

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal

Custer LaRue

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me. Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me. Now lies the Earth all Dana to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me. Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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