

Uncle Walt

O COME, my love, for the world's at rest, and the sun's asleep in the curtained West, and the night breeze sighs from between the stars, and my airship waits by your window bars! We'll sail the sea of the waveless wind, we'll leave the earth and its dross behind, and watch its lights from the cloudy heights—
O come, my love, on this best of nights!
O come, my love, from your bower in haste, let us trim our sails for the ether waste, away, away, where the weary moan of the workday world is never known; where the only track is the track of wings that the skylark leaves when it soars and sings! So come, my love ere the night is old, and the stars have paled, and the dawn is cold; the ship can't wait for its precious freight, for it's costing a dollar a minute, straight.

*Up-to-Date
Serenade*