

TO THE GALES.

Ye gentle gales of spring, I love ye well,
So softly, balmy breathing o'er the earth,
Shaking the trembling snowdrop's pensive head;
Chasing the April clouds along the sky,
Whose shadows flit across the young green blade.

Ye summer breezes, when the sun's fierce rays
Have brown'd my cheek amongst the ripening corn,
How often have I woo'd your kind embrace,
And bared my head that ye might kiss my brow!
And ye have come and wrapt around me like
A cooling robe, as at the sultry noon
I've ta'en my meals beneath some shady tree.
How gently have ye fann'd me with your wings,
And whisper'd music in the drowsy leaves.

I love ye in your roughest mood, ye winds,
And have stood in reverential awe when
Ye have brought the black brow'd thunder cloud with
Lightning, hail, and rain; and bow'd the tree tops
As ye pass'd along. Ye waken feelings
That I love should wake, when fall the autumn
Leaves. Now singly, slowly, one by one they
Drop; and now in fitful rage ye blustering
Come, and sweep whole thousands in your wrath away.

I love your mournful melancholy wail
On winter evenings in the chimney top:
And when at night I sleepless lie, ye rock
My bed, and howl to force an entrance at
The door. I love ye though you're grown so rude,
Though your very play is rough, your voice to
Me is musical, now piping shrill the
Highest treble notes, now growling low the
Deepest sounding bass: yet do I love ye still.