

JANUARY

The First Snowfall

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky
And the sudden flurry of snow birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

James Russell Lowell

Parent's Signature _____

