

## Earth's Complines

By Charles G. D. Roberts

**B**EFORE the feet of the dew  
There came a call I knew,  
Luring me into the garden  
Where the tall white lilies grew.

I stood in the dusk between  
The companies of green,  
O'er whose aërial ranks  
The lilies rose serene.

And the breathing air was stirred  
By an unremembered word,  
Soft, incommunicable—  
And wings not of a bird.

I heard the spent blooms sighing,  
The expectant buds replying ;  
I felt the life of the leaves,  
Ephemeral, yet undying.

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The spirits of earth were there  
Thronging the shadowed air,  
    Serving among the lilies  
In an ecstasy of prayer.

Their speech I could not tell ;  
But the sap in each green cell,  
    And the pure initiate petals,  
They knew that language well.

I felt the soul of the trees—  
Of the white, eternal seas—  
    Of the flickering bats and night-moths  
And my own soul kin to these.

And a spell came out of space  
From the light of its starry place,  
    And I saw in the deep of my heart  
The image of God's face.





