

# A Lullaby

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THE wind has freshened the night;  
The rain has freshened the sea;  
The clouds are purple and white.  
Dawn is a dream: unknown  
It dwells in the heart of thee;  
Dawn is thine own, thine own.

Night is silver and grey;  
Golden is dawn, and red—  
Who has loved the day,  
Who has dreamed in the night,  
Never the dark shall dread,  
Never shall fear the light.

So sing your song and depart,  
Leaving the air right sweet;  
And bear a gentle heart  
Back to the night, and, when  
Dusk and day-dawn meet,  
You never shall wake again.

Be still. The dawn shall rise  
Over your bended head,  
Over your downcast eyes.  
Ye thought the song was done?  
Ye thought the day was dead?  
. . . But how of to-morrow's sun?

Nor life nor death I know,  
Save only as one, as one;  
Never the life shall go,  
Nor ever shall death depart;  
Never the song be done,  
Never be stilled your heart.

A breeze has stirred the night—  
Dream on, dream on; be still,

Await the dawning light.

Your eyes shall know the day,  
The dawn your heart shall fill,  
When night is vanished away. . . .