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# A Bridal Song

Percy Bysshe Shelley

1824

1.

The golden gates of Sleep unbar  
Where Strength and Beauty, met together,  
Kindle their image like a star  
In a sea of glassy weather!  
Night, with all thy stars look down,—  
Darkness, weep thy holiest dew,—  
Never smiled the inconstant moon  
On a pair so true.  
Let eyes not see their own delight;—  
Haste, swift Hour, and thy flight  
Oft renew.

2.

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Fairies, sprites, and angels, keep her!  
Holy stars, permit no wrong!  
And return to wake the sleeper,  
Dawn,—ere it be long!  
O joy! O fear! what will be done  
In the absence of the sun!  
Come along!