

Song 3d by an Old Shepherd

When Silver snow decks Sylvas cloaths
And fowl hangs at Shepherds noose
We can abide lifes pelting storm
That makes our limbs quake, if our
Hearts be warm

2d

Whilst Virtue is our walking Staff,
And truth a lantern to our path,
We can abide lifes pelting storm
That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts
be warm

3d

Blow boisterous Wind, storm Winter
Innuence is a Winters gown;
So glad, we'll abide lifes pelting
storm
That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts
be warm

POETICAL

SKETCHES.

By W. B.

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