

**NIGHT: A POEM.
IN TWO PARTS**

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Night: A Poem. In Two Parts by Ralph Hoyt

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RALPH HOYT

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N I G H T :

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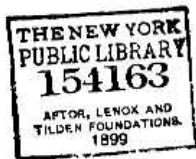
IN TWO PARTS.

Rev. Karol Gray

Ποιητὴς ἡμετέρος, ἐπὶ τῶν ἐπιπέδων φιλοσοφίας.

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PART I.

Yon faithful leader of the starry hosts,  
Pours from his silver urn reversed a ray,  
That striking to the heart's remotest depths,  
Stirs the calm well of feeling. Thought alarmed,  
Like to a bird that on the waters sits,  
Starts listening and plumes his wing for heaven.  
The hour consecrate to thee, bright watcher !  
As purest vestal, whose the holy task  
To lead the sacred lamps celestial  
Around the couch of sweetly dying day.  
The twilight hour ! of all her sisters she  
Best loved of man : not garish vain and false,  
As day's deluded followers ; nor yet  
With mantle wrapped and gloom of Night's dull  
mourners,  
But cheerful still and modest in her joy :  
For ever thus, sweet cherisher ! thy lover pay  
With meekest looks and thoughts of tenderest hue.

Calm breathes this time of virtue loving eve :  
 From out the distant azure, of the sky  
 Come one by one the glistening eyes of Night.  
 The world, its pride and hollow passions all,  
 Its pomp that lives but in the noon-day sun,  
 Its mighty business, bustling yet how vain,  
 Shrink from the serene gaze of those pure watchers ;  
 Or some holy spell, in mercy long vouchsafed  
 To our sad race, lives in the shady skirts  
 Of jewel-tired Night, and falls with that  
 Upon the o'erburdened sense of human care.

Thou Night, who lead'st with thee the sable hours  
 along,  
 The musing thought and melancholy brow,  
 The feeling heart, too often pierc'd with wrongs  
 And touched with many sorrows not its own ;  
 O Night ! who giv'st our eyes, that through the day  
 Were blind, to look out on the universe ;  
 Who mak'st the human spirit, that dull clod,  
 That through the gaudy hours, dull or dark,  
 Desponding, lost, with newer hopes to breathe  
 The life of freedom in thy fresher air :  
 Kind nourisher of all good thoughts that lie



Deep in the soul, and feeble virtue's nurse,  
 That grown beneath the glittering stars, and fed  
 On heavenly dews, doth come at last to walk  
 The open day—Awake for me thy power :  
 For me a stranger to the charmed ground  
 That poets tread, where all the Muses haunt  
 The purple flowering mead and groves that shade  
 Pierian spring. Beneath the green oak hung  
 Their golden harps, whence oft immortal strains  
 Ravishing the ear, his tuneful skill have taught  
 The trembling son of song. For me unblessed,  
 Nor worthy to be blessed, no chiming goddess takes  
 Her Dorian lyre down. But thou, fair Night,  
 Who visitest alike the innocent child,  
 Or wakeful eye that tears forbid to sleep,  
 And draw'st at large thy ample curtain round  
 The common world ; where now thy thick strewn path  
 The glowing arch doth turn, low at thy feet  
 Fain would I gather wisdom's pearls, than all  
 Of earthly things, than gem or chrysoprase  
 More worth to me ; more worth than treacherous gold  
 Or the blood rubies of the gorgeous day.  
 . Oft from my chamber at the silent hour,

Watching by stealth beside a sleeping world,  
I hear the notes of ill. Through the dead street,  
Where summer keeps her breathless night, the sound  
Of waterfall, with measured booming tells  
The sands slow falling, and each stirring leaf  
Its echo hath. In this uncumbered time  
The hearts of men do speak, or then are heard ;  
Then the still prayer that noisy day had drowned,  
May reach the sky, and misery's languid voice  
That long unheeded and alone had cried,  
Again be heard. The majesty of crime  
Walks in the gaze, unsheltered and disrobed,  
Of some all-seeing eye. Justice hath torn  
The bandage from her brow, and every wrong  
And every ill its bold accuser hath.  
While plaintive sounds that weary wretches make,  
Trouble the air, and move the fearful breast  
Like tones of music ; far with deeper bass  
The moaning sea responds ; but farther yet  
The woes of man his listening brother reach,  
Attentive to the scene, this wonderous night  
Reveals ; to signs that live but only then  
When wisdom falls around like shedding dews,

That e'en the night-wandering feet may gather.  
 Through the still round of far predestin'd time,  
 In solemn pace those shining armies march ;  
 The pulse of nature beats ; and on the ear  
 Of some confiding heart the moving spheres  
 Harmonious fall, while friendly silence reigns,  
 And through the wood and o'er the sleeping plain  
 Breathes the lorn spirit of the western wind.

This seeming earth with flowers deck'd and trees,  
 Pellucid streams and golden-crested hills,  
 Far-shining cities, palaces, and domes ;  
 Its painted landscapes, touched with hues of light  
 Prolific, or with melodies o'erflowed,  
 Soft gales and birds or flowing waters give :  
 This traitor earth, that like a courtier smiles,  
 And like a courtier 'neath its spangled vest  
 Sharp poison hides ; o'er all this cheerful scene  
 That wins our love and well deserves our tears,  
 Pain walks a monarch ; gloomy-hearted Pain  
 With joy's fair tendrils twines his venom'd branch.  
 Thou easy man, with praise and lucre fed,  
 That lov'st to see thy crescent fortunes fill,  
 And well thyself art unconcerned to know