

**1860**

**FACES IN THE FIRE**

***Lewis Carroll***

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Faces in the Fire (1860) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: The night creeps onward, sad and slow: / In these red embers' dying glow

**FACES IN THE FIRE**

THE night creeps onward, sad and slow: In these red embers' dying glow  
The forms of Fancy come and go.

An island-farm- broad seas of corn Stirred by the wandering breath of morn  
The happy spot where I was born.

The picture fades in its place: Amid the glow I seem to trace  
The shifting semblance of a face.

'Tis now a little childish form  
Red lips for kisses pouted warm  
And elf-locks tangled in the storm.

'Tis now a grave and gentle maid, At her own beauty half afraid,  
Shrinking, and willing to be stayed.

Oh, Time was young, and Life was warm, When first I saw that  
fairy-form, Her dark hair tossing in the storm.

And fast and free these pulses played, When last I met that gentle  
maid  
When last her hand in mine was laid.

Those locks of jet are turned to gray, And she is strange and far  
away  
That might have been mine own to-day  
That might have been mine own, my dear, Through many and many a happy year  
That might have sat beside me here.

Ay, changeless through the changing scene, The ghostly whisper  
rings between, The dark refrain of "might have been". The race is  
o'er I might have run: The deeds are past I might have done; And  
sere the wreath I might have won.

Sunk is the last faint flickering blaze: The vision of departed days  
Is vanished even as I gaze.

The pictures, with their ruddy light, Are changed to dust and ashes  
white, And I am left alone with night.

Jan. 1860.

**THE END**