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A MOON-RISE BY THE SEA
BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

I dreamed we stood on ocean's shore,
Just at the hour the moon arose,
And that, with tears, I told thee o'er
My love and loneliness and woes.
We lingered long—yet all the while
Thou didst not turn one glance on me,
But, with a strange, *strange*, mournful smile,
Gazed on that moon-rise by the sea.

And yet I saw thy cold blue eyes—
Oh, what a strange calm was there!
I almost wonder that the skies
Such look of heartless pride should bear.
And that from every peaceful star
Some pitying angel did not bend
And weep for her who knelt afar,
Bereft of idol and of friend.

Methought the mocking winds came near
And flung thy dark brown curls aside,
And kissed thee—then an envious tear,
I could not stifle with my pride,
Fell at thy feet. I saw thee cast
Thy glance one moment on the sand,
Then, with the fondness of the past,
Thou didst come near and grasp my hand.

"I have a palace in the deep,
In whose vast halls there's not a light,
Save from the burning gems I keep—
Yet it is gloriously bright!
My sea-nymphs guard a casket there
That shines the bridal-pearl for thee:
O'er thy white arms and through thy hair
They'll flash," thou saidst, "bewilderingly."

Then is it strange I was deceived
By the soft sweetness of thy word?
Alas! what had I not believed
If from thy lip it had been heard?

Low on thy heart my trusting head
With rapture's weight sank languidly,
As with a murmuring voice I said:
"And I shall be so blest *with thee*."

"*With me?* Yes—yes! My clasp is round
Thee—do not shrink from love's fond fold!"
Then with a laugh of wildest sound,
Loosed—*o'er the waters*—was thy hold.
Alone, without reproach or scream,
I sank for aye from light and—*thee*.
Now life is haunted by a dream,
That dream a Moon-rise by the Sea.