

The spangled meadows were laced with rills
That meandered on from the azure hills,
And the grassy plain spread out below
Just tinged with the gleam of the sun's last glow,
And fringed, and scattered, and dotted o'er
With the flocks from the herdsman's folded store.
The lowing herd, and the bleating lambs
In musical quest of their fleecy dams,
And the shepherds abiding there in sight,
Keeping watch and ward o'er their flocks by night.
As she gazed and wondered, the sunset's wane
Seemed to settle down on that grassy plain
With a quiet, holy calm, that stilled
Her very pulse, while her heart seemed filled
With gentlest thoughts of peace and love,
And good will to all; as though heaven above
Had come down to earth, and Christ once more,
As of old from the Galilean shore,
Saw his disciples toil in vain,
Wildly tossed on that heaving main,
Where the winds blew loud, and the waves ran high,
And no star gleamed forth from the stormy sky,
And the hearts of those lone ones with fear were chill
Till He spake the word, and all was still.
She seemed to be stilled with that hush of love,
Like the welcome home of the messenger-dove