

Huge yawning hearths, once flaming bright
On many a well-loved face and form
Long gathered out unto the night
To meet the vastness and the storm :—

Into the night ; where I, too, go,
Beyond your sheltering walls and doors ;
Where death's October drives his woe
Over a thousand midnight moors. —

Beyond your sheltering, where I beat
To sleep with stars of dark o'ergleamed ;
Or breast the night of moan and sleet
To meet that morn a world hath dreamed.

Hath dreamed ? Hope-hungering heart hath read,
And carolled morning-lifted lark !
Yea, back of all this muffled dread
Perchance some splendor rifts the dark. —

Yea, though no magic reach its gleams,
Nor heart of doubting prove it true :—
Old house, beloved, of my dead dreams,
While I go forth from love and you.