



W I N T E R,

A D I R G E.

I.

**T**HE 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.