

Is it the hollow voice of the census-taker
Time
In his old idle round from door to door?
Or only the north wind, when all the leaves
are thinned,
Come at last with his moan to my door?

I cannot guess nor tell; only it comes and
comes,
As from a vaster world beyond my door,
From centuries of eld, the death of freedom
knelled,
A host of mortal fears at my door.

Then I wake; and joy and youth and fame
and love and bliss,
And all the good that ever passed my door,
Grow dim, and faint and fade, with the whole
world unmade,
To perish as the summer at my door.

The crouching heart within me quails like a
shuddering thing,
As I turn on my pillow to the door;
Then in the chill white dawn, when life is
half withdrawn,
Comes the dream-curdling "Wolf!" at my
door.