

The shades of eve had settled down,
Each object wore a deeper brown,
And when the sun had sank to rest,
The landscape looked in mourning dressed—
Anon the moon his light supplies,
And slowly scaled the Eastern skies,
Whose beams soon silvered mead and hill
And trembled in the gurgling rill—

I had been out to spend the day,
With neighbors in a social way,
Nor did our gossip loose its power,
Till time had struck the witching hour—
Then up I got and made my bow,
And said I must be going now,
It would be late ere I could gain
My home and friends on Stanstead Plain—

I deemed it best that way to take
That leads hard by the Crystal Lake;
Above whose waters calm and clear,
The sacred dead are sleeping near—

I gazed up to the glowing Wain,
And all the stars that swell his train,
Thinking, as thus I saw them roll
Around the dim magnetic pole,
That ever so they'd brightly shone,
Commencing with creations morn—
Compared with these the age of man,
Was but indeed a little span,
His grandest work, how small appears,
In presence of these mighty spheres—