

THE SNOW-STORM

THE great, soft, downy snow-storm like a
cloak

Descends to wrap the lean world head to
feet ;

It gives the dead another winding-sheet,
It buries all the roofs until the smoke
Seems like a soul that from its clay has
broke ;

It broods moon-like upon the Autumn
wheat,

And visits all the trees in their retreat,
To hood and mantle that poor shiv'ring
folk.

With wintry bloom it fills the harshest
grooves

In jagged pine-stump fences. Every sound
It hushes to the footstep of a nun.

Sweet Charity ! that brightens where it
moves,

Inducing darkest bits of churlish ground
To give a radiant answer to the sun.