

Evening

The swollen sun is sinking in the sea
Beyond the harbour bar,
The drowsy sounds of farmyard industry
Come from afar;
The roseate splendor of the evening sky
Is mirrored in the bay.
Alone I stand upon the lonely strand
Watching the dying day.

Large looms the darkening landscape all around,
The bay seems twice its size;
The rugged bordering cliffs, with gaunt spruce crowned,
Tower toward the skies,
Vainly pursuing them in their grand retreat
To spaces infinite;
Gilt by the after-glow, the fleecy clouds hang low—
Till falls the night.

Whence comes the evening's glorious artistry ?
The artist who ?
Works of such awe-inspiring majesty
Man cannot do.
Who for his canvas has the sky, the sea,
The verdent sod ?
Where works are found a Worker, too, must be;
The answer—God !