

The happiest friends must part, so off they went,  
 Some to a sound, and some to restless sleep,—  
 The old, had no wild visions to prevent  
 Their aged souls from rest,—no dreams to sweeten  
 In rich luxuriance,—as if Queen Mab sent  
 Her charioteer across their nose to creep;—  
 But in the young,—'tis difficult to say  
 How far her magic influence held its sway.

As Shakespeare tells—the fairy queen presides,  
 And as the heart in slumbering reposes,  
 Now o'er the balmy lips of maiden rides,  
 Whose breath is as the perfume of sweet roses,  
 Who, dreams of kisses, and of aught besides  
 Which the voluptuous little elfin chooses  
 To charm the brain with, and o'er every range  
 Of years, or purport, acts with varied change.

Now for the Muses' sake,—be it suppos'd  
 That at the least, two hours had fitted on,  
 And all the wedding party slept or doz'd,  
 Saving the bridal couple,—tho' upon  
 Their joyous footsteps, let the veil be clos'd,—  
 Perhaps kind Morpheus had usurp'd the throne  
 Of Cupid by this time,—for even Love  
 Must have its rest, as nightingale, or dove.

And if it had,—it was a grievous thing  
 To have it waken'd up by rude alarm.  
 To scare sweet slumber on its downy wing,  
 When it repos'd in soft enchantment's arms,  
 And that so soon, after it droop'd,—to bring  
 Fresh hours of rapture with the morning's charms;  
 But all at once, as if the house 'twould shatter,  
 There rose a tintinabulary clatter.

A noise of drum, and kettle, whistle, horn,  
 As if King Oberon had arm'd the faeries  
 To ride the air, on errands borne,  
 And play a thousand fanciful vagaries?  
 Or rather, as if Æolus had torn  
 The winds, at once from their cloud-circled aeries.  
 To blow and bellow with a certain force  
 Of sound,—in moan and tone, both shrill and hoarse.

But know,—'tis not at all a way romantic  
 To have a poem, or a tale, without  
 Some sad disaster, or some being frantic  
 With sentiments of love, or fear or doubt,  
 Hope; grief, despair, and every other antic  
 Which poets can invent or fancy rout  
 From out the kalender of thought and time  
 To give its cast, a seasoning of sublime.

Annette woke first, and hearing such a medley  
 Of mingled sounds, and at a time of night  
 When every thing around looks grim and deadly,  
 By the lamp's pale and dimly glimmering light,  
 Gave her lov'd lord a shake, who, as his head lay  
 Close by her side, snor'd forth in concert quite  
 To the odd sounds, which in the street she heard  
 But who, at the first summons had not stirr'd.