

MOON-SET

To Ti

MOOON-SET. . . . The trees are dark
With the glamour of night;
The water rolls, a wandering barque,
Through the light.
Haze of the setting sun, call of the wind-swept sea,
The rolling waters ripple and run, onward and on
to me

Moon-set. . . . The shadowed gables
Are afire in the hush of day,
Where is the home of the fables
Sleeping, at play.
Wind of the western wave, glamour of olden fires,
Call unto me, your slave, the son of a million sires.

Moon-set. . . . The shadows falling
Set the veiled earth aswoon,
And the winds are awakened and calling,
And hushed the moon.
Tideless world of my wonder, breathless song of my
own,
Still shall we lie asunder, under the dead lives strown?