

Now the slow light fills all the trees,  
The world, before so still and strange,  
With day's familiar presences,  
Back to its common self must change,  
And little gossip shapes of song  
The porches of the morning throng.

Not yours with such as these to vie  
That of the day's small business sing,  
Voice of man's heart and of God's sky—  
But O you make so deep a thing  
Of joy, I dare not think of pain  
Until I hear you sing again.