

The Hills in the Rain.

Oh I love the desolateness of the hills,
 And the lonesome feel of the rushing wind;
 I love their rain, which softly fills
 The heart of me with a glorious kind
 Of happiness, too deep for words;
 And I love to feel I've left the town behind,
 And to know that all the horses & birds
 Are one with me in spirit and mind.

That's why I love the hills in the rain,
 They bring only peacefulness, cure mounted
 pain.

Winter.

And it was winter —
 The weather was cold,
 The wind, it was biting.
 The people looked old,
 All grey were their faces
 And wrinkled with care;
 Their hands were blue-fingered,
 And white was their hair.

Oh, winter, I hate it,