



THE WOODCUTTER'S HUT

The woodcutter's hut is empty and bare, and the
master that made it is gone.
He is gone where the gathering of valley men
another labour yields,
To handle the plough, and the harrow, and scythe,
in the heat of the summer fields.
He is gone with his corded arms, and his ruddy face,
and his moccasined feet,
The animal man in his warmth and vigour, sound,
and hard, and complete.
And all summer long, round the lonely hut, the
black earth burgeons and breeds,
Till the spaces are filled with the tall-plumed ferns
and the triumphing forest-weeds;
The thick wild raspberries hem its walls, and, stretch-
ing on either hand,
The red-ribbed stems and the giant-leaves of the
sovereign spikenard stand.
So lonely and silent it is, so withered and warped
with the sun and snow,
You would think it the fruit of some dead man's toil
a hundred years ago;
And he who finds it suddenly there, as he wanders
far and alone,
Is touched with a sweet and beautiful sense of some-
thing tender and gone,