

6 ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

Without the first of May,
Though dimly shining is the moon,
I cannot see my shadow plain.
While piping wind is still the tune,
A sweeping o'er the distant plain.
Both high and lofty grows the tree,
And spreads its branches round.
I'm welcome for its crops to see
That falls upon the ground,
It forms its bud in early spring,
Bright summer brings its leaf,
When birds and frogs no more do sing
It is our saddest grief.

I love the sweet and hate the sour,
No bitter thought can ever pour.
Bright flowers now again does bloom.
And chase away dark winter's gloom.
I like to smell the bud and leaf,
But dearly love the flower,
I like to sit when the evening's cool
By my cottage door on my low-legged stool,
With the twilight stars in the evening hours,
When the bright green grass with a smell of
flowers.

Golden harvest here again
With its fields of bearded grain,
Rye and barley now does stand
Ripe and ready for the hand.
Soft and sweet the breezes blow
Among the fields of grain that grow,
While behind the reapers hand
Lays each sheaf snug in its band.
I sit upon this hill so high
All for to view the northern sky.
The view is beautiful from here,
Across the water bright and clear,
Long heads of green both wide and low,
No one but God could make them so.

Rough and wild the winds does cry,