

TO ———

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THO' faintly shines this winter's sun,  
And short his visits be,  
He warms my heart, for oft I hope,  
He shines on you and me.

The moon too, beauteous queen of night,  
Enraptur'd still I see;  
For sure I think her rays serene,  
Are seen by you and me.

And gaily burns our rural fire,  
And happy should I be,  
But cold's my heart, there wants a charm,  
It warms not you and me.

And fiercely blows this cold north wind,  
For ruffian blasts has he;  
But bitterer far that zephyr's breeze,  
Which parted you and me.