VOICES IN THE NIGHT

Arise, let us go, for the pale moon is calling,
   Calling to come to the meadows and streams,
Calling to come where her pure light in falling,
   Gilds the deep shadows with gold-laden beams.

And do you not hear how the sad pines are singing?
   Singing a song to the wandering air,
Singing a song while the bright stars are clinging,
   Clinging like jewels in their dark fragrant hair.

But hush, on the night the dear voices seem sighing,
   Voices long lost in the dim days of yore,
Voices in fancy the fond heart beguiling,
   Voices whose sweetness return will no more.

Ah, thus to me ever the night is forth sending
   Callings to come to a fair mystic land,
Callings whose music in melody blending,
   Sound like sweet notes from a far-away strand.

—Bro. Gregory Herold, O. P.