

THE ANGEL SLEEP

WHEN the day is done and the shadows fall
Over the earth like a dusky pall,
From cloistered halls in the hidden deep
Rises the beautiful Angel Sleep.

Over forest and field he spreads his wings,
Where the cricket chirps and the wood-bird sings,
And the murmur of voices dies away,
Stilled by the Angel, calm and gray.

The passions of men that surge and swell
Are mastered soon by his mighty spell,
And weary spirits, and eyes that weep,
Yield to the power of the Angel Sleep.

We call him Death, 'tis the Angel Sleep
That comes at last from the hidden deep,
And passing his hand o'er the brow of care
Subdues the wild delirium there;