
LOST

" Father, father, I saw a face
 Pressed just now to the window-pane!
Oh, it gazed for a moment's space,
 Wild and keen, and was gone again!"

" Mother, mother, you saw the snow
 Drifted down from the maple tree
(Oh, the wind that is sobbing so!
 Weary and worn and old are we)—
Only the snow and a wounded loon—
Rest and sleep, 'twill be morning soon."