

Ere the Sun, to wood and river, says "Good Night"  
with loving smile ;  
Through the boughs that seem to sever to let in the  
light awhile,  
Lights up glade, and wood, and river, in whose mirror,  
clear and calm,  
Reflects much of its own splendor, as the Good lights  
up the Sham.

As his rays spread out their brightness, lighting up the  
farther shore,  
Two dark figures, now approaching, whom we had not  
seen before.  
One is of a youthful maiden, with a face so wondrous  
fair ;  
Where the noble thoughts are mirrored, showing naught  
of grief or care.

Eyes of unknown depth and softness—of the deepest,  
darkest blue ;  
Hair that hangs in waving tresses, vieing with the raven's  
hue ;  
Sweet the mouth that now is smiling ; now in pensive  
tenderness,  
Over which her fine emotions, vividly themselves ex-  
press.

Now a look of sweet contentment fills those dreamy eyes  
with light ;