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FAREWELL TO WINTER.

Oh, blustering winter, thou art fleeting fast!

The snow-clad hills rejoice to see thee go:

And, the greenspringing grass beneath the snow,

Housed in its crystal keep, defies the blast!

Down to the sea the melting rivers flow,

Chanting a dirge that knells thee to the past;

Soon tropic-born, will southern breezes blow,

And Nature thrill to see thee breathe thy last.

But I, alas! beneath the leaden scope

Of murky sky-fields, lowering and grim,

Must sit forever in the shadow dim,

Of haunting memories and buried Hope.

It is the winter of my life, and Spring,

No thrill of joy, no happiness can bring.

J.H. Temple.