

From soft violet to purple,
 Each cloud fringed with golden circle,
 From rose blush to deep crimson dye,
 The giant forms that crowd the sky—

With ev'ry shade of rainbow hue,
 On firmament of azure blue,
 Varying each eve in ev'ry clime,
 And so 't will be to end of time

But when he sets to this our sphere
 And in the ether doth appear
 After the day's departing knell,
 Then ev'ning falls with mystic spell

A dewy stillness now pervades
 O'er rocks and fountains, hills and glades,
 'Tis the hour when contemplation
 Fills the soul with adoration,—

For so great and wondrous beauty,
 And reminds us of our duty,
 To worship Him, our Lord and Maker
 Of all good—the Great'Creator !

MOONLIGHT.

HAIL to thee, beauteous Queen of Night !
 Bathed in thine own soft silv'ry light ;
 Gauzy clouds are round thee playing,
 Now encircling, now they're straying—

Veiling thy beauty like a bride,
 As calm thou sitt'st in modest pride,
 Shining upon us from above,
 Emblem of tenderness and love !

All is hushed by the gentle pow'r
 Of the moon's bright and gleaming hour,
 The soul entranced, as with a spell,
 Is filled with dreams too vague to tell.