

POESY'S SONG.

THE lightning leapeth from the cloud,
It strikes—I know not where;
Reverberating long and loud
The thunder dies in air.

A flood let loose from mountain side
Rusheth down the valley,
Perhaps it spreads destruction wide,
Perchance in streams that sally

Across the parched and arid plain—
The dry unfertile land
It makes to grow the golden grain
Where once was sterile sand.

The dewdrops, falling in the night
Upon both flower and weed,
Save from death's all-withering blight—
And, both alike, must feed.

The winds, that waken with the morn
Will they as gently blow
All day, or break in tempest storm
Before eve, who can know?