

At Twilight

(AFTER THE FRENCH OF CLAUDIUS POPELIN)

O CLOSE thine eyes, O close thine eyes, my charming dove,
O close thine eyes, thine eyes so large, thine eyes so kind,
And gently lean thy breast upon my breast, and wind
Around thy golden dreams, thy robe of satin, Love.

*AT TWI-
LIGHT*

'Tis growing late; the sun is low; the shades increase,
The gentle night that loves all lovers comes to us,
So softly, softly sleep and linger dreaming thus,
And I will guard thy flocks of dreams, upon my knees.

And thou wilt sleep beneath mine eyes, reclining there;
Already gentle zephyrs steal within the air,
And shining stars of love are moving in the skies.

Sleep on! Sleep on! untiring I will watch thy sleep,
For long, for long, and see the golden dreams that creep
Quietly o'er thy moonlit face, with loving eyes.

MAURICE JOY