

## SONNET LIX.

Written during a Thunder Storm,

September, 1, 91; in which the Moon was perfectly clear, while the Tempest gathered in various directions near the Earth.

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WHAT awful pageants croud the evening sky!  
 The low horizon gath'ring vapours shroud,  
 Sudden, from many a deep embattled cloud,  
 Terrific thunders burst and light'nings fly—  
 While in serenest azure, beaming high,  
 Night's regent—of her calm pavilion proud;  
 Gilds the dark shadows that beneath her lie,  
 Unvex'd by all their conflicts fierce and loud—  
 So, in unsullied dignity elate,  
 A spirit conscious of superior worth,  
 In placid elevation firmly great,  
 Scorns the vain cares that give Contention birth;  
 And blest with peace above the shocks of Fate,  
 Smiles at the tumult of the troubled earth.

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