AT MIDNIGHT.

The voice of all the hollow, desolate sky
   On this wild wind is blown;
The wail of earth's desire and agony
   Sobs in this wild wind's moan;
And there is yet another heavier sigh,
   Heard of the heart alone.

This echoed through the midmost core of mirth
   Since mortal mirth began;
Hearing, we know that all the feast is dearth,
   And all red roses wan.
O God! for the new heavens, and the new earth,
   And the new heart of man!

G. A. CHADWICK.