

Evening

The moon begins her stately ride

Across the summer sky;

The happy wavelets lash the shore, —

The tide is rising high.

Beneath some friendly blade of grass

The lazy beetle cowers;

The coffers of the air are filled

With offerings from the flowers.

And slowly buzzing o'er my head

A swallow wings her flight;

I hear the weary plowman sing

As falls the restful night.