

The Romance of the Dawn.

RECITATION WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT. POEM BY ELIZABETH K. REYNOLDS. MUSIC BY ERNEST R. KROEGER.

Night: Day: Dawn: (The daughter of Night and Day.) Mist: (The young God-lover of Dawn.) Moonlight: Sunrise: (Friends of Night and Day.) Wind: (The friend of Mist.)

The Ocean, the Waves, the Storm, the ship-wrecked crew, the Clouds, the Shepherdlad and his flock, the pestilence, the gloom, the clouds, the city, the earth, etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS:- Night and Day had a beauteous daughter named Dawn, whom they loved passion ately, yet feared that sometime they might lose her. Their old friends, Moonlight and Sunrise, reassured them. One morning Wind came riding over the land and brought with him his friend Mist, who upon beholding Dawn, conceived a violent passion for the beautiful child of Night and Day and wooed her for his bride. Night and Day found they must give Dawn to her lover Mist, but she, always faithful to them, returned from her home in the clouds whither Mist bore her to minister still to Night and Day.

Dawn.

Dawn, radiant daughter, born of Night and Day! Softly she glides-a pale and pensive shade-From Night's enfolding arms, to cross the glade, That at her presence sweet, sings roundelay In notes of waking birds. The waves at play, In silver ripples break, to greet the maid, Ere Day arising clasps her unafraid Within th' effulgence of his burning ray.

Far, far and near is Dawn, the beauteous maid, Known as the duteous daughter of the Night -The Day.

The Sun and Moon, the Waves and Wind Her loveliness adore; and when afraid Their child might sometime leave for aye their sight, Their friends to cheer, poured comfort in their mind.

When Day arising sings of Dawn, his pride:

(SONG OF THE DAYBREAK.)

"The Sun loves her, And the Moon loves her, And the Winds and the Waves rejoice, When Dawn comes gently, softly The Storm god's wrathtoallay. O Sunlight, O Moonrise, Dost hear my pleading voice? Ohttell me, must I lose her? Or will she with me stay?"

Moonlight, in tender accents, soft replied :-

(SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE.)

The Nightingale in liquid notes a-singing Poured forth his pensive song:-"O Moonlight, through the forest one-time winging. Beheld I fairest Dawn. Now all my heart with passion's fire is burning, Love all my being thrills; Ah, Moonlight, like a shadow from me turning Fled Dawn o'er distant hills."

"Fear not," both Moonlight and the Sunrise cried To the Day and to the Night, "Fair Dawn will not be lured from thee away, Nor thus thy love requite."

(SONG OF THE SUNRISE.)

"How much would I,too, miss her," Sunrise said, "More fair she never shines

Than when she comes to meet me-

So lovingly to greet me,

And all my glowing light her form entwines:

Aurelian floats her golden hair about her-

Ah, Night! Ah, Day! fear not, nor ever doubt her-Pale, pensive, sweet- she's thine till time is sped."

(THE MEETING.)

One morn the storm-god, Mist, Came riding over the land. He met the beautiful Dawn so fair-Ah, she was a goddess beyond compare.

As she rose from the sea with its tints of green, Her eyes and her hair caught the golden gleam Of a faint shell-tint from a stray sunbeam As it peeped from its hidden lair.

Ah! that was a meeting of gods, I wist, As Mist came over the land-The Wind, fair Dawn, and the young god Mist, While Love clasped the maiden's hand!

Mist.

Behold the young god, Mist! He rides on the wings of the Wind. Up from the waves of the sea they fly-Crossing the dunes and the moorlands by-A cloud-enveloping pall, I wist, The eyes of the Night to blind: The eyes of the Night- the stars serene-Glimmer and glow- pale fires agleam, Mirrored in placid pool and stream Till the Wind and the Mist arise.

(THE WOOING.)

"Dawn, fairest child," sang Mist, "I claim thee, love, as bride. Far in my cloud-land home Wilt thou with me abide? Come, Dawn, I wait for thee! Fair love, now smile on me, Come, Dawn, shy maiden, come, Nor fate resist."

The Wind and the Mist-Ah, Dawn, fair child! What pow'r to resist With Love to blind? What pow'r to resist-? Love's arms enshroud Fai. Dawn and the Mist In encircling cloud.

