

194 WINTER CALLING UP HIS LEGIONS.

Ye have slumbered long in my icy chain—
Ye are free to travel the land and main.
Spirits of frost ! quit your mountains of snow—
Will ye longer suffer the streams to flow ?
Up, up, and away from your rocky caves
And herald me over the pathless waves !

He ceased, and rose from his craggy throne
And girt around him his icy zone ;
And his meteor-eye grew wildly bright
As he threw his glance o'er those realms of night.
He sent forth his voice with a mighty sound,
And the snows of ages were scattered around ;
And the hollow murmurs that shook the sky
Told to the monarch his band was nigh.

THE WIND FROST.

I come o'er the hills of the frozen North,
To call to the battle thy armies forth :