

*Sonnets.*

XL.

**T**HE woods grow dark, the fields grow brown  
and grey,  
The skies grow leaden and the clouds grow dun;  
The airs grow chillier, despite the sun,  
That in yon vault seems to have gone astray.  
Who hears of brooks the babble, or the song  
Of any bird? The chirp of cricket or the hum of  
bees?

All these unto another day belong—  
They are our lost, but unforgotten melodies.  
The year grows old, and we are growing old!  
Clasp thou thy hand in mine, and closer still!  
Though shadows deepen we will fear no ill—  
Some day the longed-for story will be told!  
Some day! some day, sleeping or waking, we  
Shall rest serene, where there is "no more Sea."

XLI.

**A**WHILE ago how green the fields and woods,  
Dotted with flowers of every shade and hue—  
How cheerful were the mountain solitudes—  
The overarching sky, how near, how blue.