

Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
 And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.—
 Ah! poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
 10 Are the fond visions of thy early day,
 Till tyrant passion, and corrosive care,
 Bid all thy fairy colors fade away!
 Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
 Ah! why has happiness—no second Spring?

1784

To Sleep

Come, balmy Sleep! tired nature's soft resort!
 On these sad temples all thy poppies shed;
 And bid gay dreams, from Morpheus'¹ airy court,
 Float in light vision round my aching head!
 5 Secure of all thy blessings, partial² Power!
 On his hard bed the peasant throws him down;
 And the poor sea boy, in the rudest hour,
 Enjoys thee more than he who wears a crown.³
 Clasp'd in her faithful shepherd's guardian arms,
 10 Well may the village girl sweet slumbers prove
 And they, O gentle Sleep! still taste thy charms,
 Who wake to labor, liberty, and love.
 But still thy opiate aid dost thou deny
 To calm the anxious breast; to close the streaming eye.

1784

To Night

I love thee, mournful, sober-suited Night!
 When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane,
 And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light
 Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.
 5 In deep depression sunk, the enfeebled mind
 Will to the deaf cold elements complain,
 And tell the embosom'd grief, however vain,
 To sullen surges and the viewless wind.
 Though no repose on thy dark breast I find,
 10 I still enjoy thee—cheerless as thou art;
 For in thy quiet gloom the exhausted heart
 Is calm, though wretched; hopeless, yet resign'd.

1. Greek god of dreams.

2. Friendly, but also biased.

3. Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast / seal
up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains / Incradle of the rude impetuous surge? Shakespeare's
Henry IV [Smith's note]. It was "imperious surge"
in the original.