

SOLITUDE.

One little bird on tree-top high
Sings out his plaintive lay,
One single star out on the sky
Keeps watch till break of day.

The last sweet rose that summer shed
Must quite forsaken feel ;
For down her cheeks, all flushed and red,
Great dewy teardrops steal.

And I amid the silence here
Stand at my garden gate.
Alas, how long the hours appear
To those who watch and wait !

But morning breaks. The bird hath flown.
To join its mate afar ;
And back unto its sisters gone
That single evening star.

To kindred flowers a kindly wind
The rose's bloom has blown ;
While I, alas ! remain behind,
To tread my path *alone* !