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Winter: A Poem by Richard George Holland

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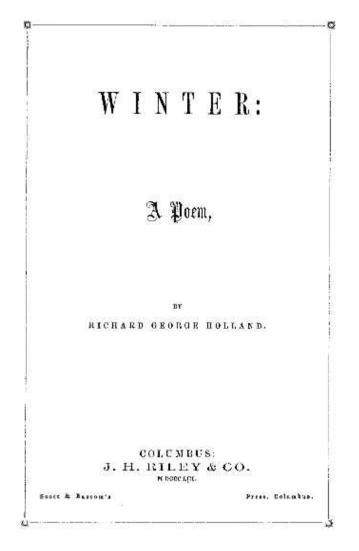
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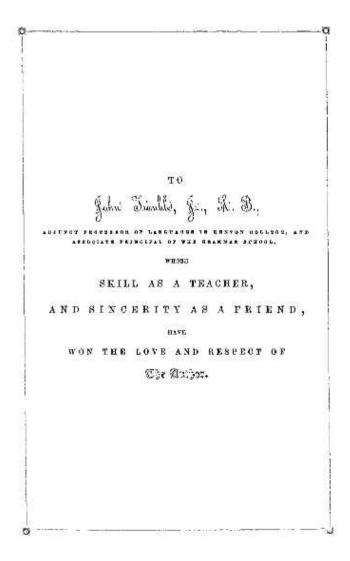
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RICHARD GEORGE HOLLAND

WINTER: A POEM

Trieste





WINTER.

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HEN Autumn's reign had first begun, The Sun to rule her realm she chose, And while he slept, pale Twilight hung Her lamp, and watched till he arose.

II.

Mild breezes fanned the heated day,

The valleys smiled with waving grain,

Ripe fruits lay strewn along the way,

And mirth and plenty filled the plain.

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When early morn its light displayed,

So brightly shining, so serene;

A thousand wilted leaves arrayed

With countless charms, the rural scene.

tv.

That season passed-dark Winter came-

Dethroned the sun -quenched Twilight's lamp-

Set Night in place of her to reign,

And marked the heavens with his stamp.

v.

Casting his glance along the earth,

Its plains appear, deck'd out in green;

These he designs to spoil with dearth,

Nor spare, till ruin marks the scene.

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VI.

Straight calling forth his cutting blasts,

Points to the choicest spots below;

Thereon with dire intent he casts

This unrelenting, bitter foe.

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VII.

Into an orchard first they rush,

And through the loaded branches shoot;

Mark! how with sudden blow they crush

The bending boughs of golden fruit.

VIII.

Hidden from sight, a garden lay,

Made rare to please, made rich to grace;

Flowers were there in bright array,

And moss filled in each vacant place.