

*A NIGHT IN JUNE.*

THE dusky woods pour shadows o'er the fields,  
 Where cattle wander free,  
 The dying day its last effulgence yields  
 To homeward light the bee.

In distant cots the early lights are set,  
 And through the darkness gleam,  
 Like cold sepulchral lamps with fresh tears wet,  
 So low and dim they seem.

Now, in the ebon curtains of the night  
 The face of earth is hid,  
 And sleep with balmy touches, firm yet light,  
 Seals many a weary lid.

The servile stars around the queenly moon  
 Their silent vigils keep,  
 While showers of saffron-light by them are strewn  
 Upon the murky deep.

It is the hour when varied perfumes blend  
 As incense on the air ;  
 It is the hour when guardian angels bend  
 Above their infant care.

The drowsy river glamorless and pale  
 Steals through the silent glade ;  
 Its wanton rills of music sink and fail,  
 Its silver glories fade.

No longer Echo, with her mocking voice,  
 Laughs back the sounds of day,  
 Nor matron birds o'er sleeping broods rejoice  
 In proud maternal lay.