



DAYBREAK AT ENGLISH BAY.

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OW daylight breaks;
The moon, a golden disc in placid skies
Hangs o'er the dusky hills white capped with
snow;
A land of sable woods and fitful, twinkling lights
Lies far below.

Into the west
The shades of parting night reluctant fade,
As from the rising sun swift arrows fly
Athwart the naked sea, now stripped of all its
robes
Of sunset dye.