



## *from* Frost at Midnight

The Frost performs its secret ministry,  
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry  
Came loud - and hark, again ! loud as before.  
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,  
Have left me to that solitude, which suits  
Abstruser musings : save that at my side  
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.  
Tis calm indeed ! so calm, that it disturbs  
And vexes meditation with its strange  
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,  
This populous village ! Sea, and hill, and wood,  
With all the numberless goings-on of life,  
Inaudible as dreams...

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772 - 1834)*