

## STANZAS.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. B—, OF FRANKFORT, KY.

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BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.  
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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 ! \* \* \*

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