

MIDNIGHT.

From where I sit, I see the stars,
And down the chilly floor
The moon between the frozen bars
Is glimmering dim and hoar.

Without in many a peakèd mound
The glinting snowdrifts lie ;
There is no voice or living sound ;
The embers slowly die.

Yet some wild thing is in mine ear ;
I hold my breath and hark ;
Out of the depth I seem to hear
A crying in the dark :

No sound of man or wife or child,
No sound of beast that groans,
Or of the wind that whistles wild,
Or of the tree that moans :

I know not what it is I hear ;
I bend my head and hark :
I cannot drive it from mine ear,
That crying in the dark.