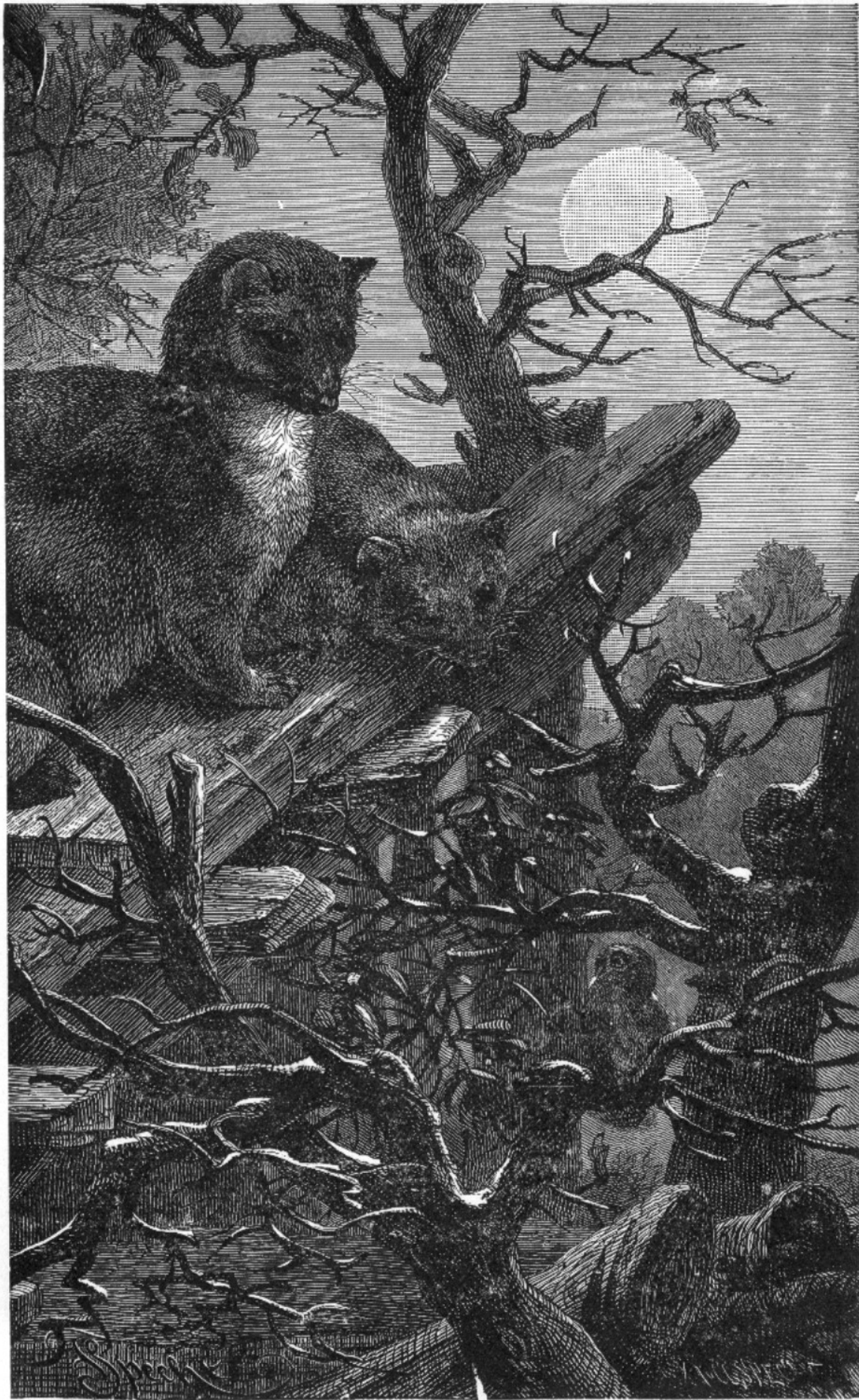


Once again the day approaches when Lit/Lang folk gather in friendly and relieved cheer. (Actually, it's "the afternoon," and it blends into "the night"—at least if you stay long enough). Let us celebrate with poetry!



NIGHT.

### *To Night*

Swiftly walk over the western wave,  
Spirit of the Night!  
Out of the misty eastern cave,  
Where all the long and lone daylight,  
Thou weavest dreams of joy and fear,  
Which make thee terrible and dear,—  
Swift by thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle of gray,  
Star-inwrought!  
Blind with thy hair the eyes of day,  
Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,  
Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
I sighed for thee!  
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
And noon lay heavy on floor and tree,  
And the weary Day turned to his rest,  
Lingering, like an unloved guest,  
I sighed for thee!

Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
Wouldst thou me?  
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
Murmured like a noontide bee,  
Shall I nestle near thy side?  
Wouldst thou me?—and I replied,  
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,  
Soon, too soon,—  
Sleep will come when thou art fled;  
Of neither would I ask the boon  
I ask of thee, beloved Night—  
Swift be thine approaching flight,  
Come soon, soon!

Yet which Night 'tis arrives,  
Soon, too soon,  
Of April month the prize?  
A night of merriment in tune,  
As it makes its hurried dash,  
O Lit/Lang Workshop Bash!!  
Come soon, soon!

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*  
w/ help from the Flyer committee

Please Announce to your classes

## **The Really, Really Big Lit\Lang End of Year Workshop Bash**

will take place on

Friday, April 28th, beginning at 4:30 PM and running until later.

The location? Nothing but the best of course—N-115.

You may be wondering about this year's menu. In the past a wide range of culinary delights have been marshaled into the field by Caterers extraordinaire.

While the quality of this year's food will surely be high, there is a new and intriguing theme to its selection (and perhaps even its arrangement).

A clue you ask?

*Tell us, where did Shelley die?*

A further clue?