Morn after morn, when Dawn had slipped from Night's Caressing care, came Mist to woo the maid, Ere yet she stepped to meet effulgent Day. Soon both to Night and Day the knowledge came That Dawn, their child so fair, was won by Mist₅ To him₅ her young god-lover, did Dawn list, Until her heart was burning with the flame Enkindled by the God - love's mighty name Evoked to plead at each appointed tryst: Nor longer could the Night and Day resist, But yielded beauteous Dawn to love's acclaim,

But Dawn so dearly loved the Night and Day She wandered ever back 'twixt earth and heav'n To those with love for whom her bosom burns. Sunlight and Moonlight meet her on her way When she- her pale sweet presence gently giv'n-Unto her cloud-land home with Mist returns. Sometimes Dawn's presence gleams To show the shipwrecked crew where danger lies; Sometimes when Pestilence neath Night's sad beams A terror flies, Dawn's coming lights the gloom. She cheers the lonely little lad Who faithful tends his father's flocks, And maketh glad His plaintive, piping song, That echoes far o'er list'ning rocks; Or gently rising o'er the wooded hills, Dawn, in a low-thatched cottage near the sea, Beholds a mother soothing tenderly Her little child, while she in sadness waits For him who from the ocean's deep will ne'er return. She sings in lullaby to soothe her child :-

"Rock thee, baby, rock-a-bye, List not to the wind's low sigh. Softly sleep, love will keep Tender vigil at thy side, Darkly creep shadows deep, Still with thee will love abide.

Rock thee, baby, rock-a-bye, Louder moans old ocean's cry, Souls so brave 'neath the wave Sink, lest God shall be their stay. God to save, lend Thine aid, Lest he sink for whom we pray !"

Low moans still the sad sea breaking; Hush'd sleeps soft, till God's awaking, He, for whom a message - dying -Sadly moans old ocean, crying:-

(SONG OF THE OCEAN.)

"Farewell, beloved, fare-thee-well! Thine is my last sad sigh-repeating:-"Farewell!" "Farewell!" Tender vigil keeping Thine my soul's last greeting:-"Farewell!"

Low moans now the sad sea sighing, Soft the mother's voice replying-

> "Rock thee, baby, rock-a-bye, List not to the wind's low sigh. Softly sleep, love will keep Tender vigil at thy side. Darkly creep shadows deep, Still with thee will love abide, Sleep, Sleep."

The Romance of the Dawn.

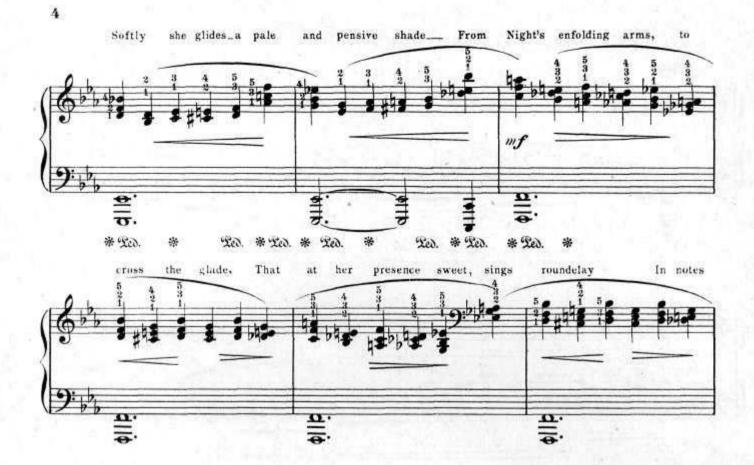
Poem by ELIZABETH K. REYNOLDS.

Music by ERNEST R. KROEGER, Op.61.



