THE NORTH WIND.

THE north wind doth blow and we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in the barn and keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing.

The north wind doth blow and we shall have snow,
And what shall the honey bee do, poor thing?
In his hive he will stay till the cold's passed away,
And then he'll come out in the spring, poor thing.

The north wind doth blow and we shall have snow,
And what will the dormouse do then, poor thing?
Rolled up like a ball in his nest snug and small,
He'll sleep till warm weather comes back, poor thing.

The north wind doth blow and we shall have snow,
And what will the children do then, poor things?
When lessons are done they 'll jump, skip and run,
And that's how they'll keep themselves warm, poor things.

PLUCKING the flowers, up on the hill,
High in the air, so pure and still;
Above the sounds, and beyond the ken
Of restless, wearyful, struggling men.

O thus to rise out of the strife,
Into a new and better life;
High on the hills of Truth to be,
Plucking the flowers of purity.

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