

**June Night** [ca. 1917]

**Edward Joseph Collins, music and words**

Night has descended upon the earth  
All sounds of life are hushed  
Only the breezes pause and sigh  
Like spirits astray from their tomb.

And now belov'd my thoughts of thee  
Are pangs of exquisite sadness  
And my heart is flooded with longing  
In this magic hour of love and death,  
Of love and death.