

Comus, The Herald

As a single star glides
Swiftly down the night
A soft wetting note issues
From the time-worn flute
Frowning slightly the herald listens
Wistfull across the night
And from way back behind
The day comes the echoed answer

The day advances oh so slowly
His shadow lengthens and his voice is mute
But clear his flute and sadly
Walks forward followed by the day
Herald of morning walks across
The Earth eternally

And somewhere in the black distance
Another herald puts down his flute
And the dewy dawn creaps on
And the night withdraws

The day advances oh so slowly
His shadow lengthens and his voice is mute
But clear his flute and sadly
Walks forward followed by the day
Herald of morning walks across
The Earth eternally