

The Dawning of the Day.

HOPE! Hope!
The hour is coming,
And the dawning of the day
Fast sheds its mellow glory,
As the sun's bright golden ray
Puts to blush the timid sky,
While each star has shut an eye,
And the tide of morn approaches
In its glory from the east.

Hope! Hope!
The hour is coming,
And the little star seeks rest,
As a child that, growing weary,
Nestles to its mother's breast;
All the glories of the night
Lose their soft enchanting light,
For the lord of day approaches
In his chariot from the east.