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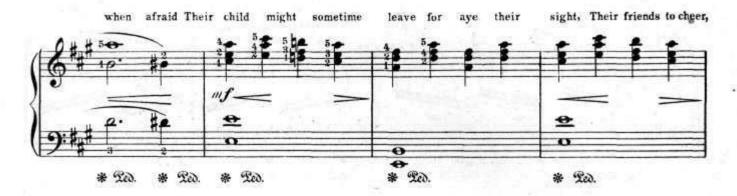


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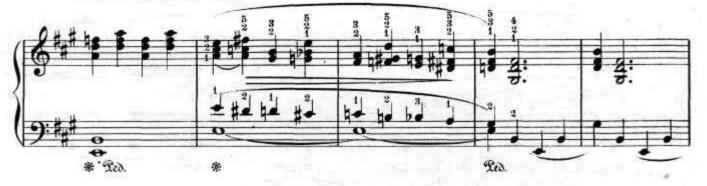


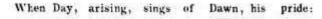






poured comfort in their mind.



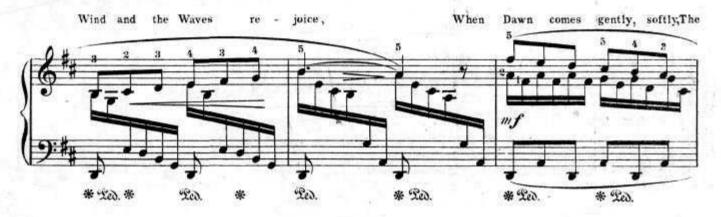






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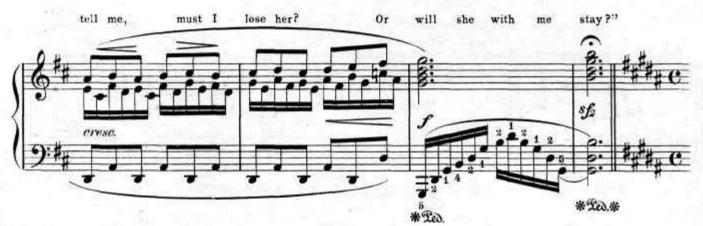


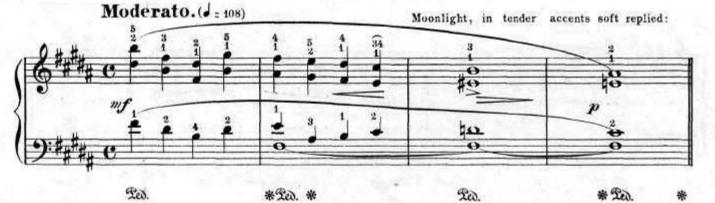
















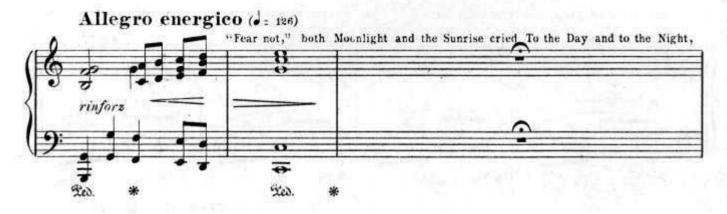
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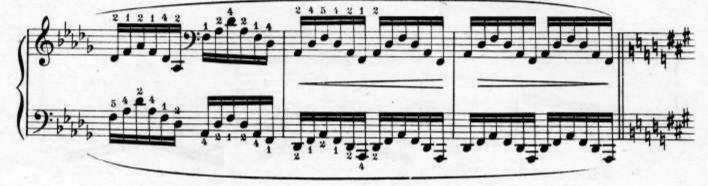


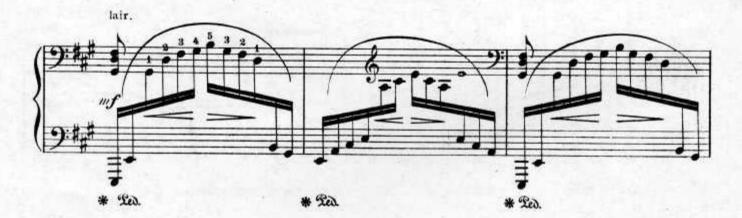
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faint shell - tint from a stray sun beam As it peeped from its hidden



