

# Night

Written for Miss Mary L. Jacobs Album by  
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It is one of morn, the silent hour  
When sprites and spirits glide around,  
When fairies sport in forest bower,  
And moonlight silvers o'er the ground;  
When hoots the owl in darkling tree,  
And fills belated hind with fear,  
And Philomela's melody  
Dilights no more this timid ear.  
It is at this hour I love to wake,  
And view the spangled dome above,  
And watch slow-fading in the west  
Venus the Golden Star of Love:  
Or watch the ruler of the night,  
As slow she paces up the sky,  
While the gray clouds before her light  
Melt and vanish from on high.  
Ah well I know the charm of night,  
Her deep, mysterious charm I know,  
When Heaven's lamps are all alight,  
And calm and still the earth below