

SONG OF THE SUN*

The gray clouds cling to the mountain's brawn,
As mystic gray as a Buddhist's robes;
And softly dies the cicada's call,
The day is springing again to dawn;

Dawn on the hills of Tang—

Hush, oh my heart, and wait!

Thy king is coming in beauty strong,
As fair as Love and as swift as Fate;
Oh, gone is night with its shadowed fear,
Oh, sing, my heart, for the Sun is here!

The long, slow drone of the locust's wings,
The quiv'ring heat in the bamboo grove;
The Earth lies hot in the Sun's embrace,
'Tis noonday—only a beetle sings;

Noon on the hills of Tang—

Hush, oh my heart, and wait!

In joy, too deep for the froth of song,
The Sun holds thee—is he not thy mate?
Oh, heart of mine, thy fair joy hath wings,
It is the fullness of life he brings!

The light of evening stars gleams white,
And now the nightingale's silver song
Is weaving spells 'round the drowsy Earth;
The twilight deepens again to night;

Night o'er the hills of Tang—

Night o'er the heart of me!

And hopeless shadows are stealing long
And silent over the distant lea;
Oh, heart of mine, though the stars shine on,
What matters it when the Sun is gone?

PEARL SYDENSTRICKER, '14.

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