

EVENTIDE.

FAR o'er the fields, rich in their em'rald gleam,
Where whisp'ring run the merry rills so free,
The meadow-lark sounds clear her melody,
And sunbeams, fading, throw their smiles supreme.
The lily pale has laid her head to dream
Upon the brook's green breast and, o'er the lea,
In notes of prayer, soft, pealing, glad and free,
The Ang'lus, ringing, sings its ev'ning theme.

O little bell! From out yon belfry gray,
Thy accents, stealing, linger soft and sweet;
Hushed are the noises in the village street,
Whilst now you echo out the parting day—
The ploughman hears thy call and doth repeat
His thanks to God, while bending low to pray.