

A Song of Dawn

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'MID the ponderous roar of the breakers free, and the gingle of laughing spray,
The jolly old sea-god's daughters fair carol to rising day.
I hear them above the sea-blast wild; beyond the water's bourn
There floats the song: "Behind is daylight, and ever beyond is morn!"

I stood by the wet-lipped, sea-woo'd shore; the waters played light at my feet,—
The weary day was dead, and the breathing of life was calm and sweet;
Stilled for a space was the striving of men, and over the silver bay
There came the echo: "The day dawns ever, and ever beyond is day!"

Out on the hills the tinkling sheep-bells ring up the inclines steep;
The sun-rise over the tinted meadows arouses the world from sleep,
Above the noise of the cities' roar is the cry of nature borne:
"Beyond, beyond lies daylight ever, and ever beyond looms morn!"

To greet the stars I wander forth, and to bid the day good-bye;
The trees upon the hill-tops bare grow dark as the day doth die.
The world-twins, light and shadow, together mingle and clash in strife;
For life is born of the striving of twain, so shadow and light make life.

A sun-beam flooding a chamber with light; a moon-path illuming the sea;
The cry of the gulls as they endlessly circle; the skirl of the wind through a tree;
The ceaseless bustle of feverish men 'neath the star-light's quiet scorn;—
All these are echoes of parting daylight—are tokens that herald the morn.