

CLOUDRIFTS AT TWILIGHT

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Cloudrifts at Twilight by William Batchelder Greene

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WILLIAM BATCHELDER GREENE

**CLOUDRIFTS
AT TWILIGHT**

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BY

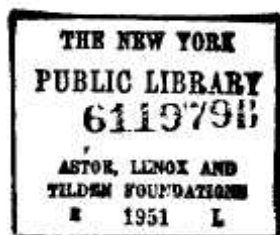
WILLIAM BATCHELDER GREENE

AUTHOR OF "REFLECTIONS AND MODERN MAXIMS"

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PROEM.

Endowered bliss of Earth's rejoicing tide,
Whose red gold light alone is poesie,
Whose tinted coming buries deep the snows,
Whose gay horizon promises thy kiss
On every frozen cheek turned heavenward—
Thou Queen incessant of God's harmony !

Reviving Spring, a toast to thy fresh lips !
Thy blush is music, and e'en heaven lurks
In thy thick perfumed hair that hangs about
Thy flowered shoulders like enchanted rain ;
Thy sigh is song and thy soft breath a balm,
Dispelling death—soft loosing his cold grip,
Unravelling darkness in the heart of pain,
As o'er dank waters rings the laugh of dawn.
In thy glad eyes the sun should never set,
For the stars' sake, since they are dumb to men.
Why should man sin or woman sinless fall
When thou dost yearly weep in bliss o'er both,
Decked in deep velvet of God's vernal pomp ?

LARYAT.

SUGGESTED BY THE LEGEND OF TANNIÄUSER.