

A Country Boy in Winter

By Sarah Orne Jewett

The wind may blow the snow about,

For all I care, says Jack,

And I don't mind how cold it grows,

For then the ice won't crack.

Old folks may shiver all day long,

But I shall never freeze;

What cares a jolly boy like me

For winter days like these?

Far down the long snow-covered hills

It is such fun to coast,

So clear the road! the fastest sled

There is in school I boast.

The paint is pretty well worn off,

But then I take the lead;

A dandy sled's a loiterer,

And I go in for speed.

When I go home at supper-time,

Ki! but my cheeks are red!

They burn and sting like anything;

I'm cross until I'm fed.

You ought to see the biscuit go,

I am so hungry then;

And old Aunt Polly says that boys

Eat twice as much as men.

There's always something I can do

To pass the time away;

The dark comes quick in winter-time—

A short and stormy day

And when I give my mind to it,

It's just as father says,

I almost do a man's work now,

And help him many ways.

I shall be glad when I grow up

And get all through with school,

I'll show them by-and-by that I

Was not meant for a fool.

I'll take the crops off this old farm,

I'll do the best I can.

A jolly boy like me won't be

A dolt when he's a man.

I like to hear the old horse neigh

Just as I come in sight,

The oxen poke me with their horns

To get their hay at night.

Somehow the creatures seem like friends,

And like to see me come.

Some fellows talk about New York,

But I shall stay at home.

Source: American Poetry: The Nineteenth Century (1993)