

AN IMPRESSION.

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Morning and noon and midnight exquisitely,
Wrapt with your voices, this alone we knew,
Cities might change and fall, and men might die,
Secure were we, content to dream with you,
That change and pain are shadows faint and
fleet,
And dreams are real, and life is only sweet

AN IMPRESSION

I heard the city time-bells call
Far off in hollow towers,
And one by one with measured fall
Count out the old dead hours ;

I felt the march, the silent press
Of time, and held my breath ;
I saw the haggard dreadfulness
Of dim old age and death.