

And so they stand there silent in the sun,
Bedecked with many a strange, uncertain hue.
The trunks are dusky gray, the branches dun,
The twigs show purple up against the blue.

And up into that blue, from chimney-tops,
White smoke arises through the air so keen.
A little way it rises, then it stops,
And then disperses, and no more is seen.

And underfoot, the frozen ground is cold,
Yet warm it looks, because it is so dry.
The sunshine paints the faded grass with gold,
And tints the few green streaks with deeper dye.

How quiet the village street is, and how still !
How beautiful the sky is, and the trees !
So beautiful that I must gaze my fill,
We have but few November days like these . .