

The leaves blow in, the moss is on the roof,  
The squirrels bring their treasures from the  
boughs,  
The storm comes, and with dull unhastening hoof,  
Into this partial shelter stray the cows.

Ah, come away! Some woman's youth lies here,  
Some man's fair childhood, dead but wondrous  
sweet,  
Some heart this cot has sheltered holds it dear,  
And fills it with old loves and joys complete.

What right have we to pry or speculate?  
The sun goes down, the twilight, like a pall,  
Encloseth ruined house and porch and gate,  
And tender darkness broodeth over all.