

Beyond the Purple Cloud-banks Lying

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY

Beyond the purple cloud-banks lying,
Where virgin stars are pendent swinging,
A rose upon the west is dying.

And wisps of wild-fowl strung are flying
Their arrowy course to northward winging,
Beyond the purple cloud-banks lying.

The city steeples—vivifying—
Mark where, its reflex radiance flinging,
A rose upon the west is dying.

While in the streets are voices crying
A reminiscent cadence bringing,
Beyond the purple cloud-banks lying.

And petalled forth, with tints outvieing,
The scarlet steps of Autumn springing,
A rose upon the west is dying.

The nuns of night, their distaffs plying,
Weave fast the cloak of twilight clinging;
Beyond the purple cloud-banks lying
A rose upon the west is dying.