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From dewy dreams, my soul, arise,
From love's deep slumber and from death,
For lo! the trees are full of sighs
Whose leaves the morn admonisheth.

Eastward the gradual dawn prevails
Where softly burning fires appear,
Making to tremble all those veils
Of grey and golden gossamer.

While sweetly, gently, secretly,
The flowery bells of morn are stirred
And the wise choirs of faery
Begin (innumerable!) to be heard.

*

Notes

This was No. 15 in the 1907 edition.

The time is dawn, the morning after the night before, and the soul is awakening to ... what?

Tindall notes a similarity to P.B. Shelley's 'The Indian Serenade', which includes the lines:

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me – who knows how?
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

Above and beyond the reference to 'faery', there is certainly something 'Celtic' about the atmosphere of this lyric. The day is about to begin again, but Love has been linked with sleep and death and those associations cannot be unmade.

Hints of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, perhaps?

The 'dewy dreams' here recall the 'night dew' in No. 17.

The 'wise choirs' retain the focus on music, but what does their wisdom portend?