## **Badische Landesbibliothek Karlsruhe**

# Digitale Sammlung der Badischen Landesbibliothek Karlsruhe

## **Poems**

Poems and fables

Gay, John Edinburgh, 1773

A contemplation on night

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### CONTEMPLATION

THETHER amid the gloom of night I ftray, Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day, Still Nature's various face inform my fense, Of an all-wife, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay fun first breaks the shade of night, And strikes the distant eastern hills with light, Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear, And a bright verdure clothes the fmiling year; The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glows And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show, The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arife, And a pure azure arches o'er the skies. But when the gloomy reign of night returns, Stript of her fading pride all Nature mourns: The trees no more their wonted verdure boaft, But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost;

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No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes, Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies." Yet still, even now, while darkness clothes the land, We view the traces of th' Almighty hand; Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear, And with new glories hang the boundless sphere: The filver moon her western couch forsakes, And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes, Her folid globe beats back the funny rays, And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send, Are funs, and rolling worlds those funs attend, Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare, Yet all his fystems but conjectures are; But this we know, that Heaven's eternal King, Who bid this universe from nothing spring, Can at his word bid num'rous worlds appear. And rifing worlds th' all-pow'rful word shall hear;

When to the western main the sun descends, To other lands a rifing day he lends, The fpreading dawn another shepherd spies, The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise; Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil, And bids the plough correct the fallow foil. While we in fleep's embraces waste the night, The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light : And when those lands the bufy fun forfakes, With us again the rosy morning wakes; In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away, And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure foul is from the body flown, No more shall night's alternate reign be known :

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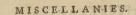
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The fun no more shall rolling light bestow, But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow. Oh, may fome nobler thought my foul employ, Than empty, transient, fublunary joy! The stars shall drop, the fun shall lose his stame, But thou, O God; for ever fhine the fame.

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