

Of lowly cave, it lay congealed adown
The steep incline. * * * *

* * * Here sterner breezes swept
The mountain top, and roared with vengeful
glee

At Winter's coming rule: here snowy banks
And glacial beds were formed, and issuing from
Them ran the virgin spring; and over all
Was light, brilliant and beautiful. But now
Alas! they all have passed away, away,
And darkness lowering sings with silent tones
A requiem for the dead.