

THE ELM TREE.

But there is one within my father's dwelling,
Who from his window gazes out on thee.
He knows, Old Tree, the tale that thou art telling.
He hears and sees what none else hear or see.

Thou hast a secret, Old Elm, worth the keeping,
We children knew it not in early days;
But they who far beyond thy shade are sleeping
Revealed it to us ere they went their ways.

God pity us who sadly wait with shrinking,
Like one sweet spirit for the falling leaf.
O, Brother, mine! in darkness I am thinking
Of severed branches and a scattered sheaf.

Down the long road that dips into the valley
The love-crowned visions of our youth have fled;
While like lost mariners we keep a tally
Of the sad years in desolation sped.