

# The Green Sheaf

## THE DAWN SONG BY GERALD OF BORNELH.

*Englised by F. York Powell.*

*Loquitur Vigilator—*

O King of Glory ! Pure and very Light !  
Lord, if it please Thee, God of power and might !  
On this my Friend Thy faithful aid bestow  
Whom since night fell I have not seen till now :

And soon it will be Dawn.

Fair Friend, whether thou sleep or wake this night,  
Sleep no more now, but wake thyself outright ;  
For in the East I see the Day-star show  
That leads the Morn up—well its place I know :

And soon it will be Dawn.

Fair Friend, in this my song to thee I cry,  
Sleep no more now, I hear the Bird sing high  
That comes thro' the dark Wood to seek the Day,  
And I fear lest the Foe should thee betray :

For soon it will be Dawn.

Fair Friend, rise up and to the window hie  
And look forth on the Stars that leave the Sky,  
And thou shalt know it is the truth I say ;  
If thou do not, it is thy Loss alway :

For soon it will be Dawn.

Fair Friend, since that hour I took leave of thee  
I have not slept nor stirred from off my knee,  
But prayed alway to God, S. Mary's Son  
To give me back my true companion :

And soon it will be Dawn.

Fair Friend, upon the stairs thy charge to me  
Was that all sleep I should eschew and flee  
And keep good Watch until the Night was done :  
But now my Song and Service pass for none :

And soon it will be Dawn.

*Respondit Amator—*

Fair sweet Friend, I am in such pleasant stay,  
As I could wish there were no Dawn or Day—  
For the most gentle Dame that e'er was born  
Holds me within her arms, wherefore I scorn

The jealous Foe and Dawn.