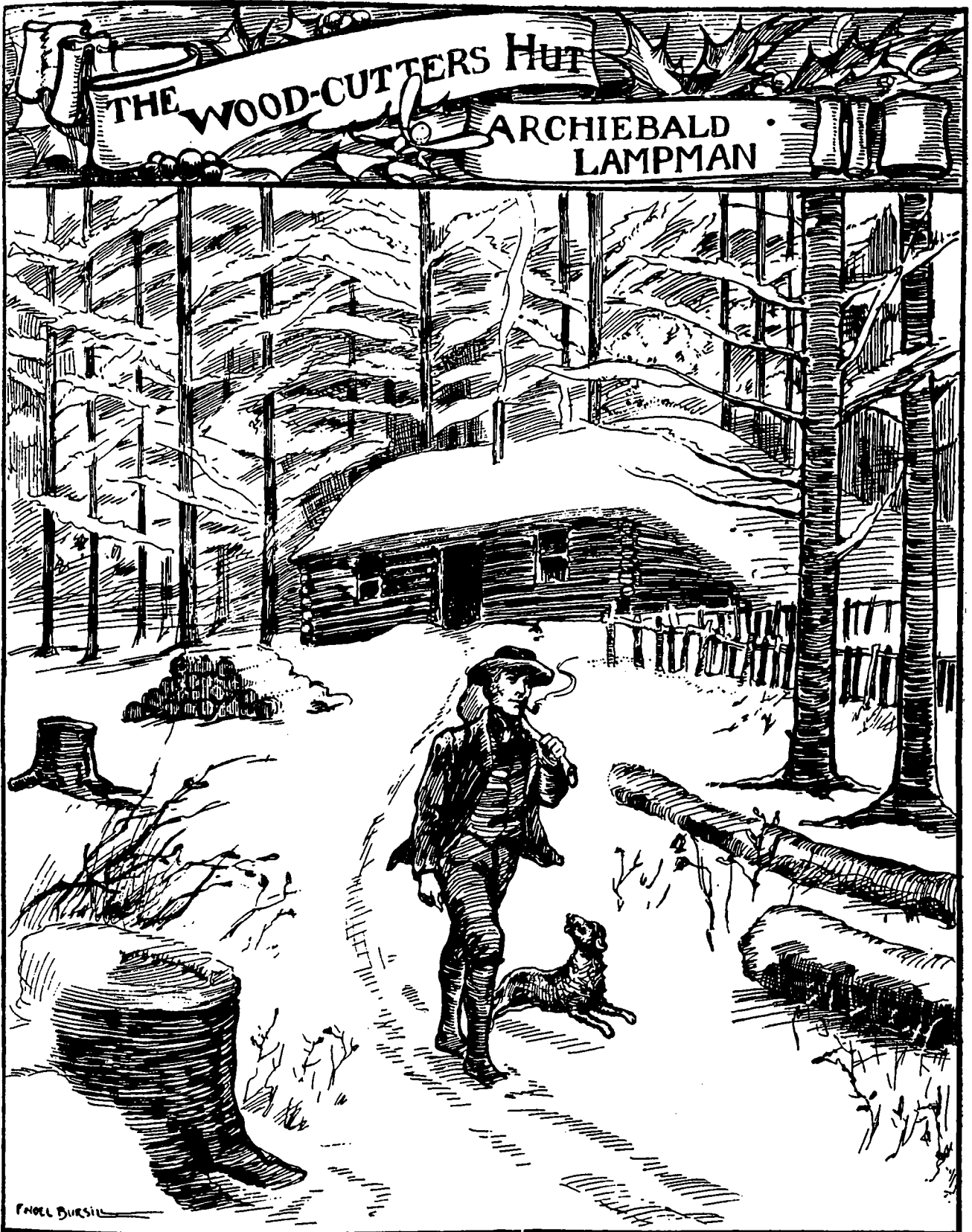




Far up in the wild and wintry hills
In the heart of the cliff-broken woods.
Where the mounded drifts lie soft and deep in the noiseless solitudes,
The hut of the lonely woodcutter stands,
A few rough beams that show
A blunted peak and a low black line
From the glittering waste of snow.