

A NIGHT IN JUNE

A cloak of shimmering mistiness
Is spread o'er hill and dale;
A lazy moon drifts in the east,
The stars are still and pale.
The winds stir softly in the trees,
And from each swaying limb
That boasts the cradle of a bird,
There floats an evening hymn.

From petaled cups the roses spill
A matchless sweet perfume;
The fireflies turn their lanterns on,
The worries of a day are gone –
The world becomes a lover's song
In magic night of June.

By Alice Whitson Norton

From: _____
