

## Night and Love

By Ernest Wentworth

*“Ma belle nuit, oh ! sois plus lente . . .”*

O NIGHT of June, sweet Night, be long !  
Look with thy million burning eyes—  
See where my Love beside me lies ;  
So Night of Joy, Night of my Song,  
Be kind, dear Night, and long.

The Night like wild wind speedeth past ;  
My Love will leave me with the Night.  
Let me forget, in my delight,  
Nor Night can dure, nor Love can last,  
That like wild wind speed past.

My Night was here, my Night is gone ;  
The Day begins his weary flight  
After the ever-fleeing Night ;  
And oh, the weary, weary Dawn—  
My Love, my Love is gone.

My

## Night and Love

My Night, my Love, have left me here ;  
They will not come to me again.  
Let me remember, in my pain,  
How sweet they were, dear God, how dear,  
That once were really here.