

Night.

Night is the time for care
 Brooding on hours mispent
 To see the specter of despair
 Come to our lonely tent
 Let Orpheus midst his slumbering host
 Startled by ceasars stabled ghost.

Night is the time to muse
 Then from the eye the soul
 Takes flight and with expanding views
 Beyond the starry pole
 Descends athwart the abyss of night
 The dawn of uncreated light

Night is the time to pray
 Our saviour oft withereth
 To lonely mountains far away
 To wild his followers to
 Lead from the throng to haunts untrod
 And hold communion there with god

Night is the time for death
 When all around is peace
 Calm by the yield the weary breath
 From sin and suffering cease
 Think of heavens bliss and give the sign
 To parting friends such death be mine &c.

Child

Whether my walks are dreary now
 My pretty flowers are dead
 The singing birds have left the bough
 The leaves have all turned red.

The trees all bare and naked seem
 Their branches wildly wave
 And every thing that once was green
 Has dropped into its grave.

Mother

But child another spring will come
 And renovate their bloom
 And when a few short months have gone
 They'll wake from their gloom

The little birds will then return

It's surely to sing

The plants assume a livelier green
 Fanned by the breath of spring

Child

But when these pretty things return
 To cheer my heart and eyes
 What little William about me sneers
 From his dark bed arise
 The choicest plants drop in the earth
 And make their winter bed
 Why is it mother that so long
 The sleep when we are dead
 Why when the warm and cheerful sun
 Makes all around us gay
 Why is it they too do not come
 What makes them stay away

Mother

Why dear the solemn sleep of death
 Is not like nature's rest
 The coming spring will not bring back
 Have when our god has blessed
 Only the buds in the ground
 Of them we dearly love