

When the first day-beam silently
Broke like an arrow from the east,
Quivering unto the heights of dawn,
All silently I left my love
 In gardens of white ivory.

There are three trees which stand like dreams
Before the gates of ivory;
The moon has withered in the west—
My harp has withered—Hail the day!
 (Wherefore this dagger at my thighs.)

There are five founts which play like sleep
Upon the gates of ivory;
The moon is songless in the west—
My harp is songless—Hail the day!
 (Wherefore this dagger at my hands.)

There are seven flowers which smile like death
Within the gates of ivory;
The moon is broken in the west—
My harp is broken—Hail the day!
 (Wherefore this dagger at my heart.)