

A Midwinter Hymn.

The storm clouds had gathered, and darkened the sky,
And the snow flakes came down, from their home ^{up} on high;
While cold winds came rushing, and scattering the snow,
Fast covering the hillsides and valleys below.
Then darkness came on, and the wild, roaring gale,
Seemed to mock the cold light, of the moonbeams so pale;
Till wearied with battling, the tempest grew still,
And the moon again lit up, each valley and hill.
The morning dawned clear, and sunbeams shone bright,
And glanced from the hillsides now mantled with white;
While the murmur of waters, came faintly and low,
From their rocky bed, fringed with the pure, driven snow.
Thus oft is our life, as this darkness we grope,
And see not the light, of a heart-cheering hope;
While sorrows like tempests sweep over the soul,
And cover the path, to a long wished for goal.
A now comes the sunlight, when the tempest is done,
And friendship shines out like the bright, golden sun,
While the voice of affection sings softly and low,
Of a love that's as pure, as the new fallen snow.

Warm Springs Agency. Written for
Oregon Miss Mary F Wheeler
January 21. 1886 by
Cyrus H. Walker