

SONG AT MIDNIGHT.

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The spreading, green fields, clover-blown,
The distant paths, outstretching far
To where they meet the twilight skies
Of blue and cinnabar!

'Tis good to feel thy warm, strong hand
Closed fastly in mine very own;
'Tis good to hear thy honest voice
In soft, sad undertone.
And O the press of thy cool lips,
So berry-sweet and red as wine!
Those lips, as in the summer days,
Pressed close and long to mine.

I'm glad you came, gray Memory,
To spend with me such afterwhiles;
The night is o'er, and I have walked
With thee, ah! miles and miles.
The clock breathes faintly on the stairs,
I hear the tramp of waiting hours—
If go thou must, O Memory,
Leave me the faded flow'rs!