

## IN SUSPENSE

The elements are hostile  
This night of dismal length,  
The fiercest winds of heaven  
Have put forth giant strength,

And casements creak and rattle  
Insistently and loud,  
And ancient trees are swaying  
By midnight terrors cowed.

The streets are all deserted,  
And mine's the only light ;  
Beyond, the lake in fury,  
Rebels against the night

That early has descended  
And wrapped the world in gloom  
A gloom that even enters  
This warm and cheerful room.

But do I hear a clatter  
Of distant, hasty hoofs?  
Or is it but the falling  
Of torrents on the roofs?

And do I hear a rider  
Incite his jaded steed,  
Or troll a lusty chorus  
To cheer himself in need?