



AND now 'tis eventide;  
Grey shadows gently glide,  
All intermixed with rose;  
The twinkling lamplights start  
Along the quiet street—  
So deep the soft repose,  
It seemeth earth's great heart  
Hath almost ceased to beat.

Their evening watch begun,  
The stars peep one by one  
Down to the silent bay;  
Where, mirrored on its breast,  
Their shimmering selves they see,  
Each bright with larger ray  
Upon the ripples' crest  
Than fixed reality.

From out the misty deep  
The darker shadows creep,  
'Twixt sea and sky they float;  
The shore is but a dream,