

Poem

Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,

Knocking on the moonlit door;

And his horse in the silence [] the grasses

Of the forest's [] floor: And a bird flew up out of the []

Above the Traveller's head:

And he [] upon the door again a second time;

'Is there anybody there?' he said.

But no one [] to the Traveller;

No head from the leaf-fringed []

Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,

Where he stood [] and still.

But only a host of [] listeners

That dwelt in the lone house then

Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight

To that voice from the world of men:

Stood [] the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,

That goes down to the empty hall,

[] in an air stirred and shaken

By the lonely Traveller's call.

Hearkening

sill

perplexed

thronging

champed

descended

phantom

smote

fern

turret

- Walter de la Mare