

### III

At that hour when all things have repose,  
O lonely watcher of the skies,  
Do you hear the night wind and the sighs  
Of harps playing unto Love to uncloset  
The pale gates of sunrise?

When all things repose, do you alone  
Awake to hear the sweet harps play  
To Love before him on his way,  
And the night wind answering in antiphon  
Till night is overgone?

Play on, invisible harps, unto Love,  
Whose way in heaven is aglow  
At that hour when soft lights come and go,  
Soft sweet music in the air above  
And in the earth below.