

True, winter days have many,
And many a dear delight :
We frolic in the snow-drifts,
And then—the winter night,
Around the fire we cluster,
Nor heed the whistling storm,
When all without is dreary,
Our hearts are bright and warm.

But oh, when comes the season,
For merry birds to sing,
How sweet to roam the meadows,
And drink the breeze of spring ;
Then come sweet May ! and bring us
The flow'rets fresh and fair ;
We long once more to wander
And breathe the balmy air.

13.—DEPARTURE OF WINTER.

Old winter ! now farewell my friend !
Full many a merry meeting,
Which thou hast brought us now must end ;
We wait the spring's warm greeting.
Take hence what was to us so dear ;
But bring it back another year ;
We'll not be sighing,
Thou art not dying ;
Adieu ! we meet again.

Old winter ! now farewell my friend !
Full many a merry meeting,
Which thou hast brought us, now must end.
We wait the spring's warm greeting.
And Oh ! the spring how sweet will be
The harmony and melody
Of birds in chorus,
Rejoicing o'er us ;
But we shall meet again.