



ODE to NIGHT.

TH E bufy cares of day are done ;
 In yonder western cloud the fun
 Now fets, in other worlds to rife,
 And glad with night the nether fkies.
 With ling'ring pace the parting day retires,
 And flowly leaves the mountain tops, and gilded fpires.

Yon azure cloud, enrob'd with white,
 Still fhots a gleam of fainter light :
 At length defcends a browner fhade ;
 At length the glimm'ring objects fade :
 'Till all fubmit to NIGHT's impartial reign,
 And undiftinguifh'd darknefs covers all the plain.

No more the ivy-crowned oak
 Refounds beneath the wood-man's ftroke.
 Now Silence holds her folemn fway ;
 Mute is each bufh, and ev'ry fpray :
 Nought but the found of murm'ring rills is heard,
 Or from the mould'ring tow'r, NIGHT's folitary bird.

Hail sacred hour of peaceful rest!
 Of pow'r to charm the troubled breast!
 By thee the captive slave obtains
 Short respite from his galling pains;
 Nor sighs for liberty, nor native soil;
 But for a while forgets his chains, and sultry toil.

No horrors hast thou in thy train,
 No scorpion lash, no clanking chain.
 When the pale murd'rer round him spies
 A thousand grisly forms arise,
 When shrieks and groans arouse his palsy'd fear,
 'Tis guilt alarms his soul, and conscience wounds his ear.

The village swain whom Phillis charms,
 Whose breast the tender passion warms,
 Wishes for thy all-shadowing veil,
 To tell the fair his love-sick tale:
 Nor less impatient of the tedious day,
 She longs to hear his tale, and sigh her soul away.

Oft by the covert of thy shade
 LEANDER woo'd the THRACIAN maid;
 Thro' foaming seas his passion bore,
 Nor fear'd the ocean's thund'ring roar.
 The conscious virgin from the sea-girt tow'r
 Hung out the faithful torch to guide him to her bow'r.

Oft at thy silent hour the sage
 Pores on the fair instructive page;
 Or rapt in musings deep, his soul
 Mounts active to the starry pole:
 There pleas'd to range the realms of endless night,
 Numbers the stars, or marks the comet's devious light.

Thine is the hour of converse sweet,
 When sprightly wit and reason meet:
 Wit, the fair blossom of the mind,
 But fairer still with reason join'd.
 Such is the feast thy social hours afford,
 When eloquence and GRANVILLE join the friendly board.

GRANVILLE, whose polish'd mind is fraught
 With all that ROME or GREECE e'er taught;
 Who pleases and instructs the ear,
 When he assumes the critic's chair,
 Or from the STAGYRITE or PLATO draws
 The arts of civil life, the spirit of the laws.

O let me often thus employ
 The hour of mirth and social joy!
 And glean from GRANVILLE's learned store
 Fair science and true wisdom's lore.
 Then will I still implore thy longer stay,
 Nor change thy festive hours for sunshine and the day.

Written