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## BEAUTIFUL WORLDS

I love that quiet hour when day lies down to rest,  
And evening draws her curtain in the gold and  
purple west,  
That he be not awakened by act of thought-  
less one,  
Until refreshed and strengthened, he wake  
with rising sun.

Then thought soars away to those bright worlds  
far above,  
Shining beacons on the way to homeland of  
love;  
And I fancy their brightness illuminates spheres  
That are dark like our own where the light  
disappears.

But depths into space are not measured as yet,  
Save to neighboring stars, some of which I for-  
get;

But Polaris I know is one of man's friends,  
Directing his course by the light that he sends.

Sirius, the Dog Star, now panting with heat,  
A great, noble fellow that no others can beat;  
Is leaping through ether the long day and night,  
And is known as a star exceedingly bright.

Aldebaran one views in a dangerous place,  
Beneath the horns of old Taurus he seems death  
to face;

But there he's been shining for aeons I know,  
Flashing down his clear rays on earth's children  
below.

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