

And forth the next morning his young men and he
Went out to their labour with hearts light and free ;
But the Abbot went further, till, by a white stone,
In the shade of a beech tree he rested alone,
Where the glare did not enter.

And a bird, 'mid the bloom of a whitethorn bush,
Gave far sweeter music than chaffinch or thrush,
And while the saint listed unto the bird's lay
The years, all too fleetly, were passing away
'Mid the cool leavy arches.

It sang once and twice over, and three times it trilled,
And his ears with the wondrous melody thrilled,
Till at length, with a flutter of wings in the light,
It soared far away out of hearing and sight
Through the beeches and larches.

And Mochaë, arising, took up his green load,
And sought, half in sadness, his peaceful abode ;
But he met but strange faces and sights on the way,
And a church on the ridge was all ivied and grey,
As if years had passed o'er it.

In wonder and terror around him he gazed,
And the monks heard his story surprised and amazed ;
They had heard of his name as an Abbot long dead,
Yet fresh were his wattles, unsilvered his head,
And right firmly he bore it.

But the youngest of those who had bent at his call
Were sleeping in silence beside the church wall,
Or far, far away from Noendrum's blessed bound
Sought rest from their labours in sanctified ground
From their teaching and preaching.

And Mochaë spake slowly as one in a dream,
Or as men speak that stand on the brink of a stream
That divides them from heaven—"A century long
Has been bound by God's power into a bird's song-
A song that's far-reaching.