



once again

by
Charles Mackay.

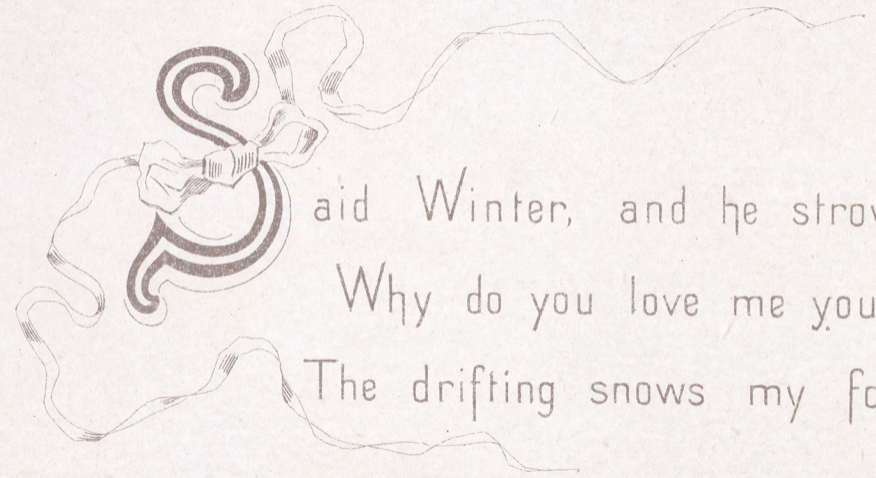
To J. Hawley Larned,

From Aunt Annie,


Happy Winter.

By Charles Mackay.

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS,
London, Paris, New York.
Designed at the Studios in England and printed by the "Rafolith" Plates
at the Fine Art Works in Saxony.



Said Winter, and he strove to frown,
Why do you love me young and old?
The drifting snows my forehead crown,



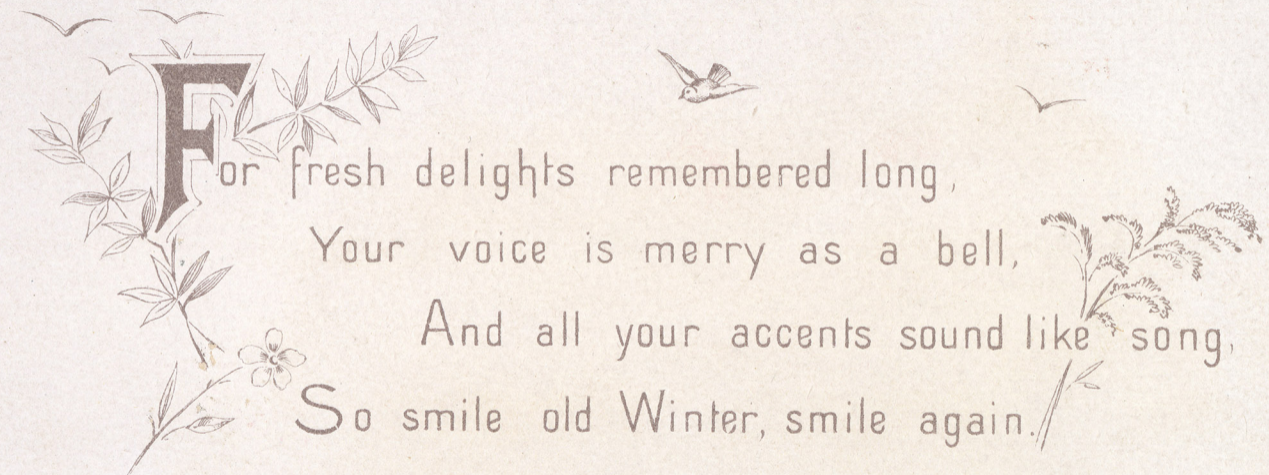


My heart is hard,
my blood is cold?

"Ah, no," said both,
"we love you well"



For fresh delights remembered long,
Your voice is merry as a bell,
And all your accents sound like song,
So smile old Winter, smile again.

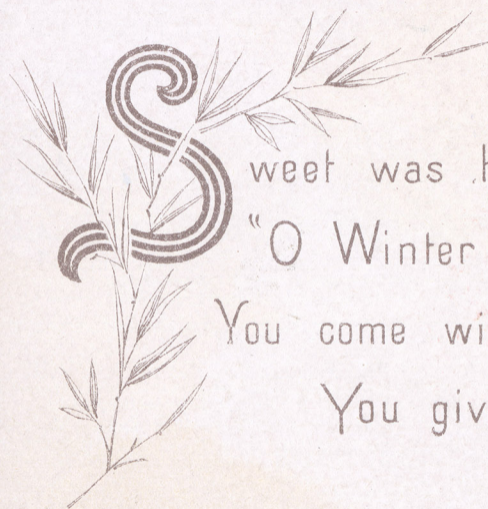




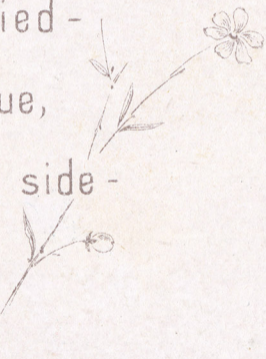
said Winter to the maid, I love,
 What makes thee prize me, maiden fair?
 I strip the verdure from the grove,



And
 hush the music
 from the air,



Sweet was her smile as she replied -
"O Winter wild, though this be true,
You come with Christmas at your side -
You give affection work to do."



He suffering and the poor you seek,





With kindly words and offerings free,

You dry the tears on sorrow's cheek,

We love you for your "Charity."

Charles Mackay.



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