



### NOVEMBER SUNSHINE

**T**HE warm year fled ere thy sense hath caught her :  
Only the wind in a misty plain,  
And the beautiful brief November sunshine  
Gleaming on levels of pale grey water  
And roadways wet with November rain.

In the rank red groves despoiled and dreary,  
A wan woman peers thro' the shadows ahead,  
Seeming to seek in the sunset beyond them,  
With tear-dimmed eyes grown wretched and weary,  
The wraith of a golden hope, long dead.

Dead hope! Dost thou its sweet remember—  
Thou too, with a sigh that is spent in vain ;  
And thy heart like a Wanderer pale and lonely  
Watching the brief bright sun of November  
Sink, and the slow sweet Autumn wane ?

HUGO LAUBACH.