

HOW COLD IT IS!

Now the blust'ring Boreas blows,
See, all the waters round are froze.
The trees that skirt the dreary plain,
All day a murm'ring cry maintain:
The trembling forest hears their
moan

And sadly mingles groan with groan.
'How dismal all from east to west!
'Heav'n defend the poor, distrest!'

Such is the tale,
On hill and vale;
Each traveller may behold it is!

While low and high
Are heard to cry,
'Bless my heart, how cold it is!'
Now slum'ring Sloth that cannot
bear

The question of the searching air,
Lifts up her unkempt head, and tries,
But cannot from her bondage rise:
The while the housewife briskly
throws

Around her wheel and sweetly shows
The healthful cheek Industry brings,
Which is not in the gift of kings.

To her long life,
Devoid of strife,
And justly too, unfolded is;
The while the Sloth
To still is loth,

And trembling cries, 'How cold it is!
Now lisps the Dandy, tender weed!
All shiv'ring like a shaken reed!

'How keen the air attacks my back
'John, place some list upon that crack
'Go, sand-bag all the sashes round,
'And see there's not an air-hole
found—

'Ah! bless me now I feel a breath,
'Good lack 'tis like the chill of death.'
Indulgence pale

Tells this sad tale,
Till he in furs infolded is;
Still, still complains,
For all their pains,

'Bless my heart how cold it is'
Now the poor milkman through the
sleet,

Explores his path along the street;
His frozen fingers sadly blows,
And still he seeks and still it snows.

'Go take his milk pray Richard go;
'And give a dram to make him glow:

This was thy cry,
Humanity!

More precious far than gold it is,
Such gifts to deal,
When milkmen feel,

All clad in snow, how cold it is.
Humanity, delightful tale.

While we feel the winter's gale,
May the cit in ermin'd coat,
Incline the ear to Sorrow's note:
And where with misery's weight op-
press'd,

An Emigrant sits, a shiv'ring guest,
Full amply let his bounty flow,
To soothe the bosom, chill'd by woe.

In town or vale,
Where'er the tale

Of real grief unfolded is,
O may he give

The means to live,
To those who know how cold it is.
Perhaps some warrior blind and
lam'd

Some tar for Britains Glory main'd—
Consider these; for thee they bore
The loss of limbs; and suffer'd more:
Then pass them not, or if you do,
I'll sigh to think they fought for you.
Go pity all; but 'bove the rest,
The soldier or the tar distrest

Thro' winter's reign,
Relieve their pain,
For what they've done, sure bold it is
Their wants supply.

When'er they cry,
'Bless my heart, how cold it is'
And now, ye sluggards, sloths, and
beaux,

Who dread the breath that winter
blows,

Pursue the council of a friend,
Who never found it yet offend,
While Winter deals his frost around,
Go fall the trees & clear the ground;
With cheerful spirits exercise,

'Tis there life's balmy blessing lies;
On hill and dale
Though sharp the gale,

And frozen you behold it is,
The blood shall glow,
And sweetly flow,

And you'll ne'er cry, 'How cold it
is..