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THE COMING STORM

"Oh! sad is my heart, for storm that is coming;
 Like eagles the scud sweepeth in from the sea;
 The gull seeketh shelter, the pine trees are sighing,
 And all giveth note of the tempest to be.
 A spoil hath been whispered from cave or from mountain,
 The shepherds are sleeping, the sentinels dumb,
 The flocks are all scattered on moorland and mountain,
 And no one believes that the Master is come.

He's come, but whom doth he find their watch **keeping**?
 Oh, where—in his presence—is there faith the world o'er?
 The rich, every sense in soft luxury steeping;
 The poor, scarce repelling the wolf from the door.
 Oh, man, and oh, maiden, drop trifling and pleasure,
 Oh, hark, while I tell of the sorrows to be,
 As well might I plead in the path of yon glacier,
 Or cry out a warning to wave of the sea."
 —**Altered.**

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— April, 1881 —



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