

# Voices

By Walter de la Mare

Who is it calling by the darkened river  
Where the moss lies smooth and deep,  
And the dark trees lean unmoving arms,  
Silent and vague in sleep,  
And the bright-heeled constellations pass  
In splendour through the gloom;  
Who is it calling o'er the darkened river  
In music, "Come!"

Who is it wandering in the summer meadows  
Where the children stoop and play  
In the green faint-scented flowers, spinning  
The guileless hours away?  
Who touches their bright hair? who puts  
A wind-shell to each cheek,  
Whispering betwixt its breathing silences,  
"Seek! seek!"

Who is it watching in the gathering twilight.  
When the curfew bird bath flown  
On eager wings, from song to silence,  
To its darkened nest alone?  
Who takes for brightening eyes the stars,  
For locks the still moonbeam,  
Sighs through the dews of evening peacefully  
Falling, "Dream!"?