

SERPENS NOCTIS REGINA MUNDI.

(*Invocation à la Lune. Ballade Argentée.*)

O H lustrous Lady of the luminous lake,
Moving in magic mazes through the trees
The sombre, swaying trees—light-lady, take
A moment's murmurings ; heart-harmonies
That break my breast : I kneel before thy knees,
All humbly hesitant ; the silver shoon
I crave to kiss make molten melodies
To the Slow Nocturne of the Rising Moon.

Oh lustrous Lady, for thy shadow's sake
Is slain my slumber, ended all my ease ;
I dream at dawn, nor with the wild-birds wake
To dulcet day ; marred are mine images
Of lost low lands, of secret summer seas,
Where grave gold Glamour is so subtly strewn,
That from that dryad-dream no faerie flees
To the Slow Nocturne of the Rising Moon.

Oh lustrous Lady of the Silver Snake,
Whisper thy worshipper if his pleadings please
Thine ear ; oh, merrier music might I make—
Murmurs of moonlit meads, of light-green leas—
Where pagan priests muttered thy Mysteries
Before the baleful Birth ; in their swaying swoon
They prophesied palely in thy curious keys
To the Slow Nocturne of the Rising Moon.

L'envoi.

Oh lustrous Lady, may my memories
Of the untroubled times ere noisome noon
Bring back thy secret serpent-sorceries
To the Slow Nocturne of the Rising Moon.