

**WINTER:  
A POEM**

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Winter: A Poem by Richard George Holland

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**RICHARD GEORGE HOLLAND**

**WINTER:  
A POEM**



W I N T E R :

A Poem,

BY

RICHARD GEORGE HOLLAND.

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TO

*John Simble, Jr., A. B.,*

ADJUNCT PROFESSOR OF LANGUAGE IN HUNTON COLLEGE, AND  
ASSOCIATE PRINCIPAL OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

WHOSE

SKILL AS A TEACHER,  
AND SINCERITY AS A FRIEND,

HAVE

WON THE LOVE AND RESPECT OF


*The Author.*





## W I N T E R .

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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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## III.

When early morn its light displayed,  
So brightly shining, so serene;  
A thousand wilted leaves arrayed  
With countless charms, the rural scene.

## IV.

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.

## VI.

Straight calling forth his cutting blasts,  
Points to the choicest spots below;  
Thereon with dire intent he casts  
This unrelenting, bitter foe.

## 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.