

SEA SHORE NIGHTFALL.

Slow falls the night ;
The tender light
Of stars grows brighter and more bright ;
The lingering ray
Of dying day
Sinks deeper down and fades away.

Now fast, now slow,
The south winds blow,
And softly whisper, breathing low ;
With gentle grace
They kiss my face,
Or fold me in their cool embrace.

Where one pale star
O'er waters far,
Droops down to touch the harbor bar,
A faint light gleams,
A light that seems
To grow and grow till nature teems

With mellow haze ;
And to my gaze
Comes proudly rising, with its rays
No longer dim,
The moon ; its rim
In splendor gilds the billowy brim.

I watch it gain
The heavenly plain ;
Behind it trails a starry train—
While low and sweet
The wavelets beat
Their murmuring music at my feet

Alone I stand ;
On either hand
In gathering gloom stretch sea and land ;
Beneath my feet,
With ceaseless beat,
The waters murmur low and sweet.