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EVENING.

The evening comes, the fields are still

The tinkle of the thirsty rill,

Unheard all day, ascends again;

Deserted is the half-mown plain,

Silent the swaths. The ringing wain,

The mower's cry, the dog's alarms,

All housed within the sleeping farms!

The business of the day is done

The last left haymaker is gone

And from the thyme upon the height

And from the elder-blossom white

And pale dogroses in the hedge

And from the mint plant in the sedge,

In puffs of balm the night air blows

The perfume which the day foregoes -

And on the pure horizon far,

See, pulsing with the first-born star,

The liquid sky above the hill!

The evening comes, the fields are still.

M. Arnold. (Bacchanalia).