

## WINE OF THE MORNING

WINE of the morning, once, in every vein  
I felt your swiftest rapture; once, I knew  
When the sun rose that I should drink of you,—  
Drink and drink deep, be drunk and drink again.  
Wine of the morning, once there was no pain  
In your shrill, tinkling bells of steely dew,  
No sorrow in the pine-sweet breath of you —  
Wine of the morning, rouse my blood again!

Borne in love's brimming cup by one whose art  
Is to keep pure the childhood of her heart,  
Wine of the morning, come; the dawn wind stirs  
With leafy breath night's shadowy gossamers;  
Child of the morn, be fleet! I, too, would run  
My youth out in the ardours of the sun.