

The lover saw her slumber-husht,
And brought the moon to watch her smile;
And placed the stars about her head
In varied clusters, that their gleams
Might play, a'twinkling, round her bed,
And give unto her joyous dreams.
Then o'er the wolds to waiting lands
With lightsome footstep sallied he—
His glorious locks in golden bands
Bedazzling others fair as she!
They hailed his coming—brought forth fruits
And laid all at his feet so blessed!
They danced, and sang to echoing lutes,
And sought by him to be caressed!
Rememb'ring Spring, his sleeping bride,
He quieted them, lover-wise—
She woke and found him by her side,
Though tear-lasht were her opening eyes.
Thus loving, lived the beauteous Spring;
Thus loving, early passed away.
The Sun came close to hear her sing
Her last sweet, trembling roundelaye.
The claiming shades about her drew—
She kept her eyes on him and smiled!
And, as they bore her from his view,
She gave him Hope, their living child.

The playful zephyrs missed her fun,
And, softly seeking, went and came:
Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun
Moved on the same! moved on the same!

Soon met the Summer—stately maid
With ardent eyes and reigning flush—
His locks, thro' all her regal braid
Entangled, showing bright her blush!
Beneath his fervent touch her heart
Did eager leap, and own his power!
Oh, well he played the lover's part,
While crowning her with leaf and flower!