BY

ALEXANDER MACFADYEN

JUNE

7½

DAYBREAK

6

WHY I LOVE YOU

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HIGH VOICE

LOW VOICE

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY Generated New York Chicago Leipsic London Day dawns, and still the door is closed; My beautiful, why alcepest thou? It is the hour when wakes the roses. Then why art thou not waking now? O my fair one, O fair one listen, The morning hour hath wings, And the lover 'neath thy window, is weeping; Is weeping while he sings.

All things are knocking at thy door for me, The dawn comes softly murm'ring, "I am day." The song-bird warbles, "I am harmony," And "I am love," sweet lady, hear me say. O my fair one, O fair one, listen, The morning hour hath wings. And the lover 'aeath thy window is weeping, Is weeping while he sings.

-Vielor Hugo.

Dedicated to Frederick Carborry Daybreak

Poem by VICTOR HUGO

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