

MOONLIGHT

WHEN I see the ghost of night
Stealing through my window-pane,
Silken sleep and silver light
Struggle for my soul in vain ;
Silken sleep all balmily
Breathes upon my lids oppressed,
'Till I sudden start to see
Ghastly fingers on my breast.

White and skyey visitant,
Bringing beauty such as stings
All my inner soul to pant
After undiscovered things,
Spare me this consummate pain !
Silken weavings intercreep
Round my senses once again,
I am mortal—let me sleep