



Twixt the Coming and the Passing of the Snow

OMERRY'S the time of the
Christmas chime,
And the wassail and good cheer;
And the cold moonshine and the
arctic clime
That herald King Winter here!

For then we know, as the fleecy snow
His leathery garments special,
The blood will glow, whilst Time
wanes slow,
And the old grow younger instead!

And the young will bound to the
welcome sound
Of the crackling ice and snow,
In an endless round of joys profound
Which only in youth we know.

And the sleigher's bell will ring the
knell
And sexton the passing year,
As hill and fell beneath the spell
Of the Frost King disappear.

For he fills the vale with flakes that
sail
Silent and soft through the night,
Or swirl in a gale; and naught can
avail
When he rouses him in his might!

Yet on his wing good health he'll bring,
And blessings follow his train;
So let us sing "Long life to the King,
"Who rules when he never doth
rain!"

Charles Turner.

