

Snow.

THE butterfly has departed the vale,
Mosquitoes, too, have descended below,
And the wild flowers beneath the fierce gale
Lie there in slumber 'neath the beautiful
snow.

Beautiful snow other countries hath wed,
Let the glory of France speak ; there below,
Moscow in flames ! and, alas, there were fled
Pride of a nation 'neath beautiful snow.

Rise up, ye snow-cover'd mantle of earth,
Speak for the dead thou hast buried below ;
The arts of nature, wherever its birth,
Have laid down beneath the beautiful snow.

May blessings reach the poor within ken,
And pleasures of fortune on them bestow,
The luckless and needy toilers of men,
Bless'd are they, laid under beautiful snow.

