

WHEN NIGHT SHUTS IN

WHEN night shuts in the wearied world
And Nature's work is done,
And every floating flag is furled
That caught the golden sun,
It seems as if Death's darkness hung
About the living deep,
But 'tis the silver shadow flung
By Death's twin-brother, Sleep.

When Death's mysterious night comes down,
And soul and sense are riven,
And not a smile and not a frown
Stirs the strange face of heaven,
It seems as if no sunlit morn
Would ever sweep the sky,
As if the spirit had been born
To slumber endlessly,