

DISCHMATAL BY NIGHT

THERE is a dirge of cataracts that fall
Far far away up in the shadowed glen.
A faint wind moans among the pines, and then
Shudders away to silence. The deep pall
Of snow lies chill and voiceless over all.
And through the mist the moon peers down as when
By the veiled light of lanthorns speechless men
Gaze on some sheeted corpse's funeral.

Savagely mute ; remotely merciless,
There is a Presence here that awes and chills,
A Stillness aged and inviolate.
It is the Spirit of the wilderness,
The everlasting Silence of the hills
Who shroud themselves in Solitude : and wait.