**Evening**

David William Paley

From far beyond the waving corn,

In the calm of gathering gloom,

Comes the quiet breath of peace

As day renounces power;

And the notes of distant bells

Soar from far off steeples

On the tips of lightest wings

As they toll the waning hour.

From towers high to hamlet low,

Come faintly through the meadows

Over all the woods and fields,

Whispers on the wafting zephyrs

To which the mind now yields;

And, in those tones of tinkling silver,

My soul is gently borne

On softly sighing music

That plays until the dawn.

Come, night, in folds of grey

That float about your form

And rise from far off waves

To walk the warmth of sand.

Wrap your garment round me

And bring again the welcome rest

That all my power then enslaves

In sleep upon the land.

Now, the time sinks softly

And twilight crowds the sky

As the Sandman bids the watchman

To sound the shadowed veil

That settles round the light.

A reign gives up dominion

And the river slows its pace

To pass the sceptre to another

Who holds domain throughout the night.

Reeds close over waters

To hide the creatures held within;

Breezes murmur through the leaves

That tremble as the sun now passes.

Flowers fold their petals up

As silence wraps them round

Held in gossamer dreams

By a love that never closes.

Within protective darkness

Beneath the evening star,

I bathe myself in moonlight

And send my thoughts afar.

For, what is merely lack of sight

Is awash with words unspoken

In search of deeds, more fit to plight

The bonds of steel that stay unbroken.

Bring contentment with the rosy grace

That weary day now melts to rest

And we shall seek our close embrace

Until the light is brightly dawning.

For, love has felt the shining sun

Bid brief farewell in flight

Until we rise from the tomb of night

To the resurrection of the morning.