

AN EVEN-SONG

The day spreads out for flight its lovely wings,
And o'er the fields their golden shadows race
Like sudden smiles across an angel face.
The white-throat in the brooding silence sings
The sobbing prelude to a minor strain.
Dare etchings, stand the rugged purple hills,
As slowly blossoms Evening's starry train.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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