

MIDNIGHT

by Archibald Lampman (1861-1899)

From where I sit, I see the stars,
 And down the chilly floor
The moon between the frozen bars
 Is glimmering dim and hoar.
Without in many a peaked mound
 The glinting snowdrifts lie;
There is no voice or living sound;
 The embers slowly die.
Yet some wild thing is in mine ear;
 I hold my breath and hark;
Out of the depth I seem to hear
 A crying in the dark;
No sound of man or wife or child,
 No sound of beast that groans,
Or of the wind that whistles wild,
 Or of the tree that moans:
I know not what it is I hear;
 I bend my head and hark:
I cannot drive it from mine ear,
 That crying in the dark.

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