

Spirto Felice

Oh happy spirit, who so tenderly
Didst turn those eyes more lovely than the day,
Breathing such sighs and words as live alway,
And lingering fill my soul with melody.
How oft with heart afire in days gone by
I watched thy feet thro' grass and violets stray,
Not as a woman's but as angels' may,
And still that form forever dwells with me,
Which thou, returning to thy Maker's side,
Left here on earth, and that fair veil of grace
And beauty giv'n thee by God's high decree.
Love at thy parting left the earth with thee,
And Courtesy, and the sun his face did hide
And Beauty crept into Death's pallid face.