

me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beech tree; let me walk with her in the early morning, when the dew is yet upon the grass; let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd shuts his fold, and the star of the evening appears. Who is she that cometh from the south? Youths and maidens, tell me, if you know, who is she, and what is her name?

Who is he that cometh with sober pace, stealing upon us unawares? His garments are red with the blood of the grape, and his temples are bound with a sheaf of ripe wheat. His hair is thin, and begins to fall, and the auburn is mixed with mournful grey. He shakes the brown nuts from the tree. He winds the horn, and calls the hunters to their sport. The gun sounds. The trembling partridge, and the beautiful pheasant flutter, bleeding in the air, and fall dead at the sportsman's feet. Youths and maidens, tell me, if you know, who is he, and what is his name?

Who is he that cometh from the north, in fur and warm wool? He wraps his cloak close about him. His head is bald; his beard is made of sharp icicles. He loves the blazing fire, high piled upon the hearth, and the wine sparkling in the glass. He binds skates to his feet, and skims over the frozen lakes. His breath is piercing and cold, and no little flower dares to peep above the surface of the ground, when he is by. Whatever he touches turns to ice. Youths and maidens, do you see him? He is coming upon us, and soon will be here. Tell me, if you know, who he is, and what is his name?

BARBAULD.