

ENDYMION

Oscar Wilde

The apple trees are hung
with gold,
And birds are loud in Arcady,
The sheep lie bleating in
the fold,
The wild goat runs across
the wold,
But yesterday his love he told,
I know he will come back to me.
O rising moon! O Lady moon!
Be you my lover's sentinel,
You cannot choose but know
him well,
For he is shod with
purple shoon,
You cannot choose but know
my love,
For he a shepherd's crook
doth bear,
And he is soft as any dove,
And brown and curly is his hair.

The turtle now has ceased
to call
Upon her crimson-footed
groom,
The grey wolf prowls about
the stall,
The lily's singing seneschal
Sleeps in the lily-bell, and all
The violet hills are lost
in gloom.
O risen moon! O holy moon!
Stand on the top of Helice,
And if my own true love
you see,
Ah! if you see the purple shoon,
The hazel crook, the lad's
brown hair,
The goat-skin wrapped about
his arm,
Tell him that I am
waiting where
The rushlight glimmers in
the Farm.

The falling dew is cold and chill,
And no bird sings in Arcady,
The little fauns have left the hill,
Even the tired daffodil
Has closed its gilded doors,
and still
My lover comes not back to me.
False moon! False moon! O
waning moon!
Where is my own true
lover gone,
Where are the lips vermilion,
The shepherd's crook, the
purple shoon?
Why spread that silver pavilion,
Why wear that veil of
drifting mist?
Ah! thou hast young Endymion,
Thou hast the lips that should
be kissed!