

When night upon its dusky wing
 Flashed gently from the morning beam
 And over the eastern hemisphere
 Flooded twilight's golden stream
 Which pressing back the gates of night
 Left day's bright banner there unfurled
 To float upon the morning breeze
 A greeting to the waking world

Those happy lovers only fleet
 When twilight set her gilded veils
 Which glowing in the eastern sky
 Reflected upon all trusting places

And thus on few sweet faces rolled by
 Whom all nature seemed a rest
 They dreamed beneath each other's smiles
 Believing they were truly blest

An unkind word at last must steal
 Among the whispering notes of love
 And creep within the stubborn heart
 Each sought their willfulness to prove

First silence followed then neglect
 Went on with seeming unconcern
 They laughed about their childish love
 Which now at last they had outgrown

It is their meetings were a pleasure
 Whose stages reflections wifing flight
 And faded affections dying flame
 Which shone upon their early flight

But duty calls the men away
 A few short months perhaps no more
 But he would hasten to return
 And all the love which childhood bore
 Rekindled now. The world could boast
 No deeper heart felt parting scene
 Not children yet matured years
 Implanted the age of youthful dreams

But once alone reflection spread
 Her net upon unfettered wing
 And sailing over the crowded past
 Declares the whole a silly thing
 And all the horror pride could bring
 To mock the plea which love upbraid
 But deepened more the blushing cheek
 And so the heart itself rebelled

A mutual discord seemed to rise
 In equal portions for the two
 Without elipset or jealous jar
 They changed and silently withdrew

Woman tongue and pen must fail
 Which climbs to mark the varied trail
 As than appears from nature's mould
 It were a task quite easy told
 But since they lot with man is cast
 The future sleeps & tells the past

Behold the semblance here portrayed
 In silver stream O trusting maid
 Which rambling down the mountain side
 Toward old ocean might be led
 Leaps joyfully onward o'er the earth
 Returning still its crystal waters
 Which mark its envied mountain birth

But unconsciously it finds
 Mingling through those deep ravines
 A stain has caught its crescent pride
 Which deepens and the whole is dyed

Though now you see to the mountain home
 Its lost And gun circ. left alone
 While none shall come that will redeem
 Thy worth and beauty Silver Stream