

SWEET CHARMER.[1]

("L'aube naît et ta porte est close.")

[XXIII., February, 18--.]

Though heaven's gate of light uncloses,
Thou stirr'st not--thou'rt laid to rest,
Waking are thy sister roses,
One only dreamest on thy breast.

Hear me, sweet dreamer!

Tell me all thy fears,

Trembling in song,

But to break in tears.

Lo! to greet thee, spirits pressing,
Soft music brings the gentle dove,
And fair light falleth like a blessing,
While my poor heart can bring thee only love.

Worship thee, angels love thee, sweet woman?

Yes; for that love perfects my soul.

None the less of heaven that my heart is human,

Blent in one exquisite, harmonious whole.

H.B. FARNIE.

[Footnote 1: Set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.]