

It may be at the cockcrow :
 When the night is dying slowly
 In the sky ;—
 And the sea looks calm and holy,
 Waiting for the dawn of the golden sun
 Which draweth nigh ;
 When the mists are on the valleys shading
 The rivers chill,
 And my morning-star is fading, fading
 Over the hill :—
 Behold I say unto you " Watch !"
 Let the door be on the latch
 In your home,—
 In the chill before the dawning
 I may come !

It may be in the morning :
 When the sun is bright and strong,
 And the dew is glistening sharply
 Over the little lawn ;
 When the waves are laughing loudly
 Along the shore ;
 And the little birds are singing sweetly
 About the door ;
 With the long day's work before you,
 You are up with the sun,
 And the neighbours come to talk a little
 Of all that must be done ;
 But remember, I may be the next
 To come in at the door,
 To call you from your busy work
 For evermore !
 As you work your hearts must watch,
 For the door is on the latch
 In your room—
 And it may be in the morning
 I will come !