

PERDITA.

LIKE leaves that fall before the sullen wind
At summer's parting kiss and autumn's call,
Lost thoughts fly half-forgotten from my mind,
Like leaves that fall.

They shall not come again ; the wintry pall
Of consciousness clouds o'er them ; they shall
find
No rest, no hope, no tear, no funeral.

Into the night, despairing, bleeding, blind,
They pass, nor know their former place at all,
Lost to my soul, to God, to all mankind,
Like leaves that fall.