

EVENING SWEET

And every now and then there comes -
The weary day behind -
An evening that is just akin
To evenings in my mind.

There isn't then a place on earth,
Nor person you could meet,
Nor music sounding in your ear
That would appear as sweet.

The breeze is blowing out of doors,
The sun is setting down;
A freshness shines between the leaves
And peace is all around . .

And more than peace, it seems to me,
For I am all aglow
With wonders given life in me
A long, long time ago.