

EX CATHEDRA.



Over the close-ranked forest pines  
The dark sky and the moon;  
Is straight-compacted, silent lines  
Beneath night's flowering noon.  
The hour of cloud and grey and moth—  
Taciturn heaven of the Goth.

A poet came who dreamed in stone  
A mediæval dream  
Of monks who sought the Light alone,  
Hermits who found the Glean;  
The somber age's lonely light  
Informed the artist-hermit.

And Ypres and Chartres saw Notre-Dame  
Born of the lonely mood;  
When night was still and dark and calm  
Craftsmen in stone and wood  
Found golden, mystic images  
And filigreed, strange traceries.

Out of the dark the living Light;  
    The moon within the pool;  
Here the dark poet came at night,  
    Sombre and true and cool,  
To home of shadow-play and moth,  
The living temple of the Goth.