

AFTER RAIN.

THE green, green bough is overhead,
The blue, blue sky is wide;
The gray clouds, sleepy, drift to bed,
While frightened thoughts swift glide
Adown the shining, starry path.
The storm has spent his awful wrath—
Peace, solitude abide.

Within my heart, now, is a rest,
So sweet and pure and grand;
No gloomy shadows weary nest
Upon its tear-swept land.
Grief's storm is o'er, my heart's great fear
Lies dead, his demon-eyes bright, clear,
And closed his bony hand.