

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 !

I may be in the morning :  
    When the sun is bright and strong,  
And the due is glist'ning sharply  
    Over the little lawn ;