
ENDYMION.

Yes, it is the queenly Moon,
Gliding through her starred saloon,
Silvering all she looks upon;
I am her Endymion,
For by night she comes to me;
O, I love her wondrously!

She, into my window looks,
As I sit with lamp and books,
When the night-breeze stirs the leaves;
And the dew drops down the eaves;
O'er my shoulder peepeth she;
O, she loves me royally!

Then she tells me many a tale,
With her smile so sheeny pale,
Till my soul is overcast
With such dream-light of the past,
That I saddened needs must be,
And I love her mournfully.

Oft I gaze up in her eyes,
Raying light through winter skies;
Far away she saileth on;
I am no Endymion,
For she is too high for me,
And I love her hopelessly.

Now she comes to me again,
And we mingle joy and pain;
Now she walks no more afar,
Regal with train-bearing star,
But she bends and kisses me;
O we love now mutually!

C.