

SUNSET AND DAWN.

Murmuring river and quiet stream,
Golden the meadow in sunset gleam,
Voices from birdland heard on the breeze,
Rustling of leaves on willowy trees,

Breathing of kine and patient sheep
In verdant pastures where cattle sleep;
Stars twinkling faintly when night doth fall
Casting its veil of rest o'er all.

Night-birds calling from ivied tower,
Waking the insects in rose-filled bower,
Bats on the wing flitting to and fro;
Then the dawn with the world aglow.

Shimmering light on the distant hills,
And the lilting bird the valley thrills.
Diamonds flashing from daisies' eyes
Where morning dew on the greensward lies.

Earth re-echoes the song bird's call
From its pinnacle there on the tree-tops tall,
All nature-land is awake, alive,
From the wayside flower to the bee in its hive.