

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

ferny

turret

- Walter de la Mare