

The snows shall come upon the hills,  
The valleys, too, with white be spread,  
The birds shall whistle by the rills,  
The flowers shall their fragrance shed.

The spring shall come to deck the earth,  
In garb of vernal loveliness ;  
And sorrow shall abound, and mirth  
Betimes shall cheer our deep distress.

The seasons shall perform their rounds,  
And vegetation bloom and fade,  
But thou wilt heed nor sights nor sounds,  
For thou to rest for aye art laid.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

THE chilly days of March are here,  
The raw, cold winds are blowing ;  
All nature now, is bleak and drear,  
But piercing winds and frosts are going.

But frosts nor snows, nor biting blast,  
Can chill the warmth within each heart,  
When comes around the day at last,  
To sainted mem'ry set apart.

For many centuries thy name,  
St. Patrick, has been warmly bless'd,  
And many more thy righteous fame  
Shall animate each Christian breast.