

Jesus Asleep.

LADY, beautiful, in white,
Holding Jesus with delight,
Lightly pressing brow to brow,
Tell, O tell, what whisperest thou !
On thy parted lips a smile,
Ripples softly, and the while,
Half imparts, that it must be,
Word to hear on bended knee.

But, why then, O Lady dear,
Drops each lash a pearl, a tear ?
Why then, in thy flowery crown,
Doth a thorn a rose press down ?
Why, the smile, just now so bright,
Hath it frozen, like a blight ?
Shadow like, what dream hath
stayed,
Cast thy light into the shade ?

