

MIS-SPENT.

The cry is of the carrion call,
And jars the unresponsive ear,
And all the barren world is drear,
With murky cataract o'er all :—
The breath is loathing tainted air,
Whereon the seedy furze is blown,
And Life is sowing, and has grown
The harvest of a dark despair.—
Oh night were kinder than the day
Since all is blighted that was fair !
Would time could take the light away,
And Death could leave the furrows bare !
But Time has won the vacant field,
And Death shall reap forever there.