

And watch the dark and lonesome woods,
Whither all things have fled!

How strangely I am longing,
Though no glad sunlight shines,
For the little house on the windy cliff,
And the darksome, dreary pines!

ON A ROBIN'S SONG IN A STORM.

I awoke at dawn this morning,
After a night of storm,
And on the wild wind raging
Was borne a robin's song.

The sweet sounds made me cheerful,
I thought of sunshine bright,
I thought of rosy morning,
And dawn's clear yellow light.

And how in the night of sorrow,
When winds are raging wild,
A word of kind remembrance
May cheer, though from a child.