

### BIRD OF DAWN

Oh, Oriole, thou bird of dawn,  
While yet the dew is on the lawn,  
And drowsy through her kindling East  
Leans the rose morn with glowing breast.  
Oh, bird of flame, oh, child of light,  
I waken to a strange delight;  
Listen and wonder, while I hear  
Thy clarionet so piping clear.  
And all the dewy valley rings  
To a gold throat that sings and sings.

Oh, merry fellow, flute to cello,  
Echoing mellow, mellow, mellow,  
Tones that thrill from hill to hollow,  
Rippling trills that lightly follow  
Notes pure golden, molten, molden,  
From some elfin horn of olden.  
Charmed to make thy throat's delight.  
Voice enchanted, breast of light,  
Return, the dews are on the lawn.  
Sing on, sing on, thou bird of dawn.