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"AND THE HELIOTROPES WERE FADED."
BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

And the heliotropes were faded,
And the wild dove's song was still,
And the wind and haze were braided
With the dark around the hill,
And the moon looked white and chilly,
Like the ghost of some sea-lily
Gone to drift about the sky,
Larged with immortality!

But, I thought of young moss-roses,
With their green spray 'round their breasts,
Sitting in its shadowy closes
Just like red birds in their nests:
But, I thought of stars that quivered
(Where the cliffs were silver-rivered)
Like great drops of golden wine
Scattered down from the divine.

But, I thought of mist-blooms dropping
In some lonesome, purple[,] lake;
But, I thought of white swans stopping
There, to listen, half-awake,
To the low, sweet, whisperous wailing
Of the water-music, sailing,
With the blue flags o'er its breast,
Toward the shore in search of rest.

But, I thought of painted summers,
Flying thro' the Indian woods;
Of delicious, spicy murmurs,
Swimming, airy, amber floods;
But, I thought of angel-kisses,
Full of white, eternal blisses,
Waiting past the night for me—
But, I thought of thee—*of thee.*