The May Mream: The Meparture.

THE DAY-DREAM: THE DEPARTURE.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old:
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess follow'd him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss;"
"Oh, wake forever, love," she hears,
"O love, 'twas such as this and this."
And o'er them many a sliding star,
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, stream'd through many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"

"O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"

"O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"

"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"

And o'er them many a flowing range

Of vapor buoy'd the crescent-bark,

And, rapt through many a rosy change,

The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me where?"
"Oh, seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there."
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world she follow'd him.

THE DAY-DREAM: THE DEPARTURE.











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