

"An HYMN to  
the EVENING"

By Phillis Wheatley

*Transcription, correction, editorial commentary, and markup by  
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## An HYMN to the EVENING.

- 1 SOON as the sun forsook the eastern main
- 2 The pealing thunder shook the heav'nly plain;
- 3 Majestic grandeur! From the zephyr's wing,
- 4 Exhales the incense of the blooming spring.
- 5 Soft purl the streams, the birds renew their notes,
- 6 And through the air their mingled music floats.
  
- 7 Through all the heav'ns what beauteous dies are spread!
- 8 But the west glories in the deepest red:
- 9 So may our breasts with ev'ry virtue glow,
- 10 The living temples of our God below!
  
- 11 Fill'd with the praise of him who gives the light,
- 12 And draws the sable curtains of the night,

- 13 Let placid slumbers sooth each weary mind,
- 14 At morn to wake more heav'nly, more refin'd,
- 15 So shall the labours of the day begin
- 16 More pure, more guarded from the snares of sin.
  
- 17 Night's leaden sceptre seals my drowsy eyes,
- 18 Then cease, my song, till fair *Aurora* rise.