

At solemn night when zephyrs sigh,
Emotions fill the breast,
Responsive voices roll along
The trembling air replete with song,
When twilight quits the west.

And when the smiling dawn appears,
The waking woods emit their cheers ;
Pure song the early listener hears,
And purely soft the lay ;
From stagnant fen—from field and bank,
Harsh notes ascend of humble rank,
And murmuring streamlets play.

THE NIGHTLY REST.

The daylight long hath quit the West,
In nightly shades the earth is dressed ;
And through the darkness far on high,
The stars bestud the ample sky.
And stillness reigns, but for the breeze,
That, dirge like, hums among the trees :
To soothe away the slumb'ring night,
From setting sun till dawning light.

The meanest brute instinct hath taught,
With care to seek some resting spot ;
And Nature's sons, both high and low,
Full well the boon of night do know.