

# Winter snows frost the countryside



## Woods in Winter

*When winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill,  
That overbrows the lonely vale.*

*O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
And gladden these deep solitudes.*

*Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.*

*Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs  
Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
And voices fill the woodland side.*

*Alas! how changed from the fair scene,  
When birds sang out their mellow lay,  
And winds were soft, and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day!*

*But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;  
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,  
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.*

*Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song;  
I hear it in the opening year,  
I listen, and it cheers me long.*

Longfellow



## Snow-flakes

*Out of the bosom of the Air,  
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,  
Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,  
Silent, and soft, and slow  
Descends the snow.*

*Even as our cloudy fancies take  
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,  
Even as the troubled heart doth make  
In the white countenance confession,  
The troubled sky reveals  
The grief it feels.*

*This is the poem of the air,  
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;  
This is the secret of despair,  
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,  
Now whispered and revealed  
To wood and field.*

Longfellow

Photos by Marsha Shewczyk



## Velvet Shoes

*Let us walk in the white snow  
In a soundless space;  
With footsteps quiet and slow,  
At a tranquil pace,  
Under veils of white lace.*

*I shall go shod in silk,  
And you in wool,  
White as a white cow's milk,  
More beautiful  
Than the breast of a gull.*

*We shall walk through the still town  
In a windless peace;  
We shall step upon white down,  
Upon silver fleece,  
Upon softer than these.*

*We shall walk in velvet shoes:  
Wherever we go  
Silence will fall like dews  
On white silence below.  
We shall walk in the snow.*

Elinor Wylie

