
From day to day still hushed the season's mood,
The streams stayed in their runnels shrunk and
dry ;

Suns rose aghast by wave and shore and wood,
And all the world, with ominous silence, stood
In weird expectancy :

When one strange night the sun like blood went
down,

Flooding the heavens in a ruddy hue ;
Red grew the lake, the sere fields parched and
brown,

Red grew the marshes where the creeks stole down,
But never a wind-breath blew.

That night I felt the winter in my veins,
A joyous tremor of the icy glow ;
And woke to hear the north's wild vibrant strains,
While far and wide, by withered woods and plains,
Fast fell the driving snow.