Auspex.

By Lowell, James Russell .

My heart, I cannot still it,

Nest that had song-birds in it;

And when the last shall go,

The dreary days, to fill it,

Instead of lark or linnet,

Shall whirl dead leaves and snow.

Had they been swallows only,

Without the passion stronger

Than skyward longs and sings, -

Woe's me, I shall be lonely

When I can feel no longer

The impatience of their wings!

A moment, sweet delusion,

Like birds the brown leaves hover;

But it will not be long

Before their wild confusion

Falls wavering down to cover

The poet and his song.