

# “ONE LIFE”

BY

**PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR**

The cloud looked in at the window,  
And said to the day, “Be dark!”  
And the roguish rain tapped hard on the pane,  
To stifle the song of the lark.

The wind sprang up in the tree tops  
And shrieked with a voice of death,  
But the rough-voiced breeze, that shook the trees,  
Was touched with a violet’s breath.