

SPRING

Over the hills from the southward
Comes a sweet, warm April wind;
It brings glad tidings with it
And leaves all else behind.
And as it fans my forehead
A robin 'gins to sing;
He sings of the passing winter
And the bright warm days of Spring.

He sings of the budding orchards,
And the sunny days of May,
Of blackbird, thrush and sparrow,
And frisky lambs at play.
And now his song of Spring-time,
That I loved so as a boy,
Carries me back to childhood
In an ecstasy of joy.

In a fairy land I wander,
'Mid budding trees and flowers,
O'er that enchanted island
Where Circe spent her hours
Among her waning lovers,
Till from her isle I fly
From its groans, and pain and suffering
To seek a kindlier sky.

And now by the murmuring river,
Flowing gently to the bay,
A wind blows up the valley
And the singing dies away.
For I think of my boyish fancies,
Of the wood, the field and the hill,
Of the singing birds, the whisp'ring trees,
And I long to be there still.

—A.E.L., '31