

Dawn Angels

MADAME DARMESTETER



ALL night I watch'd, awake,
for morning ;
At last the East grew
all aflame,
The birds for welcome
sang, or warning,
And with their singing
morning came.

Along the green-gold heavens drifted
Pale wandering souls that shun the light,
Whose cloudy pinions, torn and rifted,
Had beat the bars of Heaven all night.

These cluster'd round the moon ; but higher
A troop of shining spirits went,
Who were not made of wind or fire,
But some divine dream-element.

Some held the Light, while those remaining
Shook out their harvest-color'd wings,
A faint unusual music raining
(Whose sound was Light) on earthly things.

They sang, and as a mighty river
Their voices washed the night away ;
From East to West ran one white shiver,
And waxen strong their song was Day.