

AD VESPERUM.

Call to me, thrush,
When day grows dim,
When death is near
And night is warm.

Stir the keen hush
On twilight's rim,
When my own star
Is white and clear.

Fly low to brush
Mine eyelids grim,
Where sleep and storm
Have set their bar.

For time shall crush
Spring balm for him,
Stark on his bier
Past fault or harm.