

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Stood, the melancholy wraith
Of a false and fallen faith.
Over all, supine, entralling,
The young moon, her faint edge falling
To the dead verge of her setting,
Saintly swam, her silver fretting
All the leaves with light. Afar
Toward the Zenith stood a star,
As of all worthiness and fitness
The luminous eternal witness.

So silent was the night, that I
Stirred the grasses reverently
And hid myself. The garden's glow
Darkened, and all the gold below
Went out, and left the gold above
To its sacrament of love,
Save where, to sentinel my station,
Gold lilies bowed in adoration.

Had I not feared to move, I might
Have hid my shame from such a night !
Man is not worthy to intrude
His soullessness on solitude ;
Yet God hath made it to befriend
Pilgrims, that His peace may pend,
A dove upon the dire and dark
Waters that assail the ark,
And lure their less love to His own.
Life is a song, a speech, a groan,
As may be ; none of these have part
In the silence of His heart.

II

Lapsed in that unweaned air,
I awaited, unaware
What might fall. The silence wrapped
Veil on veil about me, trapped
By the siren Night, whose words
Were the river and the birds.