

Unto a whisper the last tinkling bell.
Only the noise of the deep breathing stream
In the wide silence louder seems to swell,
Its arms outstretched within a happy dream
Unto the sea, which like a woman's breast
Stirs with a languid, fluctuating breath.
Even the old stone wall so greenly tressed
With its imperishable ivy wreath
Clings closer to the ground on which it lies
And sleeps beneath the moon's transparent pall ;
The last pale glimmer fades from out the skies,
And sleep, compelling sleep enfoldeth all.