

## DAWN, AND THE NIGHT HAS FLED

Dawn, and the night has fled,  
Silver the sky;  
Pale the great, sleepy stars  
Watching on high.

Dawn, and the pallid east  
Flushes to gold  
As without touch of hands  
Its gates unfold.

Dawn, and the hooded hills,  
Shrinking and gray,  
Shoulder to shoulder stand  
Waiting the day.

Dawn, and the song of toil  
Once more I bear,  
Trampling of many feet  
Breaks on my ear.

By: Beth Slater Whitson

**From:** "The San Antonio Light" Newspaper  
Vol. \_\_, No. \_\_, Pg. 4  
June 26, 1908

**From:** Singing Wires: A Book of Poems – Page 20  
Bruce Humphries Publishing – Boston  
Copyright 1958 – LOC Catalog No. 58-6821

AND

AND

**From:** The Scranton Republican  
Vol. \_\_, No. \_\_, Pg. 6  
June 18, 1908

**From:** The Pittston Gazette – Pittston, PA  
Vol. \_\_, No. \_\_, Pg. 4  
October 5, 1908

AND

**From:** Ainslee's Magazine  
Vol. 21, No. 6, Pg. 150  
July, 1908

AND

