

HOW often have we risen without daylight
When the day star was hidden in mist,
When the dragon-fly was heavy with dew
and sleep,

And viewed the miracle pre-eminent, match-
less,

The prelude light that quickens the morning.
O crystal dawn how shall we distill your vir-
ginal freshness

When you steal upon a land that man has
not sullied with his intrusion,

When the aboriginal shy dwellers in the broad
solitudes

Are asleep in their innumerable dens and night
haunts

Amid the dry ferns, in the tender nests
Pressed into shape by the breasts of the
Mother birds?

How shall we simulate the thrill of announce-
ment

When lake after lake lingering in the star-
light

Turn their faces towards you,

And are caressed with the salutation of
colour?

How shall we transmit in tendril-like images,
The tenuous tremour in the tissues of ether,