

Could I revive within me  
 Her symphony and song,  
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me  
 That with music loud and long, 45  
 I would build that dome in air  
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
 And all who heard should see them there,  
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair! 50  
 Weave a circle round him thrice,  
 And close your eyes with holy dread,  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

## WINTER UPLANDS

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

The frost that stings like fire upon my cheek,  
 The loneliness of this forsaken ground,  
 The long white drift upon whose powdered peak  
 I sit in the great silence as on a bound,  
 The rippled sheet of snow where the wind blew 5  
 Across the open fields for miles ahead;  
 The far-off city towered and roofed in blue  
 A tender line upon the western red;  
 The stars that singly, then in flocks appear,  
 Like jets of silver from the violet dome, 10  
 So wonderful, so many and so near,  
 And then the golden moon to light me home —  
 The crunching snowshoes and the stinging air,  
 And silence, frost and beauty everywhere.