

# Winter Nights

Blow, wind, blow!  
Drift the flying snow!  
Send it twirling, whirling overhead!  
There's a bedroom in a tree  
Where, snug as snug can be,  
The squirrel nests in his cozy bed.

Shriek, wind, shriek!  
Make the branches creak!  
Battle with the boughs till break o' day!  
In a snow-cave warm and tight,  
Through the icy winter night  
The rabbit sleeps the peaceful hours away.

Call, wind, call!  
In entry and in hall!  
Straight from off the mountain white and wild!  
Soft purrs the pussy-cat,  
On her little fluffy mat,  
And beside her nestles close her furry child.

Scold, wind, scold!  
So bitter and so bold!  
Shake the windows with your tap, tap, tap!  
With half-shut dreamy eyes  
The drowsy baby lies  
Cuddled closely in his mother's lap.

~ *Mary F. Butts* ~