

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.