

Her raven hair tressed o'er her brow
In meshes fair to see
She hearkens to the night-owl's vow
Of love's fidelity.

The cricket cheerily chirps below,
The rills ring down the steeps,
The firefly flitting to and fro
His virgin's vigil keeps

Till, rising, the sun shoots his arrows on high
And awakens the breezes of morn,
And the last whip-poor-will drops down from the
sky
And ceases his cry forlorn,—

Then gathering her mantle and hieing away
Towards the sleeping west,
She yieldeth her crown to victorious day
And calmly sinks to rest.