

## IV.

And when day passed and over heaven's height,  
Thin with the many stars and cool with dew,  
The fingers of the deep hours slowly drew  
The wonder of the ever-healing night,  
No grief or loneliness or wrapt delight  
Or weight of silence ever brought to you  
Slumber or rest ; only your voices grew  
More high and solemn ; slowly with hushed flight

Ye saw the echoing hours go by, long-drawn,  
Nor ever stirred, watching with fathomless eyes,  
And with your countless clear antiphonies  
Filling the earth and heaven, even till dawn,  
Last-risen, found you with its first pale gleam,  
Still with soft throats unaltered in your dream.

## V.

And slowly as we heard you, day by day,  
The stillness of enchanted reveries  
Bound brain and spirit and half-closed eyes,  
In some divine sweet wonder-dream astray ;  
To us no sorrow or upreared dismay  
Nor any discord came, but evermore  
The voices of mankind, the outer roar,  
Grew strange and murmurous, faint and far away.