At The Mid Hour Of Night

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping,
I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in Thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions Of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to Me there
And tell me our love is remember'd even in the sky!
Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear
When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on The ear;
And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison Rolls,
I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice, from the Kingdom Of Souls
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.