
THE SILENT WAYFELLOW

To-night when the forest trees
Gleam in the frosty air,
And over the roofs of men
Stillness is everywhere,

By the cold hunter's moon
What trail will you take alone,
Through the white realms of sleep
To your native land unknown?

Here while the birches are yellow,
And red is the wayfaring tree,
Sit down in the sun, my soul,
And talk of yourself to me.