

# Without Face, Hymn To The Night

I herd the trailing garments of the night  
sweep through her marble halls;  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
from the celestial walls

I felt her presence by its spell of might,  
stopp o'er me from above, from above  
the calm the majestic presence of the night  
as of the one I love

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
the manifold soft chimes  
that fill the haunted chambers of the night  
like some old poet's rhymes

I felt her presence by its spell of might  
stoop o'er me from above  
tha calm, the majestic presence of the night  
as of the one I love  
I felt her presence by its spell of might  
I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight

The welcome the thrice prayer for the most fair  
the best beloved night  
peace, Orestes like I breathe this prayer  
descend with broad-winged flight

I felt her presence by its spell of night  
I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight