There came a Wind like a Bugle -  
It quivered through the Grass  
And a Green Chill upon the Heat  
So ominous did pass  
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  
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 -  
How much can come  
And much can go,  
And yet abide the World!