



## THE CALL OF WINTER

THE LAND is frozen, parch'd and bare,  
A crispy stillness fills the air,  
Which brings such peace to one and all.  
But, how we yearn the songbird's call  
From upon high, o'er field and farm,  
To bring such joy amongst this calm.  
And add such colour to the day,  
That wintry fingers still hold sway,  
Tight in its clasp, will ne'er let go.  
Covering all in whitest snow.

