

THE DAY'S ENDING

THE colour fades from out the daffodils,
And shadows creeping are of tender gray,
The sapphire darkens on the further hills,
I have been overlong upon the way.

Now like a crocus bloom the evening skies,
The sun hath flung its vesture to the seas,
Dream lieth heavy on my tired eyes,
I am grown weary and am fain for ease.

The sun hath given joyously its light
And now hath been enfolded in the west,
Lord, I am ready for Thy pleasant night,
Fold me in sleep, for I am fain for rest.