

For music is the sacrament of love ;
He broods above
The virgin silence, till
She yields for rapture shuddering, yearning
still
To his sweet will.

I hear him sing, " Your harp is like a mesh,
Woven of flesh
And spread within the shoal
Of life, where runs the tide-race of the soul
In my control.

" Though my wild way may ruin what it
bends,
It makes amends
To the frail downy clocks,
Telling their seed a secret that unlocks
The granite rocks.

" The womb of silence to the crave of
sound
Is heaven unfound,
Till I, to soothe and slake
Being's most utter and imperious ache,
Bid rhythm awake.