

To Night And Death

Mysterious Night! When our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?

Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view!

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, o sun, or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf and insect stood revealed,

That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

JOSE BLANCO WHITE.