

DAWN.

The dawn comes creeping tenderly, softly,
With hues of amber and rose-tints pale,
And the robins chirp from the elm-trees lofty,
As the light comes creeping up the vale.

The warm sun kisses the sky good-morning,
And covers its face with a rosy blush,
The village lassie looks at the dawning,
And her healthy cheeks reflect the flush.

Then the sun leaps up with his dewy gladness,
And his beams come glittering clear and free,
And the robins carol with merry madness,
And the little lassie is filled with glee.

For the black night has fled with her shadows darkling,
And away from the meadows the cold mists sail,
And the flowers are covered with dew-drops sparkling,
As the sun comes smiling up the vale.