



1. Night's sil - ver - y stars melt in morning's soft blushes, Her
 2. The sun gilds the crest of the for - est-clad mountain, And
 3. We grate - ful - ly share of life's bounties ex - ter - nal, Which



dark spec - tral shad - ows glide noise - less a - way; While
 brightens the vale where the ear - ly mist lay; From
 come like a day-dream, nor yet come to stay; But



nature, enwrapped in her deep si - lent hushes, Awakes to the call of the
 woodland and mead - ow, from streamlet and fountain Come voices of welcome to
 still look be - yond to that region super - nal Where beameth fore - ver a

