

A JANUARY NIGHT

(1879)

The rain smites more and more,
The east wind snarls and sneezes;
Through the joints of the quivering door
 The water wheezes.

The tip of each ivy-shoot
Writhes on its neighbour's face;
There is some hid dread afoot
 That we cannot trace.

Is it the spirit astray
Of the man at the house below
Whose coffin they took in to-day?
 We do not know.