

# A Nocturnal Reverie

In such a *Night*, when every louder Wind  
Is to its *distant Cavern safe confin'd*;  
And only gentle *Zephyr* fans his Wings,  
And lonely *Philomel*, still waking, sings;  
Or from some Tree, fam'd for the *Owl's* delight,  
She, hollowing clear, directs the Wand'rer right:  
In such a *Night*, when passing Clouds give place,  
Or thinly veil the Heav'ns mysterious Face;  
When in some River, overhung with Green,  
The waving Moon and trembling Leaves are seen;  
When freshen'd Grass now bears it self upright,  
And makes cool Banks to pleasing Rest invite,  
Whence springs the *Woodbind*, and the *Bramble-Rose*,  
And where the sleepy *Cowslip* shelter'd grows;  
Whilft now a paler Hue the *Foxglove* takes,  
Yet checquers still with Red the dusky brakes:  
When scatter'd *Glow-worms*, but in Twilight fine,  
Shew trivial Beauties watch their Hour to shine;  
Whilst *Salisb'ry* stands the Test of every Light,  
In perfect Charms, and perfect Virtue bright:  
When Odours, which declin'd repelling Day,  
Thro' temp'rate Air uninterrupted stray;  
When darken'd Groves their softest Shadows wear,  
And falling Waters we distinctly hear;  
When thro' the Gloom more venerable shows  
Some ancient Fabrick, awful in Repose,  
While Sunburnt Hills their swarthy Looks conceal,  
And swelling Haycocks thicken up the Vale:  
When the loos'd *Horse* now, as his Pasture leads,  
Comes slowly grazing thro' th' adjoining Meads,  
Whose stealing Pace, and lengthen'd Shade we fear  
Till torn up Forage in his Teeth we hear:  
When nibbling *Sheep* at large pursue their Food,  
And unmolested Kine rechew the Cud;  
When *Curlews* cry beneath the Village-walls,  
And to her straggling Brood the *Partridge* calls  
Their shortliv'd Jubilee the Creatures keep,  
Which but endures, whilft Tyrant-*Man* do's sleep  
When a sedate Content the Spirit feels,

And no fierce Light disturbs, whilst it reveals;  
But silent Musings urge the Mind to seek  
Something, too high for Syllables to speak;  
Till the free Soul to a compos'dness charm'd,  
Finding the Elements of Rage disarm'd,  
O'er all below a solemn Quiet grown,  
Joys in th' inferiour World, and thinks it like her Own:  
In such a *Night* let Me abroad remain,  
Till Morning breaks, and All's confus'd again;  
Our Cares, our Toils, our Clamours are renew'd.  
Or Pleasures, seldom reach'd, again pursu'd.