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STANZAS.

Inscribed to Mrs. B _____, of Frankfort, KY.
BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Oh, surely some sad angel rings
The Twilight's windy bells;
For sweet dreams come on misty wings
And o'er my heart their beauty flings
Its dim and shadowy spells.

Like meteors in a stormy night,
That make the dark they've lit
Seem deeper—when their lovely light
Is faded—visions strangely bright
Sometimes around me flit.

They vanish—and, with careless air
And scornful lip and brow,
I turn away—and wander where
New splendors wait—but 'twere despair
To lose one such as *thou*.

Sweet lady, when I saw thee stand,
One sunset time, serene,
Among the ancient hills and grand—
I dreamed those hills were Fairy-Land,
And *thou* their radiant Queen!

For when I marked thine air of grace,
White brow and golden hair,
And Heaven-blue eyes in that wild place
I thought that an ethereal race
Owned none more bright and fair!

But, in thy home, thou'rt loveliest—
Thy home among the flowers;
Oh, it was like an isle of rest
To me, and rose-wing'd, calm and blest
Flew the enchanted hours.

And more—ay, more, Genius is thine—
Alas, that this should be!
For Fame pours *woman* poisoned wine!

And scorpions in her wreath *must* twine—
Heaven keep such fate from thee!

Thy picture, traced by mortal art,
Is now before mine eyes—
But thou'st a picture in my heart
Still sweeter—and 'twill be a part—
Methinks—of Paradise! * * *