

Clouds and Hopes

By

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The wind sings drear in the pines to-night;
And the struggling moon shines dim;
Far off—song of the night-bird's flight
Comes dull as a funeral hymn.—
The scuds that fly o'er the gray-lit sky
By the moon so dull and sad
Are ghostly forms that pass and die
As the hopes we once have had.

Dark hopeless forms on the night-wind's wing
Passing onward in endless flight.
To one afar,—where the skylarks sing,
And the dawn in its fresh-born light
Is tuning the heart to the merriest lay,
And gilding all nature with gold;—
These forms now so dull,—'neath the magical day,
Who knows but great Promise may hold?