

THE

INDEPENDENT FORESTER

VOL. X.

JANUARY, 1890.

No 7

TOGETHER.

The Winter wind is wailing, sad and low,
Across the lake and through the rustling sedge ;
The splendor of the golden after-glow
Gleams through the blackness of the great yew hedge ;
And this I read on earth and in the sky—
“ We ought to be together, you and I.”

Rapt through its rosy changes into dark,
Fades all the west ; and through the shadowy trees
And in the silent uplands of the park,
Creeps the soft sighing of the rising breeze ;
It does but echo to my weary sigh,
“ We ought to be together, you and I.”

My hand is lonely for your clasping dear,
My ear is tired, waiting for your call ;
I want your strength to help, your laugh to cheer,
Heart, soul and senses need you, one and all.
I droop without your full, frank sympathy—
“ We ought to be together, you and I.”

We want each other so, to comprehend
The dream, the hope, things planned, or seen, or wrought ;
Companion, comforter, and guide, and friend,
As much as love asks love, does thought need thought,
Life is so short, so fast the lone hours fly—
We ought to be together, you and I.”

—*Selected*