

At Eventide

*I know that I could never write
A poem as lovely as the night.
Over the earth, cool mists arise
And soften the hue of the starlit skies.*

*The fragrant odor of flowers and grass
Blend with the breezes as they pass,
And out in the shadows that lie beyond,
Insects hum a quavering song.*

*Above the vague outlines of the hill,
A night hawk cries and then all is still.
And all things that rest on the dewy sod
Are hushed by the spirit of peace and God.*

*My I lift my soul up to the height
Of the starry heavens that crown the night
And gather the joys of that world apart
Into the depths of the human heart.*

*As I wonder what mysteries lie unknown
Where the moon swings on through his course alone,
I know that no poet could ever write
A poem as lovely as the night.*