

She left when the sky and the river were blue,
And deep golden-green was the plummy pines' hue,
Birds called in the tops of the trees far away,
But their songs were not sweet as the dear voice of May.

Her hair still was dark, and her skin still was white,
Her lips were still red and her eyes were still bright,
And her footstep was fleet, but her heart was not gay,
Because we were parting—Farewell dear May

THE END OF NIGHT.

Like dying fires the pale stars twinkle,
The bright moon sinks behind the trees,
And up to me the cow-bell's tinkle
Is borne upon the gentle breeze,

The early cock is crowing, crowing,
And save for that all else is still,
The little stream is flowing, flowing,
Past the red farmhouse on the hill.

THE EARLY MORN.

Swift from the bay the shadows,
Like spirits, flee away