

NOCTURNE.

O'ER the lone city night winds are sighing;
 Quickly, O quickly the hours are dying.
 Bright glows the angel-star, through heaven's azure
 bar,

 While, o'er the past afar,
 Glad thoughts are flying.

In the white starlight shadows are creeping;
 In the green meadows daisies are sleeping.
 Laden with precious tears, thy face, dear one,
 appears,

 Through the sepulchral years,
 Safe in love's keeping.

Face of my childhood, tender and beaming!
 See how the pure smiles gently are streaming
 From the blue, sunny eye, bright as the opal sky—

 O what a picture
 I saw in my dreaming!