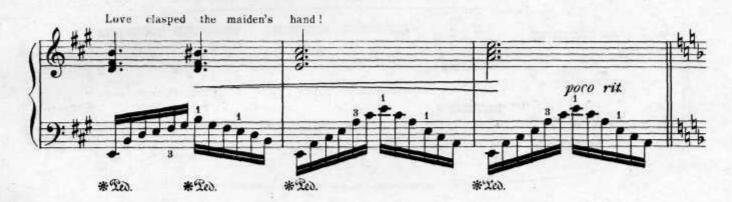




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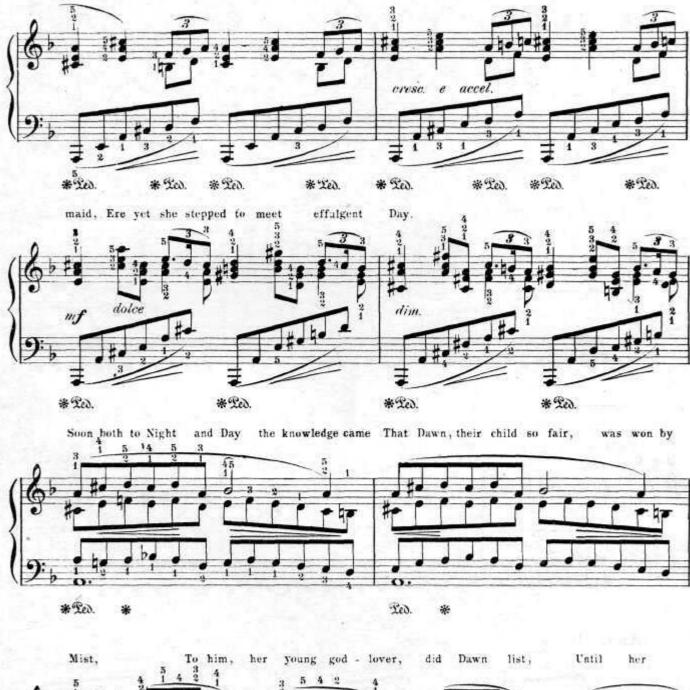




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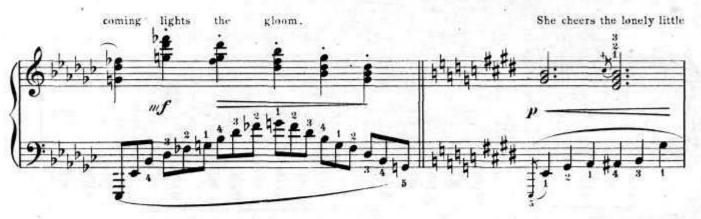


She wandered ever back 'twixt earth and heav'n To those with love for whom her bosom burns.

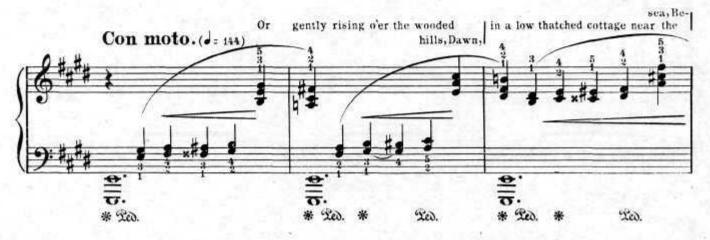
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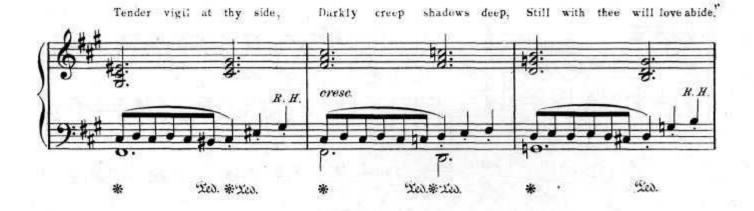


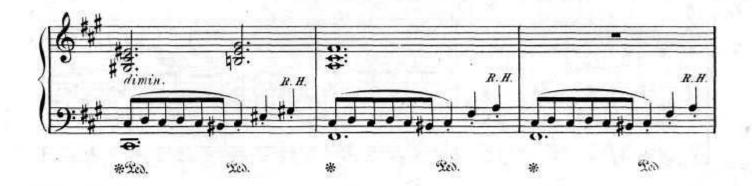














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