

LOVE-DREAMS.

The smiling moon in highest heaven did ride
'Mid circling fields of star-dust spreading wide;
My love and I, beneath an olden tower,
In dreams of love outpaced each racing hour.

While Luna o'er us cast a silver veil
Begg'd with starry emblems, golden pale;
And love it filled each ivy-festoon'd bower –
The very air was charged with magic power.

We sat in silence 'neath the crumbling wall,
And gazed with awe upon its arches tall,
Thro' which, in warlike might, the Baron bold
Rode forth, girdled with steel and spurr'd with gold.

And strong moss-troopers 'long the drawbridge sprung,
Till helmet, lance, cuirass and buckle rung;
While ladies, from deep windows ivy-laced,
Waved scarfs to noble knights in mail encased.

I turned and looked into my lady's eyes,
And they were deep as blue of Paradise;
And soft and gentle as Narcissus flower,
Distilling love with tender fresh'ning shower.

I touched her lips, and pressed her golden hair,
I kissed a cheek than Sharon's Rose more fair,
A brow, e'en than the lotus fairer blows,
A bosom whiter than Idalian snows.

Come, then, my love, and as the hours go by
We'll dream of love, true love, that ne'er can die;
Once more our holy pledge we will renew,
One single thought, one soul, atween us two.

Fair Luna o'er us spreads her web of dawn;
Within its folds we'll lie till morning dawn;
Entangled in the flowing robe of Night,
The fleeting hours shall o'er us wing their flight.