

## The Song of the Siren, Leucosia

O Lover, I am lonely here!  
O lover, I am weeping!  
Each pearl of ocean is a tear  
Let fall while love was sleeping.

A tear is made of fire and dew  
And saddened with a smile;  
The sun's laugh in the curving blue  
Lasts but a little while.

The night-winds kiss the deep: the stars  
Shed laughter from above;  
But night must pass dawn's prison bars:  
Night hath not tasted love.

With me the night is fallen in day;  
The day swoons back to night;  
The white and black are woven in gray,  
Faint sleep of silken light.

A strange soft light about me shed  
Devours the sense of time:  
Hovers about my sleepy head  
Some sweet persistent rime.

Beneath my breast my love may hear  
Deep murmur of the billows—  
O gather me to thee, my dear,  
On soft forgetful pillows!

O gather me in arms of love  
As maidens plucking posies,  
Or mists that fold about a dove,  
Or valleys full of roses!

O let me fade and fall away  
From waking into sleep,

From sleep to death, from gold to gray,  
Deep as the skies are deep!

O let me fall from death to dream,  
Eternal monotone ;  
Faint eventide of sleep supreme  
With thee and love alone !

A jewelled night of star and moon  
Shall watch our bridal chamber,  
Bending the blue rays to the tune  
Of softly-sliding amber.

Dim winds shall whisper echoes of  
Our slow ecstatic breath,  
Telling all worlds how sweet is love,  
How beautiful is death.