



# THE TATTLER

RANDOLPH-MACON WOMAN'S COLLEGE, LYNCHBURG, VA.

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## AN EASTERN LULLABY

The silver stars swing high, my child ;

O'er the dusky dragon tower

They burn and glow as gently mild

As the moon-vine's dewy flower.

Oh, the stars they are lights in the dream-god's eyes,

As he broods o'er the earth when the twilight dies.

O-ai-ne, O-ai-ne,

Sleep, my little one, sleep !

The moon sinks in the silent sea,

And the light of the moonbeams, ages old,

Still streams across the waves to thee,

And the waves, they drip with gold.

Oh, the moonbeams are lights in the dream-god's smiles,

As he witches the earth with his sleepy wiles.

O-ai-ne, O-ai-ne,

Sleep, my little one, sleep !

The night wind sighs thro' bamboo groves,

And its voice is sweet with dreams ;

It sings of long and lingering loves,

And of whispering, star-lit streams.

Oh, the night-wind's song is the dream-god's song,

As he leads our souls where the dream-souls throng.

O-ai-ne, O-ai-ne,

Sleep, my little one, sleep !

PEARL SYDENSTRICKER, '14.