

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Daniel Henry Deniehy**

**- poems -**

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## A Song for the Night

O the Night, the Night, the solemn Night,  
When Earth is bound with her silent zone,  
And the spangled sky seems a temple wide,  
Where the star-tribes kneel at the Godhead's throne;  
O the Night, the Night, the wizard Night,  
When the garish reign of day is o'er,  
And the myriad barques of the dream-elves come  
In a brightsome fleet from Slumber's shore!  
O the Night for me,  
When blithe and free,  
Go the zephyr-hounds on their airy chase;  
When the moon is high  
In the dewy sky,  
And the air is sweet as a bride's embrace!

O the Night, the Night, the charming Night!  
From the fountain side in the myrtle shade,  
All softly creep on the slumbrous air  
The waking notes of the serenade;  
While bright eyes shine 'mid the lattice-vines,  
And white arms droop o'er the sculptured sills,  
And accents fall to the knights below,  
Like the babblings soft of mountain rills.  
Love in their eyes,  
Love in their sighs,  
Love in the heave of each lily-bright bosom;  
In words so clear,  
Lest the listening ear  
And the waiting heart may lose them.

O the silent Night, when the student dreams  
Of kneeling crowds round a sage's tomb;  
And the mother's eyes o'er the cradle rain  
Tears for her baby's fading bloom;  
O the peaceful Night, when stilled and o'er  
Is the charger's tramp on the battle plain,  
And the bugle's sound and the sabre's flash,  
While the moon looks sad over heaps of slain;  
And tears bespeak  
On the iron cheek  
Of the sentinel lonely pacing,  
Thoughts which roll  
Through his fearless soul,  
Day's sterner mood replacing.

O the sacred Night, when memory comes  
With an aspect mild and sweet to me,  
But her tones are sad as a ballad air  
In childhood heard on a nurse's knee;  
And round her throng fair forms long fled,  
With brows of snow and hair of gold,  
And eyes with the light of summer skies,

And lips that speak of the days of old.  
Wide is your flight,  
O spirits of Night,  
By strath, and stream, and grove,  
But most in the gloom  
Of the Poet's room  
Ye choose, fair ones, to rove.

Daniel Henry Deniehy

## Love in a Cottage

A cottage small be mine, with porch  
Enwreathed with ivy green,  
And brightsome flowers with dew-filled bells,  
'Mid brown old wattles seen.

And one to wait at shut of eve,  
With eyes as fountain clear,  
And braided hair, and simple dress,  
My homeward step to hear.

On summer eves to sing old songs,  
And talk o'er early vows,  
While stars look down like angels' eyes  
Amid the leafy boughs.

When Spring flowers peep from flossy cells,  
And bright-winged parrots call,  
In forest paths be ours to rove  
Till purple evenings fall.

The curtains closed, by taper clear  
To read some page divine,  
On winter nights, the hearth beside,  
Her soft, warm hand in mine.

And so to glide through busy life,  
Like some small brook alone,  
That winds its way 'mid grassy knolls,  
Its music all its own.

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