

**“Brueghel’s Winter”
by Walter de la Mare**

Season 5, Episode 3

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Jagg'd mountain peaks and skies ice-green
Wall in the wild, cold scene below.
Churches, farms, bare copse, the sea
In freezing quiet of winter show;
Where ink-black shapes on fields in flood
Curling, skating, and sliding go.
To left, a gabled tavern; a blaze;
Peasants; a watching child; and lo,
Muffled, mute--beneath naked trees
In sharp perspective set a-row--
Trudge huntsmen, sinister spears aslant,
Dogs snuffling behind them in the snow;
And arrowlike, lean, athwart the air
Swoops into space a crow.

But flame, nor ice, nor piercing rock,
Nor silence, as of a frozen sea,
Nor that slant inward infinite line
Of signboard, bird, and hill, and tree,
Give more than subtle hint of him
Who squandered here life's mystery.

NOTES/NARRATION:



A large, faint watermark is centered on the page. It consists of a circle containing a quill pen with a feather. The quill is positioned at the bottom left of the circle, and the feather extends upwards and to the right. The watermark is overlaid on a series of horizontal lines that provide a guide for writing notes or a narration.

Recited By:

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