

The Rude Wind

Rumbling in the chimneys
Rattling at the doors
Round the roofs and round the roads
The rude wind roars!
Raging through the darkness,
Raving through the trees,
Then racing off again across
The great, gray seas!

Headstrong Horses on the Plain

Headstrong horse on the plain,
Galloping together;
Matted manes and flashing eyes,
Tails as light as feather;

Pounding bareback side by side,
Wave on wave like surging tide,
O'er rock and springy heather;
Foaming mouths and flying turf,
Sweating hell for leather.

The Heron

I lift my leg, I stretch my leg,
I plant it firm and light -
I lift again, I stretch again,
My pace exactly right.
With care I go, so grand and slow,
I move just like a heron
My eye is bright, my head upright,
And care is in my walk.

Fall

Where do all the daisies go? I know! I know!
Underneath the snow they creep
Nod their heads and sleep.

That is where they go!
In the springtime out they peep,
That is where they go

Where do all the birdies go? I know! I know!
Far away from winter snow
To the fair, warm south they go.
That is where they go!

There they stay till daisies blow,
That is where they go!