



To-night
the west o'erbrims
with warmest dyes,
Its chalice overflows
with pools
of purple
coloring the skies,
Aflood with gold and rose,
And some hot soul
seems throbbing
close to mine,
As sinks the sun
within
that world of wine.

I seem to hear
a bar of music float,
And swoon into the west,

My ear can scarcely catch the whispered note,
But something in my breast
Blends with that strain, till both accord in one,
As cloud and color blend at set of sun.

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