"WHOIS THE HAPMDEXT OF MEN? HD WHOVALUES THE MERITS OF OTHERS AND IN THEIR PLEASURES TAKES JOX, EVEN AS THO TWERE HIS OWN"

- GOEIME



MT: ETNFA IN FISUEIION


"DAWN" By Wilbur D. Nesbit


In at high noon the sun looks dow, ere, twilight comes to field and town And night her minor In whispers that are darkly sad And somewhere, jubilant and glad There sound the trumpets of the dawn

The sunlight drips on drowsing ships And breaks, and falls in golden strips
midnight here, a twilight there,
Mid-morning and mid-afternoon
The dawn comes as a wondrous boon eyes that search the pulsing dee eyes that fain would drive away The listless languor of dull sleep.

The rosy dawn forever flies
On wings of joy across the skies,
While each close-clutching shadow dies
The stars pale into nothingness-
To outer silence faint the stars
Flings forth her first far-reaching bars The sea breaks into limpid light, The shades that robed ine worl are goneThere leaps the miracle of dawn.

The sunlight drips on drowsing ships, Then sing the waves with rosy lips.


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