

In the Shivering Mist of a Cold Gray Dawn

In the shivering mist of a cold gray dawn,
Heart ill at ease, I rambled on
Until with my roaming at last I stood
Where my path is fringed by the mountain wood,
And where Old McGill from her heights looks down
In stately pride o'er the sleeping town.

Was it some trick of mine own vain heart,
The wisdom envious thoughts impart,
Or was it some gleam of light divine
At that moment illumined this soul of mine ?
I know not which ; but I know with a glance
At those gray stone walls as if in a trance

I saw a man, who aged and worn,
With deep, hard lines of anguish born
On his face—with locks that were like the snow—
To his plough in the light of that morning go ;
For a son at college has bills to pay—
Let money be coined as money may.

And another I saw, who with sorrow bent—
Heart's blood with life's struggle almost spent—
That her darling a gentleman might be
O'er the reeking steam of her tub bent she ;
But where is that prophet who dares to say
Something of love he will ever repay ?