



### At Moonrise

AT night upon the mountains  
The magic moon goes by,  
And stops at every threshold  
With lure and mystery.

And then my lonely fancy  
Can bide content no more,  
But through an autumn country  
Must search from door to door,

Till in a quiet valley,  
Under a quiet sky,  
Is found the one companion  
To bid the world good-bye.

And once again at moonrise  
We wander hand in hand,  
With the last grief forgotten,  
Through an enchanted land.

BLISS CARMAN