

## SONG.

SWEET evening hours ! I love ye well ;  
When wanderers meet around the hearth ;  
    The merry joke and winning smile,  
    Bidding us welcome all the while,  
Binding our souls more close to earth.

Sweet evening hours ! there is no care :  
Sorrow flies with the setting sun :  
    We talk of the absent, and drop a tear,  
    That the loved and loving ones are not near.  
To join in the merry song.

The day is bright, and it's noisy hum.  
Oft chaseth our gloom away ;  
    But the holy calm of the evening hour,  
    Soothing the heart with a magic power,  
Setteth the spirit free.

Let the storm blow high ! there are happy hearts.  
In the peace of the evening hour ;  
    And the bustling world, with its weary care,  
    Is cast away while we mingle there,  
Enjoying its magic power.

January, 1854.