

The stars that adorn with flowers of flame
The crystalline steps of thy heav'nly altar,
Be witness that though I but guess at the name,
Its musical sound I feelingly falter.

Then come, little Rover, come to thy rest!
What is the need that thou further shouldst
wander?
Fold thy soft wings o'er my heart's rosy nest,
And thou and I, Love, shall only grow fonder.