

## THE FIRST SNOWSTORM

The bleak, brown hills, that yesterday looked down,  
Dark-browed upon the shadowy vales below,  
This morning, clothed in fleecy folds of snow,  
Smile winter's greeting to the white-roofed town.

The sky has changed its gray to purest blue,  
The brushwood copse is dressed in softest white,  
The fallow wears a downy mantle bright,  
Ev'n the sun has ta'en a kindlier hue.

The woodman's axe, with each clear, ringing blow,  
Sounds the reveille of another day,  
Calls out the jingling sleigh-bells, calls to play  
The happy children revelling in the snow.

But Nature sleeps; her long, warm, summer day  
Is done; the birds are gone, the flowers, dead;  
One lonely crow proclaims from overhead,  
In hungry call, King Winter's iron sway.

—R. G. E. '27.