

## A Hymn to the Evening By Phillis Wheatley

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Soon as the Noun forsook the Adjective main

The Verb - Base Form Noun shook the Adjective plain;

Adjective grandeur! From the Noun wing,

Exhales the Noun of the blooming Noun.

Soft purl the streams, the Noun renew their notes,

And through the air their Adjective Noun floats.

Through all the heav'ns what beauteous Verb - Base Form are

spread!

But the Adjective glories in the deepest red:

So may our Noun with ev'ry virtue glow,

The Verb - Base Form Noun of our God below!

Fill'd with the praise of Noun who Verb - Base Form the light,

And draws the Adjective curtains of the night,

Let Adjective slumbers sooth each Adjective mind,

At morn to wake more heav'nly, more refin'd;

So shall the labours of the Noun begin

More pure, more guarded from the snares of sin.

Night's leaden sceptre seals my Adjective eyes,

