

Morning Joy

Claude McKay

At night the wide and level stretch of wold¹ ,
Which at high noon had basked in quiet gold,
Far as the eye could see was ghostly white;
Dark was the night save for the snow's weird light.

5 I drew the shades far down, crept into bed;
Hearing the cold wind moaning overhead
Through the sad pines, my soul, catching its pain,
Went sorrowing with it across the plain.

At dawn, behold! the pall² of night was gone,
10 Save where a few shrubs melancholy, lone,
Detained a fragile shadow. Golden-lipped
The laughing grasses heaven's sweet wine sipped.

The sun rose smiling o'er the river's breast,
And my soul, by his happy spirit blest,
15 Soared like a bird to greet him in the sky,
And drew out of his heart Eternity.

Textual Note

This poem also appeared in:

- *Cambridge Magazine* (Summer, 1920)
- *Spring in New Hampshire* (1920)
- *The Liberator* (August, 1921)

Editorial Notes

1. **Wold:** woodland on high ground.
2. **Pall:** A darkness, or gloominess. Originally a piece of fabric or cloth, with funereal connotations (as in a pallbearer, for instance).

9 ,] *om. Spr., Cam.*

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11 a fragile] part of its *Spr., Cam.*

15 ,] *om. Spr., Cam.*