

THE MORNING OF LIFE.

("Le voile du matin.")

[Bk. V. viii., April, 1822.]

The mist of the morning is torn by the peaks,  
Old towers gleam white in the ray,  
And already the glory so joyously seeks  
The lark that's saluting the day.

Then smile away, man, at the heavens so fair,  
Though, were you swept hence in the night,  
From your dark, lonely tomb the owlets would stare  
At the sun rising newly as bright.

But out of earth's trammels your soul would have flown  
Where glitters Eternity's stream,  
And you shall have waked 'midst pure glories unknown,  
As sunshine disperses a dream.