

SONG, WRITTEN FOR AN INDIAN AIR.\*<sup>1</sup>

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

The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream,  
The Champak odours fail  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.  
The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart;—  
As I must on thine,  
Beloved as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!  
I die! I faint! I fail!  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eye-lids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
My heart beats loud and fast;—  
O! press me to thine own again,  
Where it will break at last!

\* Author: Percy Bysshe Shelley / Transcribed and annotated by Gilberta Golinelli.

## EDITORIAL NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Poem by P.B. Shelley (1792-1822), first published in *The Liberal*.