

Evening



Lovingly lingered the fading light,
Tenderly kissing each tree and flower,
Whispering softly a fond "good night,"
Promising joy for the morning hour.

Silently then in the woodland sleep,
Wistfully watching the opal west,
Nature prepared for her needed sleep,
Welcoming gladly the time of rest.

Over me far in the forest glen
Motherly arms of the hemlocks spread;
Peace filled my heart, as I listened then,
Reverently to the prayers they said.

After the prayer came the evensong
Sung by a thrush on a grand old oak;—
Thrilled by its melody clear and strong
Up in the sky all the stars awoke.