

LEAF upon leaf from the yielding trees
Floats in the gloaming across the stream,
Reft by the fretful touch of the breeze,
Silent they sink in the twilight gleam.
Silently over my trembling soul
The twilight of sorrow steals unsought—
For we only live for a little day,
And the many dying are soon forgot.

What a fearful wind is blowing to night !
I hear it crashing the hill-side firs !
Angrily roars the torrent's might,
Fiercely the spirit within me stirs.
Darkly the hidden waters roll,
A body for burden the stream has caught,
For we only live for a little day,
And the many dying are soon forgot.