

# “MORNING”

BY

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The mist has left the greening plain,  
The dew—drops shine like fairy rain,  
The coquette rose awakes again  
Her lovely self adorning.  
The Wind is hiding in the trees,  
A sighing, soothing, laughing tease,  
Until the rose says “Kiss me, please,”  
‘Tis morning, ‘tis morning.

With staff in hand and careless—free,  
The wanderer fares right jauntily,  
For towns and houses are, thinks he,  
For scorning, for scorning.  
My soul is swift upon the wing,  
And in its deeps a song I bring;  
Come, Love, and we together sing,  
”’Tis morning, ‘tis morning.”