

## 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.