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DIRGE

By LEAVENWORTH MACNAB

Cold, gray and drizzly drifts the dreary day—
 Drifts to the gloom-girt shores, within the West—
 And cowering sinks before Night's spectral sway
 To troubled rest.

The lowering heaven lends no guiding light;
 Wild, black-winged shades her flickering beams debar;
 Save in the East there gleameth, coldly bright,
 One lonely star,

Shedding its tearful beams aslant thy grave
 Where sear and shivering droop wind-blighted flowers
 That, like death plumes, above my lost love wave
 Through dragging hours.

O cloud-bound night and naked, sighing trees!
 O wailing winds and mad waves making moan!
 Thy wo-tuned voices chant her litanies—
 Love, Life is flown.