

A JUNE NIGHT.

LET others sing of June's day bright,
And praise her beauty fair;
I will sing of her sister, night,
With diamonds in her hair.

Tell of this pensive sweet brunette
Clad in her spangled gown,
Her lover's path by dew-drops wet
Her eyes are weeping down.

Gently she steals out over the lawn
Where every eve I sit
And wait until her curtains are drawn
And starry tapers lit.

Each hour I seek her lonely heart
To cheer by love's sweet tune,
While like to Cupid's gilded dart,
Shy glances from the moon

Pierce the dark forest's silent glade
Where shadows chase the light,
While swings my fair and passive maid
In her hammock—beauteous night!