

'TIS EVENING.

'Tis evening! The sun is low and shines
With gentle ray. The air is warm and sweet.
Methinks I scent the alkanet borne on
The breeze, yea, and the violet. E'er and
Anon, zephyrs woo the cheek with passion's
warmth

And fan the soul within, till, tuned to thought,
The spirit wanders free its backward path,
To grove or lawn or hedge in its native place,
Cool, sunlit, scented: while, from twig to twig,
From lawn to shady grove, the birds do fly,
And sit and sing. Bees seek the fragrant
bowers:

From catkins odorous, they bear a store
Of nectared sweets. The hawk doth soar and
swoop

Upon her prey: and, soaring higher still,
Seeks a retreat. Birds in myriads pass o'er
The plain bearing odors from the sunny South,
And filling all the air with musings of
A distant scene—of sunlit sky and palm.