Night Piece, to Julia

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,  
The shooting stars attend thee,  
    And the elves also,  
    Whose little eyes glow  
Like sparks of fire befriend thee.

No will-o'th'-wisp mislight thee;  
No snake or slow-worm bite thee;  
    But on, on thy way,  
    Not making a stay,  
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;  
What through the moon does slumber;  
    The stars of the night  
    Will lend thee their light,  
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,  
Thus, thus to come unto me:  
    And when I shall meet  
    Thy silv'ry feet,  
My soul I'll pour into thee.