

T HEN a light cloud rose up for hardihood,
Trailing a veil of snow that whirled and broke,
Blown softly like a shroud of steam or smoke,
Sallied across a knoll where maples stood,
Charged over broken country for a rood,
Then seeing the night withdrew his force and fled,
Leaving the ground with snowflakes thinly spread,
And traces of the skirmish in the wood.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT