

SONG

Dead leaves in the bird's nest,
And after that the snow;
That was where the bird's breast
Tenderly did go,
Where the tiny birds pressed
Lovingly—and lo!
Dead leaves in the bird's nest:
Under falling snow.

Dead leaves in the heart's nest,
And after that the snow;
That was where the heart's guest
Brooded months ago,
Where the tender thoughts pressed
Lovingly—and lo!
Dead leaves in the heart's nest
Under falling snow.

WINTER SUNSET

The eyes like the lips have their choice of wines,
And one that tingles and cheers they know;
A sky that burns through a bar of pines
On a wintry world of snow.

Ah, what are the empty eglantines,
And what the desolate earth below,
When the sky is ablaze, and aflame the pines,
And rosily gleams the snow?