

NIGHT

When day has given place to night,
And darkness settles o'er the land,
And sun no longer sheds its light,
And shadows fall on every hand,
While many hearts are filled with dread
Of what the awful night may bring,
While mother earth seems almost dead,
And gloom envelops everything,
'Tis then my mind in reverie,
Will pass again to days of yore;
And recollections come to me
Of old-time friends I see no more;
And dreams which daylight cannot show
Appear before my tired eyes;
I wish that night might never go,
Nor sun on fretful day arise.