

And when the first blush of dawn doth color the
Eastern sky

The watchman calleth the faithful to prayer,
With his solemn mysterious cry.

v.

And now hath the night departed,
With its silence and shadows deep,
And the weary, toiling worker hath waked from his
dreamless sleep,

For the sun now reigns in the heavens, filling the world
with light,

And with its first beams we say farewell,
Farewell to the dreams of night.

i.

"What meaneth this black magic?" the gharri-wallah
cried,

When he saw the horseless car go forth with only a man
inside,

And he sat and planned what rupees he would reap
When the magic failed or went to sleep.

Double fare, at least, he thought,
He'd demand from those whom his services sought;

But, alas, for his dreams of wealth that day,
The magical car had come to stay.