

Soon the rills and rivers, free,
Hastening on their way,
 Must feel his grasp
 And icy clasp,
And all their waters stay.

Soon the dwellers in the wood
Will take alarm, and flee
 Their summer home,
 Afar to roam
In lands beyond the sea.

While o'er hill, and dale, and bower,
His winding sheet of snow
 Is gently laid
 On flower and blade
Till Spring's zephyrs blow.

So comes to each mortal soul
A darkening winter day,
 When passions sweep,
 And sorrows steep,
And Grim Despair holds sway ;

Only to retreat again
Before Hope's rising sun—
 At morning break
 Our souls awake
To life afresh begun.