



HYMN OF THE PUEBLOS

by
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Sun, hear thy priest
As thou dost wake from night
Where dark first flees the day-god's might!
Hail, O East,
Gray dawn-door to thy house of light!

We fear the drought
And pray thou wilt again
With corn-gifts feed our hunger pain.
Hail, O South,
For blessedness of holy rain!

Thy place of rest
Is fair, where Evening lies
To whom thou goest through the skies.
Hail, O West,
On whose red heart our Sun-chief dies!

Come forth! Come forth!
For now white meal we blow
Toward dreadfulness of cold and snow--
Hail, O North,
Bright Day arise! We wait below.