

THE SLEEPING HAMLET

So STILL the little hamlet lies,
A dream it seems, a place unreal;
The homes as phantom shadows rise,
The streets no sign of life reveal.

No step of man or beast is heard,
Of living thing there's not a sound;
Not even the twitter of a bird,
So absolute the silence round.

A peace enwraps the dreaming earth,
A stillness sweet, beyond compare;
The blessed rest, till new day's birth,
And freedom from a world of care.

Along the dusty, winding trails,
Where Dian's silvery light now shows,
No more the rumbling wagon sails,
To wake the sleeper's sweet repose.

Each weary one, by toil depressed,
Hath for a time a respite sought;
The world forgot, they calmly rest,
And find the peace that sleep hath brought.