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The Song of the Wind.

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

When the night wind bewaileth the fall of the year,
And sweeps from the forest the leaves that are sear,
I wake from my slumber and list to its roar,
For it saith to my spirit—"No more—never more!"

The winter night's wind, with a shriek and a moan,
Hurries onward and past—but ere it hath gone,
It rests for a moment its swift fickle wings,
And a dirge of the past it mournfully sings.

"Oh! say where now are the youthful forms
That in days of yore trod these classic halls?
'Twixt a smile and a tear are they braving life's storms?
Or are they all gone?"—the wind calls,
"Are they gone?"

"Long ago—very long, where now you are,
A student bent o'er the deep page, and sighed
As he threw from his pale brow the jetty hair:
Oh! where now is he?"—the wind cried,
"Is he gone?"

"Go noiselessly—visit your silent graveyard,
Where so often I've merrily wanton'd and freak'd;
There the pale youth lies low—you may say it was hard;
Yet his spirit hath fled!"—the wind shrieked,
"It hath gone!"

"Ah! thus it goes on—you will leave us to-day;
To-morrow your heart round life's cares will be twin'd;
But the next day—where then? Oh! youthful and gay,
Thou wilt rest the next day!" mourned the wind,
"Thou'lt be gone!"

Thus the wind spirit sang, and the whistling blast,
With a loud moaning laugh, in a moment was past;
But in memory's chambers the dirge echoed on,
As I thought of the lovely of earth who are gone!