

SONNETS.

TO A SONG-THRUSH IN NOVEMBER.

Decline of Day.

Lone singer midst the ruins of the year,
 In whose sweet notes from yonder low-brow'd hill
 The echoes of the dead spring linger still
 In melting cadences, so mellow-clear
 That I could fancy she herself were here,
 And not sad-cloaked November, grey and chill,—
 I love thy voice, and fain would keep thee still,
 Blithe warbler, for thy gentle song, anear!

Yet go, sweet bird! The year hath lost her youth;
 Green-kirtled May and sunny days are fled.
 Why lingerest thou so late amid the dead
 In this North land? Haste to the balmy South,
 And long, warm days! This is not time nor place
 For thy blithe song, lone wanderer from thy race!

Dusk.

Sweet wandering voice, startling these silent ways
 With sudden song, then lost within the round
 Of empty space and this wide barren ground,—
 Like some weird-strung Eolian harp that plays
 Unbidden strains, when a light zephyr lays
 Her hand upon the strings, and o'er the sound
 Lingers with fond regret, as she had found
 An echo of lost song from other days—

Thou wak'st the chords of half-forgotten ruth;
 And voices that ring strangely in my ears
 Float back to me from out the vanished years,
 The tender, sad, lost, shining days of youth.
 I would be calm with these dun days,—and yet
 Thou wilt not let me, when I might, forget.

Midnight.

O Singer, hush! My heart is out of tune,
 Thou pipest of the days which once have been
 And now can be no more. The springing green
 Of sun-ward fields; the laughing skies of June;
 The dewy morn; the long bright afternoon;
 The voice of birds and waters,—These are rife
 In all thy song and have been in my life,
 But now can be no more, or late or soon.