



"It may be at the cock-crow
 When the night is dying slowly
 In the sky,
 And the sea looks calm and holy,
 Waiting for the dawn
 Of the golden sun
 Which draweth nigh;
 When the mists are on the valleys,
 shading
 The rivers chill,
 And my morning -star is fading, fading
 Over the hill;
 Behold I say unto you : Watch
 Let the door be on the latch
 In your home;
 In the chill before the dawning,
 Between the night and morning,
 I may come.

"It may be in the morning,
 When the sun is bright and strong,
 And the dew is glittering sharply
 Over the lawn;
 When the waves are laughing loudly
 Along the shore,
 And the little birds are singing sweetly
 About the door;
 With the long day's work before you,
 You rise up with the sun,
 And the neighbors come in to talk a
 little
 Of all that must be done;
 But remember that I may be the next
 To come in at the door,
 To call you from all your busy work
 For ever more.
 As you work, your heart must watch
 For the door is on the latch
 In your room;
 And it may be in the morning
 I may come."

So he passed down my cottage garden,
 By the path that leads to the sea,
 Till he came to the turn of the little road
 Where the birch and laburnum tree
 Lead over and arch the way;
 There I saw him a moment stay