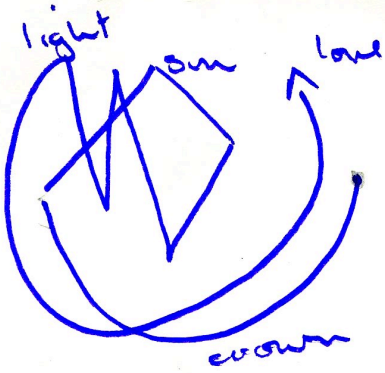
To the Evening Star

Thou fair-hair'd angel of the evening
Now while the sun rests on the mountains, light
Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
Smile on our loves, and while thou drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
In timely sleep.
Let thy west wind sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver.
Soon, full soon
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf
rages wide,
And the lion glares through the dun forest.
The fleeces of our flocks are covered with
Thy sacred dew! protect them with
thine influence.

Blake



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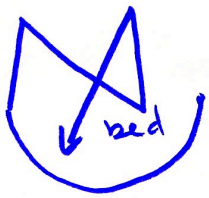

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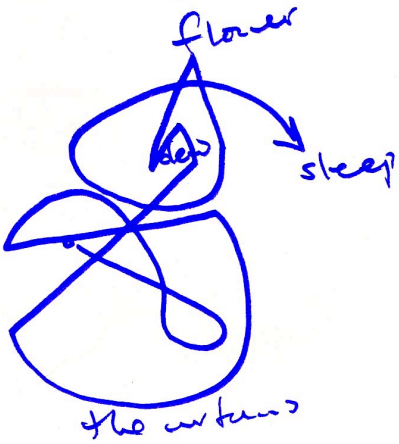

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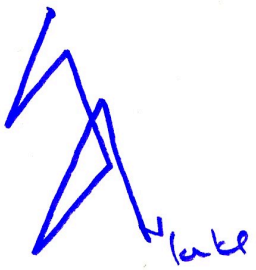

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