

Now gleam'd a light, clear, soft, diffused. Her face
 Was full of youth and purpose, and she cast
 No glance at all aside, nor did she heed
 The helpless pathos of the filmy hands
 Tithonus held out pleading, nor dumb prayers
 Regard. Before the high arched carven door
 There rushed the blaze of golden car and steeds
 Of fire, with lightning shod, their eyes like pits
 Of flame, and standing near, the spirits of
 Essential beauty sang clear voiced and sweet:—

CHORUS.

Hail! day's herald reappearing!
 Joy of earth! young earth's adorning!
 Wings out-spread and fast careering,
 Down the gulfs of Chaos darkling,
 Soon Black Night will disappear;
 While her star above her sparkling,
 Comes with shining robes the Morning,
 Orange-tinted, purple-glowing,
 Skirts unfloenced, and freely flowing,
 Songs of birds, and saucy crowing
 Shrill of wakeful Chanticleer.

Flashing rills down bowery highlands,
 Meadowed streams with streamlets flushing,
 Lucid waves round flowery islands,
 In thy glance will soon be blushing,