

## DAY IS DONE.

**N**OW on night's dark breast reclining,  
Sleeps the sun.  
Shyly now sweet stars come shining,  
One by one.  
O'er the landscape glinting, gleaming  
Moonbeams flash like white fires streaming,  
Hill and vale at rest are dreaming  
Day is done.

Now the night-winds softly crooning  
Lullabies  
Come, their harps Aeolian tuning,  
From the skies;  
And their music low and thrilling  
Steals abroad, Life's discord stilling,  
Till our hearts with new hope filling,  
Heavenward rise.