

The first fall of snow in 1949.
October 18th. 49

The snow swirls by in cloudy sweep,
Across the fields is drifting deep,
Hiding the leaves, the grass, the children's swing,
Yet brings no sorrow for I have seen the spring.

This whit'nd majesty that seems like death;
That touches you with frozen breath:
Can yet become a sweet'nd thing
For in it's bosom lies the spring.

Drift piled on drift, till like the ocean waves
Lost in the horizon, yet onward rolling gives
Illusion that never again the birds will sing,
Yet when they melt comes once more spring.

So faith. It stirs the Christian heart,
Now dim now bright; it's seasons all a part
Of that Majestic Plan, that in our hearts shall ring
Anew, when snows of life are gone and comes the spring.

Written at the Farm.

Norman Leslie Turnbull.

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To faith. It stirs the christian heart,
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Robert Rother.
Oct 18 1949

Written at the farm.