



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.

