

SUNSET AT OGUNQUIT

What mystic glory gilded earth and sea,
When fair Ogunquit we took leave of thee !
The setting sun transfigured seemed to be
As down the western slope so silently
I watched him gently, slowly sink and die.
A flaming battlefield appeared the sky,—
The sun, a hero left upon the plain
By countless deadly, golden arrows slain.
And Nature glowed with pride that he should make
This sacrifice alone for Night's sweet sake.

