

# The Chanticleer

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## DAWN

Now the eye-lids of the morn are trembling,  
Slow, the sky,  
Is washed with vap'ry light and, all dissembling,  
Great clouds go by  
Like golden billows when the wind is high.

Mark how the ghosts of pale, blue mists go creeping,  
Rise and fade!  
Mark how the tender light is sweeping, sweeping  
Through every shade!  
See the pearl'd dew on every twig and blade!

Far westward and away the flush'd Atlantic  
Gleams and flings  
Its sparkling body like a creature frantic.  
While lingerings  
Of stars still watch above these gayer things.

Now the eye-lids of the morn are trembling.  
Hill and sky  
In shaking sunlight stand; and, upward darting  
With joyous cry,  
The swift bird cleaves the mists and floats on high.

—W. G. Roberts.

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## The Legend of Opals

King Oranthus, conqueror of the world, determined to settle down and fill the remaining years of his life with joy and happiness. He sent swift messengers throughout the world to discover the highest hill, that he might build a castle from which he could survey his wide kingdom. They reported that Mount Supremus was the highest and the king gathered together mater-