

Night

Written for Miss Mary L. Jacob's Album by
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It is one of morn, the silent hour
When sprites and spirits glide around,
When fancies 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
Pleasures no more this timid ear.
It is at this hour I love to wake,
And view the spangled dome above,
And watch slow-paling 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