

Without Face "Hymn to the Night"

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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

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