

Anon, as from some dreamless sleep, I wake, when lo,  
are gone

All reptiles great and small. But still the fairy of the  
place

Doth stand a-near me ; then, as if she knew that I had  
waked,

She turns and beckons, and, with noiseless steps as  
when she came,

Glides swiftly from me, till with eager haste I follow on,  
With outstretched arms, and straining gaze, still, still I  
follow on.

The pathway narrows, all is dark, save for this vision  
fair ;

The road is steep and rocky, but for naught else I do  
care,

Save for my guide so radiant, and still I follow on,

On through the night and shadows, till night and shades  
are gone.

Then from the gloom that wraps our way, we suddenly  
burst forth

Into a light more dazzling fair, than seen upon our  
earth.

Prostrate I fall, as in a swoon, while to my mind is  
borne

Strange sounds of music, wondrous sweet of waters,  
voices, birds,