

## EVENTIDE.

BY WILLIS H. SCOFIELD.

Now when the golden light of day,  
As slowly sinks the west to rest,  
Leaves behind a golden ray,  
The soul to cheer, the sight to bless;  
She comes, the light of day is dimmed,  
By dark-winged goddess of the night,  
And a sleep-twin brother of the light,  
Whom darkness follows by his might.

From bramble near and quickened hedge,  
Is heard the whip-poor-will's lone cry,  
While in the silent oak he veered,  
The flowers closed, the birds were dead,  
The flowers fold their tiny hands,  
As if to breathe a prayer to Him  
Who made them, and the birds,  
Hiss'd earth to sleep, His earth to dream.

The weary granger slowly plods,  
His homeward path of toil,  
Of toiling 'mid the sun-baked clods  
To bring his day's work home;

His good dame, maid of all work—is  
God, government and millennium, all—  
Still in the same old habit.

The cows, that answer with a bawl,

The bugle mart is all aglow,

With lamps that supersede the day,  
And all the world is at its work,

The tradesman, low o'er day-bent head,

And rocks less, and gain, and rent,

That they, like others, may not fall.

What mean those sweet strains of music  
That float up from the earth?

Through the wings of your mansion,  
Where's the thronged the young, gay and fair?

Up the "first day's" bright high-peep,

That grace your lonely mother earth,

Rock ye not that He'll find,

Even 'mid gay jollity and mirth?

The night is spent in glee,

With a gay heart, a gay sweet

Up the "first day's" bright high-peep,

That grace your lonely mother earth,

Rock ye not that He'll find,

Even 'mid gay jollity and mirth?

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