

STORM.

I.

**W**INDS from the East that rave across  
The farmstead and the city,  
The latest leaves ye pluck and toss—  
Winter's unleashed banditti—  
Ye bring reminders of our loss,  
With plaint, if not with pity !

Ye bear me back a clear decade  
To such another day  
When, resolute and unafraid,  
To school she took her way;  
A rosy, red-lipped, little maid,  
Whom never storm could stay.