

SERENADE.

She sleeps—she sleeps in her beauty's light
In the quiet rest of a folded flower
With the eyes of the blue midsummer night
Drowsily watching her silent bower—
Soft—breathe soft from the Lover's lute
Soft—for the Starlit Earth is mute—
As a Dream's faint voice—as a stream's light flow
Let music haunt her—soft—soft and low.

Wandering airs through the silent sky
Stir not a leaf on the drooping brow—
Holy and sweet be the lullaby
That floats round the Maiden's pillow now
Elves and Fays of the starlit Earth
Let no echo answer your frolic mirth
Let silence brood o'er the hush of night—
She sleeps—she sleeps—in her beauty's light.

She sleeps—she sleeps—there are visions fair
Born to hover o'er Beauty's rest:
Glams of Paradise—lustrous—rare,
Blue seas sparkling round islands bless'd—
Hush! e'en the note of Love's softest strain—
Lest it break her Dreamlands enchanted reign—
Let the last notes whisper their dying close—
She sleeps—O! break not that sweet repose.