

With half their limbs and roots complete,
 Some found it hard to train their log
 To keep its place through jolt and jog,
 While some, mistaking ditch for road,
 Were almost buried with their load,
 And but for friends and promptest care,
 The morning light had found them there.



The wind that night was cold and keen,
 And frosted Brownies off were seen.
 They clapped their hands and stamped their toes,
 They rubbed with snow each numbing nose,
 And drew the frost from every face
 Before it proved a painful case.



And thus, in spite of every ill,
 The task was carried forward still.
 Some were by nature well designed
 For work of this laborious kind,
 And never felt so truly great,
 As when half crushed beneath a weight.
 While wondering comrades stood aghast,
 And thought each step must be the last.

But some were slight and ill could bear
 The heavy loads that proved their share,

