

## NIGHT

Oh, sombre goddess of the world's repose!

That span of leisure hours, wherein mankind,  
Aweary of the implements that bind  
Him to the lot which, in His wrath, God chose,  
Lays them aside, and turning from his woes  
Pursues, in dreams, the golden threads that wind  
Along the shaded groves of bliss, to find  
The peace of heart and soul he little knows.

Oh, cheerless shadow of depressing night!

If you had speech, what tales you might unfold!  
What contradictions in men's lives you shield!  
How oft, under thy leaden spell, the might  
Of high ambition, glory still untold,  
Has moved great minds the force of power to wield!