

DUSK, AND THE DAY IS DONE

DUSK, and the day is done,
Homeward I turn;
Bright as the setting sun
Home fires do burn.

Dusk, and the shadows fold
On the hill's breast;
Dark 'gainst the fleeing gold
In the far west.

Dusk, and the waking stars
Glimmer on high
Like candles newly lit
In the grey sky.

Dusk, and I see your face,
Soft lips apart;
Waiting to find your place
Near to my heart.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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