

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 whirred
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.