

### An Autumn Night

Emmett Brazel

How silent glides from out the East  
That lady of the night !  
My mortal eye would ever feast  
Upon the pale moon's light.

Oh Shades of eve that softly dance  
In every woodland glen,  
A moment stop, and wary glance  
As moonlight floods the fen.

But now resume thy wonted play,  
Oh fairies of the night,  
And wait the coming of the day:  
Farewell, the passing night.

Thy light, oh orb of silver fire,  
Now fades from out the sky;  
And in his luminous attire,  
The Sun King mounts on high.