

### IN NOVEMBER.

The hills and leafless forests slowly yield  
To the thick-driving snow. A little while  
And night shall darken down. In shouting file  
The woodmen's carts go by me homeward-wheeled,  
Past the thin fading stubbles, half concealed,  
Now golden-grey, sowed softly through with snow,  
Where the last ploughman follows still his row,  
Turning black furrows through the whitening field.

Far off the village lamps begin to gleam,  
Fast drives the snow, and no man comes this way;  
The hills grow wintery white, and bleak winds  
moan  
About the naked uplands. I alone  
Am neither sad, nor shelterless, nor grey,  
Wrapped round with thought, content to watch and  
dream.