

EMILY DICKINSON

1830-1886



There came a Wind like a Bugle – (Fr1618, J1593)

There came a Wind like a Bugle –
It quivered through the Grass
And a Green Chill upon the Heat
So ominous did pass
5 We barred the Windows and the Doors
As from an Emerald Ghost –
The Doom's Electric Moccasin
That very instant passed –
On a strange Mob of panting Trees
10 And Fences fled away
And Rivers where the Houses ran
Those looked that lived – that Day –
The Bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings told –
15 How much can come
And much can go,
And yet abide the World!

c. 1883

