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Do you remember when the fluttering dusk,  
Beating the west with faint wild wings, through space  
Sank, with Night's arrow in her heart? The face  
Of heaven clouded with the Day's red doom  
Was veiled in silent darkness, and the musk  
Of summer's glorious rose breathed in the gloom.

Then from the world's harsh voice and glittering eyes,  
The awful rant and roar of men and things,  
Forth fared we into Silence. The strong wings  
Of Nature shut us from the common crowd;  
On high, the stars like sleeping butterflies  
Hung from the great grey drowsy flowers of cloud.