

## A SNOWY DAY

The sky is canopied with cloud  
That blurs the distant circling hills,  
The long, dim upland valley fills.  
And intermittently and loud  
The winter wind blows here and there,  
And finds no refuge anywhere.

The heavy snowflakes waver down,  
A noiseless, eager multitude,  
To softly wreath the landscape rude  
That withered in November's frown;  
And o'er the lake, a stretch of white,  
The wagon trail is hid from sight.

A snowy sky, a snowy earth,—  
Friends dear and true seem far away  
This solitary short-lived day,  
And in the heart there is no mirth  
To bring a gleam to aching eyes  
When shadows loom and daylight dies.