

But before the cold winds of the winter shall storm
And the snow lie all white on the plain,
I hope to be back in my dear cottage home,
And see those that love me again.

FANCY FLIES BEFORE.

The snow lies thick and cold and white,
Bare is the maple by our door,
There is no sign of violets bright,
But fancy flies before.

How oft I've plucked the summer flowers
Beneath a summer sky,
Or watched the spring's returning powers,
And seen the swallows fly.

Or when the year began to fade,
And summer days were spent,
I've lived beneath the pine trees' shade,
In quiet and content.