WRITTEN

IN WINTER.

Now o'er the fading landscape all around
His silver mantle hoary Winter spreads:
No more the groves with melody resound,
No cheerful herbage crowns the lonely meads.

Bleak blows the wind o'er yon deserted plain;
While lowering clouds obscure the wintry sky,
And sickening Nature sees with tender pain
The flowery progeny of Summer die.

Thus, in warm youth, vain Beauty's fleeting power
Charms for a moment Love's fantastic eye;
Old Age or Sickness crops the short-liv'd flower,
And wither'd all its brightest honours lie.
But Virtue, arm'd against Time's rudest blast,
Shall, like the laurel, ever verdant last.