



FARKAS
890

The Morning Star

I

*Morning Star, that greets the gray,
Ho! thou messenger of day,
Regent of the furling pall,
Hold thy scepter over all.*

*Golden dawning is thy throne
Where the last fleet shade hath flown
And star-jeweled night thy crown—
Day from night above the town.*

*Mark thy realms ere it depart.
Lo! the wonders of thine art
Change a world of sleep and dream
To fair Life with light agleam.*

II

*Morning Star, why art thou gone?
Brooks are babbling in the dawn.
Larks are searching after thee,
Sailing o'er the sunlit lea.*

*Fields are calling soft and low.
Buds to blossoms sweetly blow.
Come to sip thy recompense.
Why this still demise from hence?*

III

*Morning Star, thy sacrifice
Martyr-like did well suffice.
Thy passing till another night
Hath given countless millions light!*

—CLARENCE VREDENBURG.