**New Born Day**

David William Paley

The sun peers over mountain heights

To turn the burning candle pale;

And dancing stars now cease to play

Whilst moth and owl leave all travail

As moon sinks down away from day.

The frozen hand of lazing dark

Is warmed to life by glint of fire

To tear a streak in blackest shame

And lift the veil from glowing pyre

As brave new youth springs into flame.

A golden blush of kindled dawn

Soon bursts upon the waking scene

With gleeful cries of unleashed rays

That charm the eye with view serene

Confirming faith in breaking days.

Let darkness flee from early hours

As petals smile from open flowers;

Though stars were bright and moon delight

They were too far to wrest from night,

Too hard to grasp and thus to keep

When morning light begins to creep.

But dew lies pearled upon the leaf

In mirrored drops of bold display

As daisies sway amid the gleam

With nodding heads in winds of May

That sigh across the crystal stream.

How silent is the early mist

That shrinks away like maidens kissed!

How calm the clouds that soar so high

That sail across the lightened sky!

How wild the geese in vaulted dome,

That fly aloft in search of home!

We hear the song of lark on wing,

The merest spot amid the blue,

Reach down to our enraptured ear

As upturned faces search the view

To seek the source amid the clear.

All doubts we had are overthrown

As chanting trees in choirs intone,

Persuaded by these signs of might,

That voices joined to praise the sight

Proclaim the joys of all we own

Surpassing thrush that sings alone.