

1-1-18

## X To a friend. X

Beauty

How you noticed the beauty yonder,  
Above the mountains' crest?

This it is best, it is best.

Such mas-a if lovelier than diamonds ere,

Oh gaze not at zenith, but up higher, afar,

For the dreams of a maiden are caught in  
a nest

And the hands that caress'd them are ready  
and soft.

Oh gaze, gaze up yonder,

Beyond that pale star,

At the dreams of a maiden,

Oh eyes, that they are.

Look deeply, eyes tenderly, lest you forget

They are dreams of a maiden all caught  
in a nest.

## Reflections & Impressions.

X I. X

Take in your hands

The silvery sands.

Let it drift through your fingers