

THA VUST SNOW STARM

Hark, how tha whistlin wind blows vrim tha north
In vitvul gusts zo bitin shearp an keen,
An winter now, in ael his awe comes vorth
We hoary beard an grim majestic mien
Vorthwith a brathes into tha starry sky
Which zoon putts on, a heavy lidden hue
An leetle specs a sleet begins ta vly
Which zoon the vrozen ground da thickly strew.
Bigger, an vaster, than tha whirrlin vlakes
Incessantly comes down droo out tha night
An wen tha vail'd zun, tha marn awakes
Behold, tha wondrous cheange, tha matchless zite.
Dwoant not tha zene, vrail men, meak thy heart glow
Behoulden ael aroun, wrapt in a garb a snow?