

DEDICATION.

The breathless night is dark and
blue
Sleeping without a stir or stain
And underneath her dream peeps through
Dawn, like a silver vein.

The water at our feet is still,
The air is still; she reigns
supreme
A lyric rapture of the Will—
Night, the eternal Dream.

There is no barque upon the stream,
No single footfall goes or
comes,
But all the world glides by, a dream
Of dimly muffled drums.

So, curtained in her lucent blue,
She sleeps without a stir or
stain ;
And underneath her dream peeps
through
Dawn, like a silver vein.