetle comes  
With his sudden drums,  
And many a silent unseen thing  
Frightens your cheek with its ghostly wing;  
While there above,  
In a palace builded of needles and cones,  
The pine is telling the Moon her love,  
Telling her love on the moonbeam strings –  
O have you seen the Pine Lady?  
Or heard her how she sings!

~ *Richard Le Galienne* ~