

November 27, 1939

## SNOW

The whistling night winds chase the clouds  
About a wintry sky,  
As soft white flakes swirl lightly down  
To sweep upon each field and town  
And swiftly hurry by.

The rolling hills and country roads  
Have vanished long ago,  
And as a foamy frothy sea  
That sinks to surge again, the lea  
Is white with glistening snow.

The dreary, dreamy darkness dim  
Grows thicker as the sweep  
Of snow and flake and wind subsides  
While all the world beneath it hides  
To bathe itself to sleep.

A lonely poplar, ghastly grim  
In evening's shadows stands,  
An aged woman cloaked in white  
She clutches through the misty night  
White snowflakes in her hands.