

Daybreak



WIND came up out of the
sea,

And said, 'O mists, make
room for me.'

It hailed the ships, and
cried, 'Sail on,

Ye mariners, the night
is gone.'

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, 'Awake ! it is the day.'

It said unto the forest, 'Shout !
Hang all your leafy banners out !'

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, 'O bird, awake and sing.'

And o'er the farms, 'O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow ; the day is near.'

It whispered to the fields of corn,
'Bow down, and hail the coming morn.'

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
'Awake, O bell ! proclaim the hour.'

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, 'Not yet ! in quiet lie.'