

M I D N I G H T.

THE silent shadows lay about the land,
In aching solitude, as if they dreamed ;
And a low wind was ever close at hand,
And, though no rain-drops fell, yet alway seemed
The rustle of the leaves like falling rain.
I could not tell what life-long ease or pain
Found hoarse expression by the river's brink,
Where moving things mysterious vigils kept.
These had their joys, perchance, whilst I did link
Sad thoughts of bygone pleasure till I wept.
Then entered I my house, and sat and heard
The lonely cricket chirp until I feared
Some ghost had hid me in a wilderness.
And long I gazed on one who slept. "I guess
'Twas frightful," for away I trembling stole,
As if some murder-stain lay on my soul.