

SONG AT MIDNIGHT.

THE clock breathes faintly on the stairs,
 I hear the tramp of busy hours,
 And dreams pass by, silent and slow,
 In Love's warm April show'rs.
 They twine for me a shining wreath—
 Rosemary and red, red roses,
 While, in the curtained door-way wide,
 A shadow mutely poses.

Come, Memory! I know thy face
 And, like a sea, thy soulful eyes
 Reflect the hopes, as ships gone down,
 Amid a storm of sighs.
 Thou art a welcome messenger;
 Come, keep thou vigil with the stars
 And moon, that smile benignantly
 Between the window-bars!

Let's out into the open space,
 Sweet spirit in thy silky gown!
 And I will walk the Past with thee,
 The good ways up and down—