

THE BALM OF NIGHT

Take your woes out to the night,
Make an ending to the fight,
In the soothing murmur of the poplars' sway;
Walk within the ghostly hush,
Broken only by the rush
Of the night-hawk's whirring, winged, roundelay.
'Neath the moon and pin-pricked stars,
Or the North Lights' rainbow bars,
In a solitude that bares your human clay,
In a quiet that awes the soul,
Gives you sight of further goal,
Feel the blight on heart and body fade away.

Every sorrow has its balm,
Feed your soul on evening's calm,
For the daily trials of the homestead fight;
There's a solace in the air,
Nature's salve is everywhere,
Sifting through the pale, pellucid, saffron light.
Troubles quickly from you glide,
Again the Road of Life is wide,
And Future earnest strivings will requite;
So when troubles on you creep,
Gluttoning your toil-earned sleep,
Go step your soul in Balm of Western Night.