

AT DUSK

I HAVE garnished my room with river reeds
And strung my singing lyre,
I have filled my vases with coloured weeds
And put on my new attire ;
Now I count the hours on my amber beads
That glow with a hidden fire.

The sun stepped into a golden sea
And the dusk crept up from the shore,
My heart is athrill with melody
And my feet are light on the floor ;
A voice from the dusk is calling me
And a hand is laid on my door.