

May laughed. "It is the wind," she said,  
"That, echoing down these dreary lanes  
Unanswered, haunted by the dull  
Incessant dripping of the rains,  
Disturbs you thus, and not at all  
The absence of the robin's call."

Bareheaded up the silent hill  
Where autumn colors turned the woods  
Into a specter dark and still  
And waited by the lonely fall  
To hear again the robin's call.