



The Snow-Storm

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

Announced by all the  
trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow, and, driving  
o'er the fields,

Seems nowhere to alight: the  
whited air

Hides hill and woods, the  
river, and the heaven,

And veils the farmhouse at  
the garden's end.

The sled and traveler  
stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out,  
the housemates sit

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