

## Winter Song



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**The browns, the olives and the yellows died,  
And were swept up to heaven; where they glowed  
Each dawn and set of sun till Christmastide,**

**And when the land lay pale for them, pale-snowed,  
Fell back, and down the snow-drifts flamed and flowed.**

**From off your face, into the winds of winter,  
The sun-brown and the summer-gold are blowing;  
But they shall gleam with spiritual glitter,  
When paler beauty on your brows falls snowing,  
And through those snows my looks shall be soft-going.**

*Wilfred Owen (1893 - 1918)*

Wilfred Owen