

## Sunset

The river sleeps beneath the sky,  
And clasps the shadows to its breast;  
The crescent moon shines dim on high;  
And in the lately radiant west  
The gold is fading into gray.  
Now stills the lark his festive lay  
And mourns with me the dying day, —

While in the south the first faint star  
Lifts to the night its silver face,  
And twinkles to the moon afar  
Across the heaven's graying space;  
Low murmurs reach me from the town,  
As Day puts on her sombre crown,  
And shakes her mantle darkly down.