

Now I will walk amidst the past, and summon
The days that were and are not, from their hiding.

LONE in the night—no eye upon me looks.
Save from the Heavens beyond the caves of stars.
Viola!—Silent as the words long spoken.
No whisper from thy lips, my sleeping one!

Fair wert thou, bodiment of radiant thought.
Lovely and graceful as the wind rocked lily.
Exquisite as soft music in the gloaming.

Thou art here, Viola, by thy lake of Lola.
Thy couch is midst the murmurs of its brook.
The green of the sloped marge embosoms thee.
Sweet maples wave the sunshine over thee.
The snowy bell flower wraps thee in its mantle.

Sleep, loveliest: the purest moonbeams shining,
Fall over thee: the richest vines reclining:
The choicest flowers wave perfume o'er my treasure
The plaintive brook moan low in softest measure:
The whippoorwill sing ever to thy slumbering:
Till the morn breathe and fly the wings encum-
bering.

Here where the elements will halt with weeping,
Repose, my beautiful—and rouse from sleeping