

The Bewildered Guest.

I was not asked if I should like to come.
 I have not seen my host here since I came,
 Or had a word of welcome in his name.
 Some say that we shall see him, and some
 that we shall see him elsewhere, and then know
 why we were bid. How long I am to stay
 I have not the least notion. Some, they say,
 has ever told why he should come or go.
 But every morn'g and then there bursts upon
 the song and with a lamentable noise,
 A sound of shrieks and sobb, that strikes our joys
 dumb in our breasts; and then, some one is gone.
 They say we must him. Some know where or when.
 We know we shall not meet him here again.

1890.
 1907.

W. D. Howells.