

The Sleeping Beauty

Like the princess, in the olden,
Golden time of long ago,
Earth lies sleeping, tranced and frozen
'Neath her coverlet of snow.

Cometh Spring, the fairy lover,
Stands beside her slumbering form,
And within an ivy bower
Wakes her with his kisses warm.

And she feels their magic power,
Feels a stirring of the blood;
Where he kissed her, in that hour,
Straight there bloomed a fragrant bud.