

## I SAT IN THE SUNLIGHT

I SAT in the sunlight thinking of life;  
I sat there, dreaming of Death.  
And a moth alit on the sun-dial's face,  
And the birds sang sleepily,  
And the leaves stirred,  
And the sun lay warm on the hills,  
And the afternoon grew old.  
  
So, some day I knew the birds would sing,  
And the leaves would stir,  
And the afternoon grow old—  
And I would not be there.  
And the warmth went out of the day,  
And a wind blew out of the West where I sat,  
And the birds were still!