

297.—THE PRECIPICE

I wish these winter days would never end;
They are so crisp and fair and full of bliss;
When flirting frosts the brows of sweet swains kiss,
And merry skaters peals to heaven send:

When woodmen to the forests their way wend,
And home at eve, where many a pretty miss
Climbs on their knees to share the wonted kiss,
And through his heart, the thrill of heaven send.

But now Spring's knocking at the gate,
And pouring rays in torrents from the sky
On Winter's pale, decrepit, fainting form.
Bow like the dying seasons to your fate;
Approach the precipice without a sigh;
I wail not at death's or destiny's dread storm!