

Good and bad, together,  
Share God's precious gifts ;  
Thus, o'er all, the storm-cloud,  
Jewels bright, it sifts.

While the storm-birds, gaily  
Flitting to and fro ;  
Hunting for their dinner  
'Midst the falling snow.

Chirp and sing so blithely—  
This is their delight ;  
Gone the birds of Summer  
To warm regions, bright.

Fall then gently, snow-flakes !  
Warm, O seedling, lie !  
But your seed awakening  
Grows you by and by.

So a soul may slumber,  
Till the sun of Love  
Wakes it to the higher  
Life, that is above.