Untitled Poem To A Lost Love

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping,
I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in
Thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions
Of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to
Me there
And tell me our love is remember'd even in the sky!
Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear
When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on
The ear;
And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison
Rolls,
I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice, from the Kingdom
Of Souls
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

by T. Moore

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