

Sorrow, thus from thee to part—
Sorrow that, with war and wives,
Thy traditional nine lives
Will count less for thee, when rent,
Than one short life, rightly spent.

THE FIRE.

Glare as we start from sleep,
Glare on the midnight sky ;
Glare on the turret steep,
Glare from the dwellings nigh,
On fire in the winter's night.

Cries that arouse the brave,
Cries that distract the night ;
Cries as they haste to save,
Cries as they gird to fight
The fire, in the winter's night.

Haste in the house ablaze,
Haste in the hose-man's hall ;