

(Oh! The) Lone Starry Hours.

Oh! the lone starry hours give me love—

When still is the beautiful night

When the round laughing moon I see love,

Tapes through the clouds silver white.

When six winds through the low woods sweep—love,

And I gaze on some bright rising star,

The world is in dream and sleep love—

Then awake while I touch my guitar.

Till the red rosey morn grows bright love—

Far away o'er the distant sea.

Till the stars cease their gentle lights love.

I wait for a welcome from thee;

And, Oh! if that pleasure be thine, love

We will wander together afar

My heart shall be thine, thine, mine love—

Then awake while I touch my guitar. 3.

Lone Starry hours