Good-Night

Percy Bysshe Shelley

1822

Good-night? ah! no; the hour is ill Which severs those it should unite; Let us remain together still, Then it will be good night.

How can I call the lone night good, Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight? Be it not said, thought, understood — Then it will be--good night.

To hearts which near each other move From evening close to morning light, The night is good; because, my love, They never say good-night.

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