

Noises are hushed in the courtyard,
The busy day is departing,
Children are called from their games,—
Herds from their grazing.

And from the deep-shadowed angles
Comes the soft murmur of lovers,
Then through the quiet of dusk
Bright, sudden laughter.

From the hushed street, through the portal
Where soon my lover will enter,
Comes the pure strain of a flute
Tender with passion.

Sleep thou in the bosom of thy tender girl-friend.

SLEEP thou in the bosom
Of the tender comrade,
While the living water
Whispers in the well-run,
And the oleanders
Glimmer in the moonlight.

Soon, ah, soon the shy birds
Will be at their fluting,
And the morning planet
Rise above the garden;
For there is a measure
Set to all things mortal.

VII

*And round about the breeze murmurs cool through apple boughs,
and slumber streams from quivering leaves.*

I N the apple boughs the coolness
Murmurs, and the gray leaves flicker
Where sleep wanders.

In this garden all the hot noon
I await thy fluttering footfall
Through the twilight.