

## OF NOEL BRASSARD

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**T**HE rivers sleep ; the sun is lost ;  
And in the deep woods now and then  
Some great tree, riving in the frost,  
Cracks, and the stillness falls again  
Among the evergreens.

**B**UT one man learned too well who prowls  
Those wintry barrens choked with snow,  
And guessed what manner of thing cowl  
Its empty visage from man so,  
Seeing that face too near.