

Morning Praise.

CAROLING at first dawn
From a chimney black and high,
Trilling there its life-song
To its Father, then more nigh;

Singing forth its full breast,
Filled with freshest joy and love;
Morning thanks for night's rest,
Sent to bird from God above.

From half-lit window, I
Pray to God for heart as pure,
That I may lift on high
Praise as full from voice as sure.

Days' hours are for earth,
But the morning, God, is mine;
That noon may be more worth,
Take dawn, O God, and make it thine.