

MORNING.

WHEN I behold how out of ruined
night
Filled with all weirds of haun-
ted ancientness,
And dreams and phantasies of pale
distress,
Is builded, beam by beam, the splendid
light,
The opalescent glory, gem-bedight,
Of dew-emblazoned morning; when I
know
Such wondrous hopes, such luminous
beauties grow
From out earth's shades of sadness and
affright :

O, then, my heart, amid thy questioning
fear,
Dost thou not whisper:— He who
buildeth thus
From wrecks of dark such wonders at
His will;
Can re-create from out death's night for
us
The marvels of a morning gladder still
Than ever trembled into beauty here—?