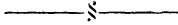




## A Thunderstorm.



**A** MOMENT the wild swallows, like a flight  
Of withered gust-caught leaves serenely high,  
Toss in the windrack up the muttering sky.  
The leaves hang still. Above the weird twilight  
The hurrying centres of the storm unite,  
And spreading with vast trunk and rolling fringe,  
Each wheeled upon its own tremendous hinge,  
Tower darkening on ; and now from heaven's height,  
With the long roar of elm trees swept and swayed  
And pelted waters, on the vanished plain  
Plunges the blast ;—behind the wild white flash  
That splits abroad the pealing thunder crash,—  
Over bleared fields and gardens disarrayed,  
Column on column comes the drenching rain.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.



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