

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



THE
EVENING STAR



Lo! In the painted oriel of the West,
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,
Like a fair lady at her casement, shines
The evening star, the star of love and rest!
And then anon she doth herself divest
Of all her radiant garments, and reclines
Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,
With slumber and soft
dreams of love oppressed.
O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!
My morning and my evening star of love!

My best and gentlest lady! Even thus,
As that fair planet in the sky above,
Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,
And from thy darkened
window fades the light.

