

# Bleyer Letter to Mother

## Summer Night Thoughts

“To Mother”

By George Bleyer

It is a holy hour: the Summer Night  
Has tripped across the Eastern hills, and set  
Her seal within the arching firmament  
The stars look down upon the sleeping earth  
As fondly as a mother bending o'er  
Her dreaming child; the sparkling dew, that gems  
The mossy sward and glimmers through the boughs  
O'erhead, gives back the silvery light, as smiles  
The child when 'wakening from his dreams he meets  
That loving mother's eye; the hills are draped  
In somber shade, and through the woods' green aisles  
The shadows flit, the rustling of the leaves  
Their footfall seems; the flowers have closed their hearts,  
But still their perfume steals upon the wind, that brings low murmuring sounds  
Of pure brooks and distant waterfalls.  
Sweet is the Night!