

# An Ariette for Music

To a Lady singing to her Accompaniment on the Guitar

Percy Bysshe Shelley

1832

As the moon's soft splendour  
O'er the faint cold starlight of Heaven  
Is thrown,  
So your voice most tender  
To the strings without soul had then given  
Its own.

The stars will awaken,  
Though the moon sleep a full hour later,  
To-night;  
No leaf will be shaken  
Whilst the dews of your melody scatter  
Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,  
Sing again, with your dear voice revealing  
A tone  
Of some world far from ours,  
Where music and moonlight and feeling  
Are one.

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