

THE WOODCUTTER'S HUT

Or when the fierce snow comes, with the rising wind,
from the grey north-east,

He lies through the leaguering hours in his bunk like a
winter-hidden beast,

Or sits on the hard-packed earth, and smokes by his
draught-blown guttering fire,

Without thought or remembrance, hardly awake, and
waits for the storm to tire.

Scarcely he hears from the rock-rimmed heights to the
wild ravines below,

Near and far-off, the limitless wings of the tempest
hurl and go

In roaring gusts that plunge through the cracking
forest, and lull, and lift,

All day without stint and all night long with the
sweep of the hissing drift.

But winter shall pass ere long with its hills of snow
and its fettered dreams,

And the forest shall glimmer with living gold, and
chime with the gushing of streams ;

Millions of little points of plants shall prick through
its matted floor,

And the wind-flower lift and uncurl her silken buds by
the woodman's door ;

The sparrow shall see and exult ; but lo ! as the
spring draws gaily on,