

## TWILIGHT.

Wandering wearily, aimlessly, drearily,  
One winter eve, as the twilight grew chill  
I, in the gathering gloom, saw the dark pine trees loom  
Black 'gainst the sky, on the brow of the hill.  
As towards them, carelessly, slowly and cheerlessly  
Through the dim evening, my footsteps I bent,  
I felt to envying those who'd ceased journeying  
And 'neath the shroud of snow, slumbered content  
Soon in the dimmet, still, there on the lonely hill  
Pausing, the land all around, I surveyed  
For when last roaming, I passed in the gloaming, hy,  
Warm tints of Autumn, the bright land arrayed.  
Then, on this hill-top, bleak, zephyrs played hide and seek'  
Through the green pines, and amid the graves stole  
Now, in the graveyard drear, all those who rested there  
Slept 'neath the sound of the wind's mournful howl.  
Silently pondering, I lingered, wondering  
If those departed ones under the snow  
Were not much happier than we who suffer here  
Misunderstanding wherever we go.  
Racked by grim doubts of those, whom as our friends we  
Sadly we wear our existence away [chore  
Grievous unhappiness, bitterest loneliness  
Dogging our footsteps as day follows day.  
E'en as I envied those, hy the cold earth enclosed,  
Some of their peace through the dusk came to me  
Borne through the evening lone, hy the weird pine trees'  
Causing my late morbid fancies, to flee. [moan  
Then with a quiet mind, I left the hill behind  
Where doleful pine trees eternally sigh  
And as, less discontent, back to my life, I went  
Night's mantle dropped from the leaden grey sky.

## WHEN SNOWFLAKES FALL.

When harsh King Winter, sweeping down  
On the wings of the wind, from the frozen north,  
With glittering legions of ice, and snow,  
Drives mournful Autumn, shivering, forth;  
Then woe, woe, on my soul descends,  
For I love him not, and would if I might,  
Unloose the shackles that bind me here,  
And follow the birds in their southward flight.