

# How Like A Winter, XCVII

How like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year  
What freezing have I felt, what dark days seen  
With old December's bareness everywhere

And yet this time remov'd was summer's time  
The teeming Autumn big with rich increase  
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime  
Like widowed wombs  
after their Lord's decease

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
But hope of Orphans, and unfathered fruit  
For Summer and his pleasures wait on thee  
And thou away, the very birds are mute

Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer  
That leaves look pale  
dreading the winter's near