## Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal

For Charis and I Progetti

Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892)

Mark Chapman (1960-)

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white; Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk; Nor winks the gold fin in the porphry font: The firefly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost, And like a ghost she glimmers on to me. Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars, And all thy heart lies open unto me.

> Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up, And slips into the bosom of the lake: So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip Into my bosom and be lost in me.

from The Princess (1847)















