

A SERENADE.

From afar, in the dead of night,
By the moon's dim, uncertain light,
To salute thee with loving rite,
I come, sweetheart, I come.

Oh! refuse not to hear my lay ;
From the depths of my soul I pray.
Let my accents my love betray
To thee, sweetheart, to thee.

As I sing in the shade below,
As the words of my greeting flow,
I am thrilled with the fervent glow
Of love, sweetheart, of love.

I have come from the silent moor,
In the still of the midnight hour ;
I have come by my passion's power
For thee, sweetheart, for thee.

Then awake from thy slumbers light ;
Ere he speed on his homeward flight,
Bid thy lover a last good-night.
Good-night, sweetheart, good-night !