## Day and Night

By E. Nesbit

ALL day the glorious Sun caressed
Wide meadows and white winding way,
And on the Earth's soft heaving breast
Heart-warm his royal kisses lay.
She looked up in his face and smiled,
With mists of love her face seemed dim;
The golden Emperor was beguiled,
To dream she would be true to him.

Yet was there, 'neath his golden shower,
No end of love for him astir;
She waited, dreaming, for the hour
When Night, her love, should come to her;
When 'neath Night's mantle she should creep
And feel his arms about her cling,
When the soft tears true lovers weep
Should make amends for everything.







