

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



MEZZO CAMMIN



Half of my life is gone, and I have let

The years slip from me and have not fulfilled

The aspiration of my youth, to build

Some tower of song with lofty parapet.

Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret

Of restless passions that would not be stilled,

But sorrow, and a care that almost killed,

Kept me from what I may accomplish yet;

Though, half way up the hill, I see the Past

Lying beneath me with its sounds and sights,—

A city in the twilight dim and vast,

With smoking roofs, soft bells, and gleaming lights.—

And hear above me on the autumnal blast

The cataract of Death far thundering from the heights.

