

THESE woods afford full pleasant wandering
 Upon the margins of the doubtful year.
 Song-sparrows and the first red-breasts are here,
 And sweet bird voices through the forest ring.
 Above my head the wintry branches sing
 Almost a melancholy tune and drear,
 While underfoot broadcast the leaves lie sere,
 Dead to the touch of the awakening Spring.

Sodden and still they strew the oozy ground,
 Those leaves that were so light before the wind,
 Bedding all hollows and the spring-pools round
 Fringed with dissolving snow, and moss-enshrined.
 O surge of budding life with blossoms crowned,
 Man plants high hopes whose fruit shall no man find.

A MEMORY.

SOMETHING transient as may be
 Floating on a sunset sea
 Stray tints of sky-built radiancy—
 E'en as mournful as the wail
 Of some summer-haunting gale
 When the stars, cloud-shadowed, fail,

Was the light of my Lady's eye,
 Was the tone of each love-lit word,
 That thrilled through my soul till its deeps were stirred
 Ere Death said "Come," and she vanished by.