

Before us slept a dark, dark wood.  
Hemlocks were there, and little pines  
Also; and solemn cedars stood  
In even and uneven lines.

*The  
Foreigner.*

The branches of each silent tree  
Bent downward, for the snow's hard weight  
Was pressing on them heavily;  
They had not known the sun of late.

(Except when it was afternoon,  
And then a sickly sun peered in  
A little while; it vanished soon  
And then they were as they had been.)

There was no sound (I thought I heard  
The axe of some man far away)  
There was no sound of bee, or bird,  
Or chattering squirrel at its play.

And so he wondered I was glad.  
—There was one thing he could not see;  
Beneath the look these dead things had  
I saw Spring eyes agaze at me.

## CADENCES

(MID-LENT)

**T**HE low, gray sky curveth from hill to hill,  
Silent and all untenanted;  
From the trees also all glad sound hath fled,  
Save for the little wind that moaneth still  
Because it deemeth Earth is surely dead.