

Love's Blissful Dream

In summer, at break of day,
It is charming to steal way,
And in a boat
To dreamily float
Down the sunlit, silvery stream,
In a happy, blissful dream.

At twilight I often feel
For the moment I'd like to steal
Off to some lonely spot
Where mortal man is not,
And airy, fairy garlands weave
O'er my beauteous, modest Eve.