

12    *STREAMLETS OF SONG FOR THE YOUNG.*

Still I sang all alone  
In the sweet old summer tone,  
For the strong white ice could not hush me for a day ;  
Though no other voice was heard  
But the bitter breeze that whirled  
Past the gaunt grey trunks on its wild and angry way.

So the dim days sped,  
While everything seemed dead,  
And my own poor flow seemed the only living sign ;  
And the keen stars shone  
When the freezing night came on,  
From the far, far heights, all so cold and crystalline.

A few months ago  
I was singing through the snow !  
But now the blessed sunshine is filling all the land,  
And the memories are lost  
Of the winter fog and frost,  
In the presence of the Summer with her full and glowing hand.

Now the woodlark comes to drink  
At my cool and pearly brink,  
And the ladyfern is bending to kiss my rainbow foam ;  
And the wild-rose buds entwine  
With the dark-leaved bramble vine,  
And the centuried oak is green round the bright-eyed  
squirrel's home.