



W I N T E R,

A D I R G E.

I.

THE Wintry West extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blaw;
 Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,
 The blinding fleet and snaw:
 While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes
 down,
 And roars frae bank to brae;
 And bird and beast, in covert, rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

II.

'The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,' *

The joyless *winter-day*,

Let others fear, to me more dear,

Than all the pride of May :

The Tempest's howl, it *soothes* my soul,

My *griefs* it seems to join ;

The leafless trees my fancy please,

Their *fate* resembles mine !

III.

'Thou POW'R SUPREME, whose mighty
Scheme,

These *woes* of mine fulfil ;

Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,

Because they are *Thy* Will !

Then all I want (Oh, do thou grant

This one request of mine !)

Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,

Assist me to *resign* !

* Dr. Young.