

SPRING

Were I to chant thee as in colder hours—
O thou all-gladdening flood of warmth and light—
I might descant upon thy banks of flowers,
The rose, the lily, and the violet,
Or the green grass, carpet oft unadmired:
And these *are* beautiful, fit for the slow
Absorbéd feet of lovers, charmed and fired
With Eros' secret; only they but show
The hem of thy vast garment, while my heart would reach
Thy very soul, thy deepest self, creative yet retired—
Thou Spirit of Birth and Life and Love, sun kist!
What lesser loveliness doth then bewitch
Is but the linen cloth of various glow
Spread on earth's altar for thy Eucharist,
The feast where man is guest, and thou the Priest.

High in the firs the hermit lifts his trill,
Among the maples squirrels chatter gay,
The stream is singing, the wren drinks his fill,
The children brush the daisies in their play;
Sun, moon, and stars shine with a sweeter beam
As though their orbs had felt the pulse of life;
The silent waters murmur midst their dream,
A conscious rapture gentling all their strife;
The world is music, every sound accords
Itself with sister sounds, a chorus swells
Rich with the flutings of a myriad birds,
E'en the dumb cattle feed to the clink of bells:
But prone I lie here, listening through the noise—
O Master of the orchestra, to catch thy voice.

For thou art Spirit, Fire, and Ecstasy;
These voices are but as thy echo far;
Thou art the singer, thine the minstrelsy,
Thy instruments, the sun the flower the star.
O cunning artist that behind the screen
Of sense and time dost ever weave thy song—
Scorning our notice with a high disdain—
Intent alone to utter forth the throng
Of rhapsodies brought from infinitude:
How shall we hail thee midst the pomp and pride
Of April beauty, while earth's shouting brood
Leads on the dance of summer, but as Bride
Of Music, sprite of great Sappho's line,
Mother of all our Songs, thyself a Song divine?

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