

I.

'Twas the hush of the early dawn,
Ere nature had wakened from sleep;
The stars still shone in the opal sky,
And deep called unto deep,
"Where is the monarch of day—
Why tarrieth he so long?
Knoweth he not that his bride, the Morn,
Waiteth to greet him with song?"

II.

And e'en as the clarion cry
Rang out from shore to shore,
The waves from their deep caves leapt
With a mighty roar.
The sea-birds wakened from sleep
And circled the air;
The wild beasts ceased hunting their prey,
And sought their lair.

III.

The mountains caught up the cry
And echoed it afar,
While dim in the East became
The morning star.