

I wandered forth at midnight
 And silently silently rove
 Where the moonlight poured
 On the dewy sward
 And on the elfin grove
 'Twas a kind of fairy scenery
 A kind of airy dreamery
 Such silence as I love

When from the wood around me
 The elfin circles skim
 Hand in hand
 They join the band
 And in the dances swam
 And there they bounded merrily
 While sailing round me giddily
 And breezy numbers sang

How softly softly murmuring
 In swelling cadence low
 And now they seem
 Of joy to sing
 And now to sing of woe
 As sweetly sweetly whispering