



Twilight

ALAS, up yonder pleasant neighb'ring hill
Where lifts its form, the lofty shadowed tower,
The village church, beneath the spreading elms
In solemn accents tolls the twilight hour.

Soft o'er the hills the shades of evening fall,
The gentle breezes whisper o'er the green,
While balmy zephyrs murmur through the grove
And nature's charms awake endearing scene.