

XXXII

TWILIGHT

O GREY, illusive sister of dark night,
When thy soft wings descend, dimming the
day

Before darkness begins her mighty sway,
There falls a hush upon the world whose light
Is fading fast; and mid the strife and flight
Of life we pause to breathe for a short space
Before continuing our hurried race,
And in thy gloaming rest our straining sight.
As on us gently falls thy low, slow psalm
We feel vague yearnings grow within our heart
And sweet, strange words our lips do sometimes
part,

For 'tis at this, thine hour of brooding balm,
When to us comes thy deeply mystic calm,
That oft faint stirrings of our soul do start.