

THE MONK AND THE BIRD.

But what were beauty to the learned monk,
Or what were all the wealth of life in love ?
His dead-calm caverned eyes had never drunk
The glory of the wild red rose that throve
Against the abbey wall ; and he had shrunk
From touch of human sympathy so long,
So long had dwelt apart from all desire
Of nature's fellowship, the pleasing song
Of Orpheus might have failed to draw him nigher.

Poor lonely soul, who with the mummied dead
Did think to live ! What was his mortal fate ?
Unnumbered Aves for his sake were said,
And masses sung ; and the old abbey gate
Was open left, though fifty years had fled
Since he into the woods one Passion Morn
Passed silently alone, and ne'er a word,
Vouchsafed in vision or in dream forlorn,
Of sudden doom or lingering death was heard.