

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)

THE 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.