To a Wild Rose

Christa Michell

Come, oh, songs! come, oh, dreams!
Soft the gates of day close,
Sleep, my birds, sleep, streams!
Sleep, my wild rose!

Pool and bud, hill and deep,
You who wore my robes, sleep!
Droop, East! die, West!
Let my land rest.

Woods, I woke your boughs!
Hills, I woke your elf-throngs!
Land, All thy hopes and woes
Rang from me in songs!

Come, oh, songs! come, oh,dreams!
In our house is deep rest,
Through the pines gleams, gleams,
Bright the gold West,

There the flutes shall cry,
There the viols weep,
Laugh, my dreams, and sigh!
Sing, and vigil keep,
Awake, wild rose.

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