

A Big Pile of Hay

A priest is walking down a country road. He sees a young farmer. He is working hard. A big pile of hay is on the ground, and the young man is putting it on his wagon.

“It’s hot today, young man,” says the priest. “Why don’t you rest for a minute?”

“I can’t,” says the young man. “If I rest, my father will be angry.”
“Your father must be a mean man,” says the priest. “Where is he? I’ll scold him!”

“Well,” says the young farmer, “he’s under this pile of hay.”

Winter – Time

Late lies the wintry sun a-bed,
A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then,
A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies,
At morning in the dark I rise;
And shivering in my nakedness,
By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit
To warm my frozen bones a bit;
Or with a reindeer-sled, explore
The colder countries round the door.

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding cake.