

ENCHANTMENT

The rosy glow of twilight
Is playing through the trees,
While winds are softly singing
Fantastic symphonies.

A crescent moon comes drifting
Into the western sky,
And mockingbirds start crooning
A tuneful lullaby.

The dusk gives way to shadows,
And night comes slowly on –
Yet in my heart this loveliness
Will linger like a song.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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