

*" Father, a bitter cry I heard,
Out of the night so dark and wild.
Why is my heart so strangely stirred?
'Twas like the voice of our erring child."*

*" Mother, mother, you only heard
A waterfowl in the locked lagoon;
Out of the night a wounded bird—
Rest and sleep, 'twill be morning soon."*

*" Who is it talks of sleeping? I'll swear that
somebody shook
Me hard by the arm for a moment, but how
on earth could it be?
See how my feet are moving—awfully funny they
look—
Moving as if they belonged to a someone that
wasn't me.
The wind down the night's long alley bowls me
down like a pin;
I stagger and fall and stagger, crawl arm-deep
in the snow.
Beaten back to my corner, how can I hope to
win?
And there is the blizzard waiting to give me
the knockout blow,*