

THREE MORNINGS

Beauty is the bride of Morning
When flower and web are decked with dew
By brooding Night, with light adorning,
For creature eye when waked to view.

Come East's chromatic glory,
Come Voice, with richest song,
Come Truth, and bring your story
When void to life took form.

Beauty is the bride of Morning,
When bursting buds will cherish light
For fruits sublime, in time performing,
With martial glory in their might.

Come Love and Joy and Peace abounding,
Come Faith, with all your careful testing,
Come Good, with gentleness surrounding,
And march in triumph to your resting.

Summer comes with flowers blooming,
Happy thoughts the mind perfuming;
Peace may sleep where flocks are resting,
Joy will laugh where birds are nesting.

Love and Hope will cheer the trees,
Fruits will ripe with careful breeze;
Ceres smiles at life completing;
New life dawns, behold the greeting!

Nature decks her moulds for duty:
Vision bursts in boundless beauty.

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