

I am quite like those few green leaves  
That in April fall,  
Deprived of ever having known  
Any spring at all.

\* \* \*

The woods are quiet now, and gone  
Are leaves of copper-gold;  
The hillside rises to the wind  
Though shaking trees are cold.

For now it is no longer fall  
And rushing breezes blow,  
And sad are trees and hillside, having  
Neither leaves nor snow.

\* \* \*

I would like to see the woods  
Filled with snow this year,  
Icy hemlocks standing tall,  
Silent and austere,

Frosty wind and pungent air,  
Everything quite still,  
And the river sleeping there  
Down the frozen hill.