

## NIGHT.



O'ER the dim breast of Ocean's wave

Night spreads afar her gloomy wings,

And pensive thought, and silence brings,

Save when the distant waters lave.

Or when the mariner's lone voice

Swells faintly in the passing gale,

Or when the screaming sea-gulls poise

O'er the tall mast and swelling sail,

Bounding the grey gleam of the deep,

Where fancy'd forms arouse the mind,

Dark sweep the shores, on whose rude steep

Sighs the sad spirit of the wind.

**Sweet is its voice upon the air**

**At ev'ning's melancholy close,**

**When the smooth wave in silence flows !**

**Sweet, sweet the peace its stealing accents bear !**

**Blest be thy shades, O Night ! and blest the song**

**Thy low winds breathe the distant shores along !**