



## WINTER EVENING.

*By A. Lampman.*

To-NIGHT the very horses springing by  
Toss gold from whitened nostrils. In a dream  
The streets that narrow to the westward gleam  
Like rows of golden palaces; and high  
From all the crowded chimneys tower and die  
A thousand aureoles. Down in the west  
The brimming plains beneath the sunset rest,  
One burning sea of gold. Soon, soon shall fly  
The glorious vision, and the hours shall feel  
A mightier master; soon from height to height,  
With silence and the sharp unpitied stars,  
Stern creeping frosts and winds that touch like steel,  
Out of the depth beyond the eastern bars,  
Glittering and still, shall come the awful night.