

"THE WINDS ARE SIGHING, CHARLIE."

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BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.  
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The winds are sighing, Charlie,
Sighing olden music o'er
With a haunting tone thro' the scenes now lone
Where once we wandered, Charlie,
Where we'll wander nevermore.

The birds are dreaming, Charlie,
Dreaming of the rose to-night—
But the perfumed spring no more will bring
Thy voice of music, Charlie,
And thy soft smile's worshiped light.

The stars are smiling, Charlie,
Smiling sweetly once again—
But *alone* I gaze on their lovely rays,
And tears come gushing, Charlie,
Like a clouded heart's cold rain.

My heart is sighing, *Charlie!*
Sighing olden music o'er,
With a haunting tone thro' the chords now lone,
That once could charm thee, Charlie,
That may charm thee nevermore!
