

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

I lie awake in the night and think
Of the distant past so far away,
And muse on each strangely broken link
Of Hope's bright chain, since my early day,
I hear the voices that charmed me well,—
The hymns I learned at my mother's knee ;
Her gentle smile and her last farewell,
Like yesterday, return to me.

My thoughts go wandering away, away,
To the dying hour of silence and dread ;
The changing prospect once so gay,
And dark clouds gathering overhead.
I pause in the meadows, where oft I have been,
And pluck the gentle modest flowers,—
Or watch the azure sky serene,
As in my youth's first sunny hours.