

So gently creeps the morning through the heavy air,
The dawn grey-garbed and velvet-shod is wandering
everywhere

To wake the slumber-laden hours that leave their
dreamless rest,

With outspread, laggard wings to court the pillows
of the west.

Up from the earth a moisture steals with odours
fresh and soft,

A smell of moss and grasses warm with dew, and
far aloft

The stars are growing colourless, while drooping in
the west,

A late, wan moon is paling in a sky of amethyst.

The passing of the shadows, as they waft their
pinions near,

Has stirred a tender wind within the night-hushed
atmosphere,

That in its homeless wanderings sobs in an under-
tone

An echo to my heart that sobbing calls for you alone.

The night is gone, beloved, and another day set
free,

Another day of hunger for the one I may not see.

What care I for the perfect dawn? the blue and
empty skies?

The night is always mine without the morning of
your eyes.