

Twilight in the Valley.

Calm twilight stilly wraps the shadowy vale
In eerie darkness, nought is clearly seen
Save the white flicker of the junco's tail,
The fire-fly lanterns, flitting 'mong the green,
The snowy foam-crests where the waters leap,
Riot and surge, and sink again to sleep.

But all the glorious girdle of the hills
Glow warmly with the breath of Helios' steeds,
Which, slanting down, with shimmering color fills
The forest darkness, till the maple bleeds
In every leaflet, and the oak-tree old,
The forest-king, is crowned with living gold.

And far above the mountains tier on tier,
The dark cloud castles, burning as with fire,
Their serried turrets o'er the heavens rear,
The crimson blossom of the wayside briar
Bears not such depth of color in its heart
As flushes every tower with rainbow art.

The murmur of the river fills the dell,
And from the hillside comes in cadence clear
The tinkling of the hermit's silver bell.
No jarring sound makes discord on the ear,
For at this hour, in the shadow long,
They all are blended in sweet even-song.

But now the music ebbs, and sinks away;
One after one the sweet musicians cease,
All save the river; the last gleam of day,
Departing, leaves the quiet vale in peace,
While night descends with moon-beams' misty bars,
And all the heaven blossoms into stars.