

Expectations

Awake, O Earth, from thy winter's sleep,
Arise, arise from thy slumbers deep,
And look to the task in hand:
Winter is over and Spring has come
And thou must look to the work to be done
To clothe the naked land.

All through the Winter a blanket of snow
Covered the roots of the tulips below,
But now that blanket has fled;
Feed those roses from thy ample supply;
Let each hold boldly up to the sky
A blossom of brightest red.

Bring forth each flower true to its race,
Over a meadow of grass for a base,
Until naught can we view
But a mass of purple and crimson and gold
Over an ocean of green grass rolled,
And the land is clothed anew.

—J.M., '34