

## IN A MUSEUM

I

Here's the mould of a musical bird long passed from light,  
Which over the earth before man came was winging;  
There's a contralto voice I heard last night,  
That lodges in me still with its sweet singing.

II

Such a dream is Time that the coo of this ancient bird  
Has perished not, but is blent, or will be blending  
Mid visionless wilds of space with the voice that I heard,  
In the full-fugued song of the universe unending.

EXETER.