

The Night of Death.
There's beauty in the hues that paint

The sunset skies;
The beauty fades and soon grows faint
On the brilliant dyes.

Night from her dim and dusky throne
Her gloom doth shed;

And darkness seems o'er all the zone.
A mantle spread.

O, when the lights of life may fade,
And all that's bright;

We shall repose amid the shade
Of Death's dark night.

To Mary Anne Jones.

by S. P. S.

Nov. 1st 1837