

Why did'st thou leave me thus? 'Tis not thy wont,
Although thou lovest to breathe the purer air,
When, after night, the sun resumes his sway,
And every dew-dropt flower, sweet odors yields,

Eurydice—

Ah me, sweet Orpheus, in the silent night
A fearful dream beset my wandering sense,
And when the morn brought back the brilliant sun
It freed me not from terror, such a weight
Of silent horror brooded in my heart;
Thou still slept on and though I could not rest
I could not wake thee from thy calm repose,
To list to me disturbed by horrid fear.

Orpheus—

Wast troubled so? Thou shouldst have wakened me,
I might have lulled thy terror by a word,
Or charmed it from thee with melodious sounds,
E'en now some simple meaning I might find;
Tell me the dream.

Eurydice—

Methought at noon I stood
With thee among the springtime's thousand flowers,
The faint breeze fanned my brow and stirred my locks,
And the warm sun rode through unclouded sky.
Thy fingers wandered through the silver strings
Of thy sweet lyre, the lyre Apollo gave,
Creating skilful tones; all nature round
Gladdened beneath the spellbound thrill of power
Welling out from the chords; and through my heart
The swift blood glanced in quick'ning whirls of joy
And rushed through tingling veins, and in I drew
In large fresh draughts the pure and moving air,
And felt how blest a thing it is to live,
How pleasure comes with every act of life.
Mine eyes were feasted on the pleasant woods,
The lofty mountain peaks, the dancing streams,
The wide green vales that lay between the heights.
In calm and pleasant rest all nature lay
Beneath the brilliant flood of softened light
That fell unbroke on all. But as I gazed
A bird of painted plumage fluttered past,
And as I turned to watch its flight, behold
Beside me on the sward there stood a youth
Of noble mien; winged where his springing feet,
And in his hand he bore a wondrous staff,