

SLEEP

From afar came sleep on her bashful wings,
And I smiled as she nearer drew,
Until soft and sweet in her graceful way
Her refreshing caress I knew.
Not a word she spoke but in silence bland,
In a chariot decked with flowers,
I was drawn away to a fairy land
Where I loiter for hours and hours.

All alone, unknown, do I linger there,
'Till twilight o'ershadows the day,
Until darkness skims o'er that fairy land
On the light of the sun's last ray.
Now the moon appears on her lonely cruise,
And it floats serenely on high;
And with only elves to direct its course,
It languidly climbs the sky.

So I tune my voice with the elfin notes,
And we sing thro' the whole long night;
Fairy lays we chant till the stars are dim,
And the moon slowly sinks from sight;
Till the sky above turns from palest gray,
To a purple and pink and red;
Then the fairies leave in their silent way,
And back I am drawn to my bed.

—A.E.L., '31