

MIS-SPENT.

f the carrion call,
e unresponsive ear,
barren world is drear,
e cataract o'er all :—
is loathing tainted air,
e seedly furze is blown,
sowing, and has grown
of a dark despair,—
ere kinder than the day
blighted that was fair !
could take the light away,
could leave the furrows bare !
is won the vacant field,
shall reap forever there.

APRIL.

I.

Like foam flakes on the mountain stream
The sheep go lining down the hill : —
A sudden pause, a moment still,
Then toss along through shade and gleam.

II.

The earth lay drench'd with storm all night ;
And bagging hollows catch the flow
From dripping line of skirting snow
Along the hill-side purpling white.

III.

Afar, in the lull, with torrent sound
The tops heave down in the wake of the squall :
The sparrows from the branches fall
And flutter leaf-like o'er the ground.