

2.

A chilly,murky night;
The street lamps flicker low,
A hail-like,whispering rain
Beats 'gainst the streaked,bleak pane;
The sickly,ghostly glow
Of the blurred,blinking,wavering,flickering light
Shines on the muddy streets in sombre gleams
Like a wierd lamp post on a road of dreams.

A dreary,heavy darkness;
In quivering folds it creeps
Over the shrouded world;
The leaves are dry and curl'd,
The soul of summer sleeps
In a black pall where all the world lies markless,—
And shrouded 'neath that form whose clammy breath
Chills as it clasps,he sleeps the sleep of death.

Night,thou canst not dismay!
For when,on life's dark eve,
Like flowers past their bloom,
We tenant that grim tomb,
And all behind us leave,
Know that from its cold clutch into the Day
We walk,preserved,uninjured;—comprehend
No fear,no hell,no misery,no End!