

EVENING TO MORNING.

Upon the cliffs, and softly bathed my feet
In the deep masses of soft fragrant fern,
Or 'mong the scented heathers tinkling bells;
And calm surveyed the seas' long ripple break,
With tiny splash and rustle on the shore.
And there I stood alone, and watched the sun
Set with deep glorious red behind the hills;
And all the light and fleecy sunset clouds,
Were tinged deep golden red, as if on fire.
Carmine and gold in all their brilliant shades,
Stretched in long arrowy streaks upon the sky.
Then slowly sank the sun, and the bright tints
Of gold and crimson faded from the clouds,
The stars began to glow from out of space,
And the wide seas assumed an inky black
The night wind rose, and all was desolate.
And there I stood alone. I had no friend
To walk with me, I never had a friend,
But still I stayed and thought, how desolate,
And yet how grand, the mountain peaks appear.
But then my soul within me rose in speech,
And weary in my heart I cried aloud,
"Ye are not desolate ye mountain peaks,
For lo! the hill tops round you crowd you in,
The bird mates with the bird, and beast with beast,
Fish unto fish, and man consorts with man;