

Night Piece, to Julia

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee,
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
Like sparks of fire befriend thee.

No will-o'-th'-wisp mislight thee;
No snake or slow-worm bite thee;
 But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What through the moon does slumber;
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me:
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silv'ry feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.