



A WINTER SONG

THE wreath is faded from the reveller's brow,
Never a flower remains!
Where is the beauty, where the gladness now—
The lip the vintage stains?

Fled as a dream! But, by my dying fire,
As I sit here alone—
The snowflakes spotting all her dusk attire,
Enters a wrinkled crone:

'Cottage and hall alike must ope to me,
Quoth the unwelcome wife;
'I come, uncalled, to bear you company,
And leave you but with life!'

GEORGE DOUGLAS.