

*Sonnets.*

And lifeless as its branches. And the croak  
Of evil-omened birds was heard at night,  
Borne by the echoes from that ragged steep—  
The home of tempests, where the lightnings white  
From rock to rock, in their mad play, would leap.  
This is no idle fancy. *There no bird  
Of tender lay was ever heard to sing,  
And there, by wooing breeze, were never stirred,  
The silken petals of the flowers of Spring.*  
Long since I saw that oak and channel dry,  
And still in dreams I often pass them by.

XXXIV.

**H**AST thou the tender eyes and golden hair,  
The peachy cheeks and the lips like cherries  
red,  
The heart that ached o'er tales of sin or care,  
To joy, at sight or tone of joyance wed?  
Hast thou the traits that rendered thee so dear,  
In thy bright morning, which I oft recall?  
How long and desolate hath been the year,  
Since thou were here, my sunlight and my all!  
'Tis vain to question! And the days roll on,  
While I sit here in idlsse, by the sea,