



adelma von vay



Caroline Corner

IN THE SUNBEAMS

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Prispevki k odkrivanju zgodovine ezoteričnih tradicij - v izvorniku

They sat mid the golden sunbeams,
And told the old vows anew;
Sweet, sweet were these summer love-dreams,
Soft, sweet as the winds that blew.

Dream, Dream on with fancies free and wild;
He, the youthful artist — She, the poet-child.

While lingering thus in the sunbeams,
O'er the canvas his light touch sped,
And the tints that coloured their love-dreams,
Illumined the page she read.

Sing, Sing on bright songstress free and wild:
Happy, happy artist — lovely poet-child.

Then a cloud obscuring the sunbeams,
On the canvas a shade was cast:
Death's phantom crept into their love-dreams,
And stole the sweet maiden, alas!

Ah, weep no more, young artist; to your side
She comes, your poet-lover, now your Spirit-Bride.