

## WITH MUTED STRINGS

Calm in the twilight of the lofty boughs,  
Pierce we our love with silence as we drowse;  
Melt we our souls in this shrine,  
Vague languor of arbutus and of pine!  
Half close your eyes, your arms upon your breast;  
Banish forever every interest!  
The cradling breeze shall woo us, soft and sweet,  
Ruffling the waves of velvet at your feet  
When solemn night of swart oaks shall prevail,  
Voice our despair, musical nightingale.