

WINTER.

WINTER, griffon of the North,
Lord of the Arctic seas,
Where silence reigns
On the plains—
Let his blustering breeze.

Summoned by his bugle blast
From out their eyries bleak,
His harpies wake
Their plumes to shake,
And southern regions seek.

Like a shadow in the air,
Or falcon from the sky,
They grasp their prey
On hill and brae,
And Nature's children die.

Now the aster in the field,
On hill the golden-rod,
Touched by his breath
Must fall to death
Beneath the emerald sod.